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MY EARLY LIFE

It is hoped that this volume will be followed shortly by another containing 'Annals of my Later Life'—from my settlement in Scotland, 1847, to the present time.

ANNALS
OF
MY EARLY LIFE

1806—1846

*WITH OCCASIONAL COMPOSITIONS IN
LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE*

BY
CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D., D.C.L.

BISHOP OF ST ANDREWS AND FELLOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

SECOND EDITION

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TO
THOMAS LEGH CLAUGHTON
LATE BISHOP OF ST ALBAN'S
IN TOKEN OF A FRIENDSHIP
WHICH HAS SURVIVED THE CHANGES AND CHANCES
OF THREESCORE AND THREE YEARS
YEARS NOTABLE FOR CHANGES OF ALL KINDS
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
THESE ANNALS OF MY EARLY LIFE
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

‘Veritas’

(Motto of the Wordsworth family)

Hoc concede, Deus: nil ficti artisve dolosæ,
Nil nisi quod verum est prodeat ore meo.
Nec satis id; quod mens agitet, quod lingua loquatur
Imbuat æthereo nectare verus * amor.

‘Vigilans’

(Motto of the Lloyd family, with a cock for the crest)

En! capite erecto gallus cantuque salutat
Auroræ rediens ex oriente jubar:
Sic ego, Salvator, reditum bene corde parato
Expectem, vigilans usque precansque,† tuum.

January 1891

* ‘Speaking the truth in love’—*Eph.* iv. 15.

† ‘Watch and pray always’—*Luke* xxi. 36.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

I do not know that I can better employ any leisure that may be granted to me during the short remainder of my days—being now near the end of my eighty-fourth year—than in looking back over the course of my past life, with the intention of recording its main occurrences; and in this belief I pray that God may graciously vouchsafe to bless the undertaking which I now begin. The chief advantages which I promise myself from the performance of it (so far as I may be enabled to carry out the design) are these two. It will give me occasion, on the one hand, to reflect more fully and seriously than I might otherwise do upon whatever I shall discover that I have done amiss, through wilfulness, or negligence, or ignorance, and to ask God's pardon for the same in the spirit of true repentance; and, on the other hand, to renew and deepen my thankfulness for the numberless mercies I have received from the Giver of all good, from my youth up until now, notwithstanding my great and utter unworthiness, of which I am sincerely and sadly conscious. I shall endeavour to be strictly *truthful*—according to my family motto—and strictly *just* in whatever I may record: just to others and just also to myself;

not shrinking from praise or blame when, to the best of my judgment, either may be due ; only, whenever I may be led to mention, or to allow others to mention, what may appear to tend to my own commendation, desiring never to forget that for any good thing done I owe both the will and the power entirely to the grace of God.

So far the compilation of these memoirs has reference only to myself and to my own improvement. But the part which I have taken in various proceedings of more or less public interest, first as a Tutor at Oxford, then as a Master at Winchester, and still more and for a much longer period since I was invited into Scotland, has been of sufficient importance to justify one in thinking that the record of my experience, if communicated to the world, or even confined only to my family and friends, will not be without its use by supplying materials which may command the interest or improve the knowledge of those who are to come after me.

RYDAL LODGE : *June 29, 1890.*

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE PRESENT VOLUME

AFTER I had entered upon the task proposed in the foregoing Introduction, it was not long before I came to the conclusion that it would be desirable to divide the work into two parts, to be published separately—and that for more than one reason. In the first place, what now appears as the former part completes the record of my English life, as distinct from my life in Scotland; and will naturally appeal for its interest, in great degree, to a different class of readers from those who may be interested by reading about the latter; and the same will hold good, *vice versâ*, of the record of my Scottish life. In the next place, the mixture of lighter material in this volume, such as was to be expected in memorials of early life, requires to be kept apart from the graver tenor of the narrative which will form the staple of the volume which (if I should be spared, and favoured with sufficient health and strength) is to follow it. And so, I shall wish this portion to be read, as having been written not by an octogenarian Bishop, but in the character of one who is scarcely half that age—of one who can throw himself back into the past with something of the sprightliness and elasticity of early days—a result

which, it is hoped, the introduction of occasional *Nugæ Canoræ* written at the time may tend to promote—and with no claim to a position higher than that of a schoolmaster, whose occupation it had been hitherto, as a spiritual fisherman, to catch—not men, but—boys. I venture, therefore, to request that my reader will judge it from that standpoint. If it should please God that we meet again, I shall hope to appear before him in a dress more appropriate to my present age. Meanwhile, what I have now written, while it may afford some entertainment, especially to the young, will not be altogether without its moral lessons for those who know how to look for them. It will tend to show, *inter alia*, that there is no difficulty which honest and diligent perseverance may not surmount, at least in some degree; and that in every department of life it is the duty of *us all*—and not only of ‘the Scribe instructed unto the kingdom of Heaven’—to *bring forth out of our treasure things new and old*; paying to the old (as I learnt to do at Oxford, but still more at Winchester) all due reverence, and welcoming the new with cordiality and without suspicion, except so far as prudence and experience may seem to counsel caution.

But I have another and still more serious appeal to make to the candour of my reader. In the course of composing this volume I have been repeatedly conscious that I was exposing myself to unkind reflections on the part of those who do not know me, from the frequency with which I have occasion to speak—and still more to suffer others to speak—of my own performances. Yes: so it has been; but then, when I have considered the matter, I have felt that the danger was unavoidable. It lies in the nature of the work itself. Autobiography is, and must be, essentially egotistical. It may be a question how far it is right or desirable that

it should be written at all—and here I can plead the request of others rather than my own choice—but if it is to be written, *the author must be his own hero*. Moreover, it follows that he will seek to place himself upon terms of familiarity with his readers—be they who they may, old or young, learned or unlearned,—and he will not scruple to presume upon their interest and sympathy in a way and to an extent which would not be admissible in any other species of writing. And if he has to quote letters of friends he must be content to see himself spoken of, it may be, in terms of praise which, if possessed of an ordinary share of modesty, it would be impossible for him to use in his own person. Without the insertion of such passages, however, the sketch which he professes to give would not be a complete or impartial one. As it is, I can honestly say, I have done the best I could to minimise this danger. I have been strictly scrupulous not to exceed the truth of the record in any case, taking the matter simply as it came to hand. I have never suffered its laudatory phrases to minister to feelings of self-conceit: I have endeavoured to regard them, as far as possible, as if they had been written of some other man. In a word, for myself, I have lived long enough not to lay much store by any earthly commendation, from whatever quarter it may come: only so far as it has encouraged me to any good and useful work, looking back upon it with pleasure and with thankfulness; and for my readers, I give them full liberty to discount on the score of friendship and partiality all compliments to myself, as much, or as little, as they please.

I have never been in the habit of keeping a journal for any length of time; but, so far back as from my Oxford days, I have been unwilling to destroy letters of friends,

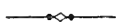
without anticipating that I should ever have occasion to make the slightest use of them ; and so I have preserved—almost uninterruptedly—a vast accumulation of such letters, which I have kept in good order from year to year. Of these I have availed myself, as far as seemed desirable, in the present volume, without permission asked (except in one particular case) of the writers (who have doubtless forgotten their existence, as I have the existence of what I wrote to them) ; only taking care to confine myself to such extracts as I could feel *morally certain* they would themselves see again—and allow others to see—without displeasure. They will, I am sure, pardon the liberty I have taken for the sake of *auld lang syne*.

It only remains to mention that, in consequence of a serious illness to which I was subject for some months, the appearance of this volume has been delayed longer than was hoped and intended. The delay has enabled me to add in a *Postscript* some further remarks upon the ‘Oxford Movement,’ which appeared to be called for by the posthumous publication (after my MS. had been sent to press) of Newman’s ‘Letters’ and Dean Church’s ‘Reminiscences.’ They serve to render more complete what I have said upon that subject in the closing chapter of the volume.

KILRYMONT, ST. ANDREWS :

July 9, 1891.

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ANNALS OF MY EARLY LIFE



CHAPTER I

FROM MY BIRTH TO MY LEAVING HARROW—1806-25

I WAS born at Lambeth on August 22 (7.30 P.M.), 1806, but I was not baptised till six months afterwards, viz. on February 19 of the following year.¹ In the case of my younger brother, Christopher, the interval was still longer—born October 30, baptised June 29. Probably my mother, having been brought up as a Quaker, and herself not baptised (so I have been told) till the very day on which she was married to my father, was more indifferent about the matter than she might otherwise have been ; and my father, perhaps, was too much occupied with his duties as domestic chaplain to the Archbishop to be able to pay full attention to his own family concerns. Whatever the reason, so it was ; and to me, so far as I have thought about it, it has always been a cause of some uneasiness. It looks like a stumbling at the threshold, which even among the heathen was of bad omen.² I may be deemed superstitious, but I

¹ The baptism is registered both at Lambeth Palace (where it took place, see p. 5) and at Lambeth Church.

² See Tibullus, Lib. i. Eleg. iii. 19 :

O ! quoties, ingressus iter, mihi tristia dixi
Offensum in porta signa dedisse pedem.

can well believe that from the first, as the result of baptism, a mysterious influence exists, which it is not wise to neglect, as thereby advantage may be given to evil tendencies. At all events, the requirement of our Church is plain and express—ordering the curate of every parish to ‘often admonish the people, that they defer not the baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday next after their birth, unless upon a great and reasonable cause.’¹ And for two centuries and more after the Reformation this order appears to have been generally observed. The following are instances among many that might be found :

Shakespeare : born April 23 (?), 1564 ; baptised April 26.

Thomas Wilson :² born Dec. 20, 1663 ; baptised Dec. 25.

Samuel Johnson : born Sept. 18, 1709 ; baptised same day.

Collins : born Dec. 25, 1721 ; baptised Jan. 1, 1722.

Martin Routh :³ born Sept. 18, 1755 ; baptised Sept. 21.

William Wordsworth : born April 7, 1770 ; baptised April 15.

Of my family on the father’s side nothing need be said. My uncle William, the poet ; my aunt Dorothy ; my uncle John, captain of the *Abergavenny*, East Indiaman, shipwrecked and drowned in the year before I was born ;⁴ my father, Christopher (to be mentioned presently), are all known to fame, and particulars concerning them and the

¹ Rubric prefixed to Office of Private Baptism.

² Afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man. He mentions it among ‘special favours’ that ‘he had an early right to the covenant of grace, baptised by Mr. Sutherland,’ from which it would seem that attention to the rubric was already becoming more lax. And this is assumed, somewhat perhaps too unguardedly, by Mr. Keble, who remarks (see *Life*, i. 2) that ‘the greatness of the day may have been a reason for anticipating the *usual time* of christening.’

³ President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Eldest of a family of thirteen, six sons and seven daughters, of whom three were baptised on the *first* day after birth, one on the *second*, four on the *third*, two on the *fourth*, and one on the *fifth*.

⁴ February 5, 1805. See *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, iii. 414, and ‘Elegiac Verses’ to his memory in Wordsworth’s *Poems*, p. 218, ed. 1888.

family at large are to be found in the biographies of the poet, and of my brother the bishop. The family of my mother, though less distinguished, was also rather a remarkable one. It has been traced to royal blood in King Edward I.¹ My grandfather, Charles Lloyd, of Bingley House, Birmingham, head of the banking firm of that name, a member of the Society of Friends, was well and widely known and esteemed as a man of singular simplicity and integrity of character, of great benevolence, and of literary tastes and acquirements unusual in a Quaker.² He was a good classical scholar, and in his latter years employed his leisure in translating large portions of Homer (seven books of the Odyssey, and the 24th of the Iliad), and the Epistles of Horace, privately printed in 1810 and 1812 respectively. My uncle, his eldest son, also named Charles, being of a highly sensitive and delicate constitution, gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits; ³ was a good Italian scholar, as he showed by translating Alfieri; and wrote original poetry, which gained for him a niche in Lord Byron's 'English Bards &c.' in association with Wordsworth (so that my two poetical uncles, paternal and maternal, are there combined), and also with Charles Lamb. Speaking of the former, the young peer was *saucy* enough to write:

Whose verse, *of all but childish prattle void*,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd—

a piece of criticism which, it is needless to say, posterity has hitherto declined to endorse. When I was a boy,

¹ In Mr. Joseph Foster's *Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent*, p. 14 sq., I am made a descendant, through my mother's family, of King Edward I. in the eighteenth degree.

² There was an interesting notice of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1828.

³ In Professor Masson's *De Quincey*, Charles Lloyd, then living at Brathay, near Ambleside, is described as 'a man loved beyond all expression by all his intimate friends' (p. 47).

Bingley House, a comfortable mansion, with grounds about it of considerable extent, stood on the outskirts of Birmingham. At my grandfather's death it was sold and pulled down, and the site and grounds have since been occupied by buildings and streets, which extend far beyond it; but the name 'Bingley' still survives, attached to a spacious 'Hall,' famous now for the political meetings on a gigantic scale often held in it by the friends and partisans of Mr. Chamberlain and other great political leaders. '*Mutat terra rices*'—changes of which my dear old grandfather little dreamt when he was smoking his long clay pipe, as he invariably did every night before retiring to bed, over his dining-room fire.

It was through friendship with Charles Lloyd junior when at Cambridge that my father found his way as a guest to Birmingham and Bingley House, and eventually chose his wife out of that large¹ and highly interesting Quaker family. He took his B.A. degree as tenth wrangler, and, being also a good classical scholar, he was elected a fellow of his college, Trinity. These distinctions led to his becoming private tutor to Charles Manners Sutton, son of the then Bishop of Norwich, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Both father and son became his patrons, the former presenting him first to the living in Norfolk, Oby cum Thirne, upon which he married October 6, 1804, and soon after, when he had become Archbishop, making him one of his private chaplains (1805), and transferring him first to Woodchurch, Kent (1806), and then (1808) to the Deanery of Bocking, Essex, to which Monks-eleigh was added in 1812; the latter, when elected Speaker, appointing him to the chaplaincy of the House of Commons.

¹ My grandfather Lloyd had fifteen children, seven sons and eight daughters, of whom Priscilla, my mother, was the eldest. I am now (1890) the only survivor but one of that generation, either on the Lloyd or on the Wordsworth side.

But to return to my own earliest days. I have spoken of my baptism. It took place in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace, my sponsors being the Archbishop (from whom I was named), my uncle the poet, and my aunt Mrs. Cookson, wife of Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor. My mother gave birth to six children, of whom three died in infancy, and she herself, alas! at the age of thirty-three, in childbirth with the last, the only girl—an irreparable loss, which (especially having no sister, for the three survivors were all boys, and my father, as a widower, seeing little of ladies' society) I felt intensely throughout my early days; so that I was wont to compare myself to fruit against a wall, ripened only upon one side. Happily, of later years I have enjoyed a compensating blessing; my married life bringing me a family of eight daughters, besides five sons. *Deo gratias!*

As a testimony to my mother's character and the esteem in which she was held, the following anecdote deserves to be recorded, and not for her sake only, but for the credit of human nature. About five-and-thirty years ago—I forget the precise year, but I think it must have been 1856—I was staying at Earl's Colne, near Halstead in Essex, in the house of Mrs. Gee, a lady well known for the munificence of her deeds of Christian charity; and having mentioned my desire to see Bocking again, where I had not been since I left it as a boy of nine years old, she kindly offered her carriage to enable me to drive thither, a distance of eight or nine miles. On my arrival I went at once to the church and to my mother's grave in the churchyard. I was surprised to see fresh turf laid upon it—in those days flowers had not come into fashion²—and upon inquiry

¹ October 6, 1815, when I was nine years old.

² In this anecdote, as communicated by me to my brother Christopher's *Life* (p. 13), 'fresh flowers' were mentioned; but my eldest daughter, who was with me, and whose recollection of the circumstances is better than mine, has corrected the mistake.

I was told that this had continued to be done every year by an old woman, who cherished her memory, from the time of her death, more than forty years before. I have always regretted that, having still to visit the Deanery—the home of my childhood—and then to take the long return drive so as not to be too late for my kind hostess's dinner hour, I had no time to inquire further respecting this remarkable tribute of lasting gratitude.

I was the second-born among my brothers, John being my senior and Christopher my junior, each by rather more than a year. ‘*Medio tutissimus ibis!*’ And so I am now the only survivor.

Of my early extra-domestic education I have little to say, for in truth I remember very little, till I went to Harrow. It commenced with that of my brothers at a day school at Braintree, about a mile from Bocking. When my father left Bocking for the double preferment of Lambeth and Sundridge, given him by the Archbishop in 1815, it was carried on under Dr. Wilgress at Sevenoaks, about four miles from Sundridge; my brother Christopher being at school there with me for a short time, and then joining my brother John at Woodford under Dr. Holt Okes, who was considered, I believe, a much superior master, especially as a classical scholar, so that they both had the advantage over me in that respect. And the same advantage was continued when, in 1820, they were both sent to Winchester, and I to Harrow. This arrangement was adopted, I believe, because my constitution was supposed to be weaker and more delicate than that of my brothers, and consequently less fit to undergo the rougher discipline then maintained at Winchester; and Harrow was chosen not only as having the repute of a milder and more indulgent system, but as being near to Hampstead, where resided Mrs. Hoare—wife of Samuel Hoare, head of the banking firm of that name in Lombard

Street—the best and kindest of ladies and of friends, who after our mother's death, having no children of her own, showed towards us all little less than a mother's care and affection ; so that Hampstead became to us all a second, and in many ways more attractive, home. Her husband, like my grandfather Lloyd, was a Quaker—and a close friendship was maintained between them—but she herself was a consistent, pious Churchwoman. If I owed anything to my previous schooling at Sevenoaks it was that I there picked up the rudiments of Latin versification, in preparation for Harrow, which has been as a possession to me throughout my life ; and that I learned to play cricket, and to take an interest in the game—an interest which I still retain. Kent was then the foremost cricketers' county, and Sevenoaks a cricketing centre, and when matches were played on the well-known 'Vine'¹ ground, we schoolboys, marshalled by the usher, were taken to see them, Dr. Wilgress himself sometimes making one of an eleven. Dull as my memory then was, it enables me to recollect—and perhaps it is the pleasantest reminiscence of those days which I can recall—that once when we were playing a game in our school ground, I made a good catch, and that the Doctor happening to see it, as he was standing just then at his study window, threw me out a sixpence as a reward for my dexterity, and an encouragement to future achievements in the same line !

During the time that my father held the living of Sundridge (1815–20) he enjoyed the advantage of having as his chief parishioners the family of Mr. Manning, a well-known

¹ The Sevenoaks Vine Club and the Hambleton Club, both formed about 1750, appear to be the oldest known. The Marylebone Club dates from 1787 (see Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores*, i. xvi). The oldest score on record is that of a match between Kent and All England, played in the Artillery Grounds, London, 1746, when Kent won by one wicket (see *ibid.* p. 1).

Director of the Bank of England, and Member of Parliament. Mr. Manning had purchased the fine house and estate of Coombe Bank shortly before my father succeeded to the living, and I well remember his saying that now my father had become rector of the parish he considered the value of his property much increased; a compliment not less creditable to the layman who paid than to the clergyman who received it. The eldest daughter of that family was married to Mr. Anderdon, the good 'Layman' who wrote the Life of Bishop Ken. And thus it was that in early boyhood I became acquainted with Henry Manning, now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—an acquaintance ripened into friendship, first at Harrow, where we were schoolfellows, though I was somewhat the senior, and afterwards at Oxford, and still maintained, I believe I may say, by mutual affection and occasional correspondence, though not (unhappily) for very many years by actual intercourse. But of this more hereafter.

Early in 1820 my father, on the recommendation of the Archbishop, was appointed to the Mastership of Trinity, Cambridge, by the then Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool,¹ and thereupon gave up Lambeth and Sundridge, receiving in exchange the living of Buxted with Uckfield in Sussex. And after the midsummer of that year my two brothers entered upon their more advanced school life as commoners at Winchester, and I upon mine at Harrow. My tutor was

: I find the following among my father's papers:

' June 28, 1820.

' My dear Brother,—Lord Lonsdale informs me that Lord Liverpool assured him yesterday that the Mastership of Trinity would not be disposed of without consulting the Archbishop of Canterbury.

' Ever your affectionate Brother,

' W. W.'

It was rumoured that Monk, then Greek Professor, was to have the mastership, and the Duke of York had actually congratulated him upon his appointment.

William Drury, and, in order that I might be well taken care of, I was lodged at the house of a most motherly dame, good and kind Mrs. Leith. There was, I suppose, some ground for the parental anxiety on account of my health, to which I have referred. I used to suffer, not unfrequently, from bad headaches—which did not leave me till I was long past middle age—and I remember that Bowen, our Harrow doctor, once told me he did not believe I should live to be twenty ; but this was probably because I did not pay sufficient attention to his wholesome warnings against exposure to bad weather, and my pursuit of athletic exercises, which, it must be confessed, was rather excessive even for a more vigorous youth. I took intense pleasure in games of all kinds, doubtless chiefly for their own sakes ; but in some measure too for the sake of the distinction which success in them among boys—and, as the world now goes, among men and women too—never fails to bring with it. Happily in the school work at Harrow there was also a counter stimulus in the prizes given almost too freely, and consequently in the distinction gained, for composition, especially in Latin verse. And hence it came to pass that the interest of my five years spent at Harrow turns almost entirely upon what I did in each of those two departments.

To speak first of the games, which ought, of course, to have been our *πάρεργα*, though I am not sure they were so regarded, at least by the boys themselves ; masters and tutors, though they did not slight, but rather encouraged, had not begun to place them on a par with, or even above, intellectual achievements. Cricket, racquets, and football were the chief sports, and skating in the winter when the weather allowed. During each of my five years I was in the eleven, and the last year or two *virtually* captain. I say ‘*virtually*’ because, strictly speaking, there was then

no head, the management being in the hands of three (so-called) 'club-keepers,' of whom I was one during three years, 1823-25. In my first year, 1821, the idea of a match with Eton was first mooted, and everything was arranged for the meeting to take place on the Eton ground; even the postchaises ordered in which we were to have driven over, the distance being, I think, under twenty miles; when a messenger came to say that Keate, the head master, had forbidden the match. To prevent a similar disappointment the next year, the match was fixed to take place at Lord's. In that first¹ regular encounter between the two schools—an encounter continued annually ever since—my left-hand bowling (I batted right-handed) proved so successful, and was regarded by our opponents as so formidable, that in the following year, knowing that I was to be against them again, they endeavoured to find a professional who could bowl left-handed, to give them the practice which they considered necessary to prevent their being defeated a second time. We were not slow to follow their example, and so had a professional down from Lord's for the season; Mr. Anderdon, Manning's brother-in-law, kindly undertaking to defray the expense. This, I believe, was the first instance of the introduction of *coaching* professionals (not, in my opinion, a desirable institution) at our public schools.

The Eton and Harrow match soon became celebrated, and other public schools were anxious to enter into the lists; a circumstance which brought to me, as supposed

¹ I call it the 'first *regular* encounter' because it is doubtful whether the two matches which are recorded to have taken place previously at Lord's—viz. in 1805, when Eton won, and in 1818, when Harrow won—were matches of the genuine school elevens. In the former Lord Byron played on the Harrow side, and scored 7 and 2. In Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores*, my name is mentioned among 'amateur cricketers educated at Harrow,' and the next name to it is that of Lord Byron. See vol. i. p. xxv.

captain of our eleven, letters of challenge from other schools besides Eton, viz. Rugby, Charterhouse, and Winchester. Nothing came out of the correspondence with the two former; but in 1825 a match with Winchester for the first time was arranged to take place at Lord's on the day after our match with Eton: their eleven had proposed to come to Harrow the year before, but our head master, Dr. Butler, following Keate's example in 1821, forbade us to receive them. That match was memorable because the names of two brothers were to be seen placarded in the printed bills opposite each other's at the head of their respective elevens, both being C. Wordsworth—'C.' in the one case standing for Charles, and in the other for Christopher. In the latter case, however, Christopher was not actually captain, nor was he one of their best batsmen, though excellent in the field; but his name was placed at the top as being senior in the school. At the same time it must be added that in his score of runs on that occasion he was very successful—much more successful than his brother Charles,¹ the Harrow captain, who had to bowl against him. The truth is, he quite understood my bowling, which happened that day to be at its worst, and he cut it about very unmercifully! But what pleased him most, and what he always liked to tell of, when the events of that game were recalled to mind in his later years, was, that it had been his good fortune to 'catch out Henry Manning,'² who in that year formed one of our Harrow eleven.

¹ Though unsuccessful, as usual, at Lord's (my score was 17 and 5), for the reason mentioned below (p. 22), I find it stated, in a letter of mine to my brother Christopher (July 12, 1825), that 'I had got nearly double the number of runs of any other player' at Harrow during the season.

² So he said, and I cannot suppose that his memory, which was remarkably good, was at fault; but in the printed reports of the match the entry stands: 'Manning, first innings—b. Templeton, 6; second innings—b. Price, 0.' It is to be remarked, however, that the record of the next batsman appears thus: 'Barclay, first innings—b. Bayley, 17; second

Before I quit the subject of cricketing at Harrow, there are three or four incidents which stand out in my memory in connection with it, and which, for one reason or other, may deserve to be recorded.

1. My first incident is probably a unique one. On one occasion, as I was batting, I knocked the umpire down with a leg hit. Seeing the stroke I was about to make, he turned round ; the ball hit him on the back, and bounded off into the wicket-keeper's hands. Naturally enough, he gave me out ! and out I went—but under protest. The ball, it is true, had not touched the ground ; but if the umpire had not served as a twelfth man in the field, it would not have been caught. What would Dr. Grace or Lord Harris say to this ?

2. On another occasion I was myself in the field, standing rather too close at point. A ball was hit sharp at right angles, and before I had time to put up my hand to stop it, it knocked off my low broad-brimmed straw hat and went on its course for three runs—a narrow escape of what, had the ball come an inch or two lower, might have been instant death, or at least have marred or disfigured me for life. *Deo gratias !*

3. On a third occasion, when an eleven of the Marylebone Club had come down to play against us, including Mr. William Ward, M.P. for the City of London, and then universally acknowledged to be the best gentleman player in England, I had the good fortune to bowl him out before he had made more than three runs, whereas till then fourteen had been his smallest score during the season. In the second innings of that same match I had the good fortune to bowl not less than seven wickets.

4. The most memorable of these few incidents of my

innings—c. Wordsworth, 4 ; ' so that my brother's name may have been misplaced. See his *Life*, i. 33.

Harrow cricketing days has been reserved for the last.¹ It was on the occasion of my first visit to the Lakes in 1822. My father had rented 'Ivy Cottage' (as it was then called, now Glen Rothay), close to Rydal Mount, and I had joined him there to spend my midsummer holidays. One afternoon, quite (I believe) unexpectedly, a carriage drove up, containing Mr. Bolton of Storrs, the well-known Liverpool merchant, and Mr. Canning, who had just been appointed Governor-General of India, and had come to pay a farewell visit to the friend who had been one of his chief supporters in his Liverpool elections. They had driven over from Storrs, Mr. Bolton's residence on Windermere, to invite my uncle and Southey, then at Rydal Mount, and my father to return with them to dinner and stay the night. While my father went upstairs to arrange his toilette for the evening, I had the honour of showing the great orator and statesman into the garden—a beautiful spot—and he walked by my side with his arm upon my shoulder (I was then a boy of sixteen) listening in the kindest manner and with keen interest to all the particulars I had to tell respecting the grand cricket match—then a novel occurrence²—between Eton and Harrow which had been played only a few days before, and in which I had taken such a prominent part, with the result of defeat to Eton and victory to Harrow; Canning's own sympathies of course being with the former, though he was too generous to disclose them. I need not say how much I was charmed with the simple grace and condescension of his manner. It was perhaps, in its small measure, the proudest moment of my young life. Only a few days later came the intelligence that Lord Castlereagh had committed suicide. The event caused Canning to give up his appointment to India, and opened the way first

¹ This incident is told in my 'Chapter of Autobiography' which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for July 1883.

² See above, p. 10.

to his succeeding him as Foreign Secretary and eventually (1827) to his becoming Prime Minister. How little could I then foresee that before many years had passed I should become intimate at Oxford with his son Charles James Canning, who did go out as Governor to India !

Of the other games and athletics before mentioned, I remember nothing worthy of record, except that in skating on the lake at 'Northwicks' I had once a very narrow escape from drowning. I had another escape of the same kind afterwards at Oxford.¹ I was too bold and venturesome as a skater. For both deliverances I ought to feel, and I desire to express, sincere and devout thankfulness to the merciful Providence which in those and other instances has so long spared and protected me.

I may now proceed to the other subject of interest to me at Harrow which, as I have said, afforded happily a strong counter stimulus to that of games. The encouragement given to Latin versification throughout the school was very great, and on the whole very beneficent. Of the exercises 'sent up for good,' specimens of each were read aloud by the head master when he examined the class once in every month or six weeks. But besides this and the prize books given, for every such exercise a boy was entitled to apply to his tutor or dame for a certain *douceur* in money, varying from half a crown to half a sovereign, according to his position in the school. In my day there were only three greater (or 'governors'') prizes given annually. I call them greater to distinguish them from the lesser prizes given for ordinary verse exercises 'sent up for good.' Of these prize books I possess ten, so that I must have been 'sent up for good' thirty times, a book being given by the head master for every three 'copies' so distinguished. Of the greater prizes given by the governors, and consisting each of books to the

¹ See below, p. 62.

value of five pounds, one was for Latin hexameters, another for Latin alcaics, and the third for a translation into Greek iambics, similar to the Cambridge Porson Prize. The successful compositions were recited by their authors on the second, which was the principal, Speech Day. In 1823 I tried for the Latin hexameters, on the subject of 'The Raising of Lazarus,' but without success. My kind dame, Mrs. Leith, having heard of my unsuccessful attempt, made me a present of a book, a nicely bound copy of Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem,' *in solatium*. In 1824 I tried for the alcaic ode, on the subject of 'Africa Mauro perfusa Oceano,' and succeeded. In 1825 I tried for all three, and again won the Latin ode, 'On the Death of Dr. Parr;' and also came in second as a *proximè accessit*, and was complimented by the head master with a handsome present of books for each of the other two. My more successful competitor, who gained both, was Arthur Martineau, captain of the school, while I was second; and I have no doubt he fully deserved to beat me. He was no athlete, and had probably given more time to his productions than I had done. Nevertheless, the result was a disappointment, and all the more because one of the masters, who had seen both Martineau's compositions and mine, had been so indiscreet as to let it be known that he 'expected Wordsworth to get all three prizes.' Of my own two successful compositions, I am tempted to preserve the latter (see Appendix, p. 357), though it possesses no great merit; a defect which my vanity inclines me to impute, in some degree at least, to the character of the subject, which, it must be owned, did not lend itself readily to poetical treatment, as the reader by whom Dr. Parr may be still remembered as the Whig and clerical counterpart of Dr. Johnson, on a smaller scale, with his habitual lisp, and pipe in his mouth, will readily admit. The ode of the

preceding year was better perhaps in some respects ; it was certainly more vigorous.¹

The following letter of my grandfather Lloyd will be found curious and interesting from more than one point of view. Although in regard to the time at which it was written, viz. in November of 1825, it more properly belongs to my Oxford life, and therefore to the next chapter, I insert it here because it relates to the Harrow Prize Poem ‘ On the Death of Dr. Parr,’ of which I have just been speaking. The translation mentioned will also be found in the Appendix, p. 360.

Birmingham : 4.11^{mo}, 1825.

Dear Charles,—I thank thee for thy acceptable letter, and for the little book of Prize Poems. Thine pleased me much, and as the editor of the Warwick newspaper (who had inserted thy poem two months ago) wished for a translation, I ventured to attempt it, though my mind was irresolute about suffering my translation to be printed. I, however, gave way to the editor’s wishes.² I hope thou thinkest I have done it faithfully, though I purposely omitted to translate ‘ choreas,’ thinking that it did not suit a clergyman’s character : in Latin it did very well. I ordered a newspaper to be sent to thee at Harrow (not knowing of thy removal to Oxford), and I hope it was forwarded to thee.

Thou hast probably heard that thy excellent aunt Anna Braithwaite³ is gone on a second religious visit to America ; her husband accompanied her ; and I am anxiously expecting a letter from her to inform me of their safe arrival at New York. [Added in the margin : ‘ Since writing this letter I have received a letter from my dear daughter informing me of her and her husband’s safe arrival at New York after a very stormy passage. The Bishop (I believe of Canada) was one of the passengers, and was most kind and attentive to her.’]

¹ I made a translation of it into English verse at the request of my good dame, Mrs. Leith, but I have preserved no copy of it.

² It did not appear with his name, but bore the signature of ‘ Amicus ’ —*a friend*.

³ She lived at Kendal. The Braithwaites (then Quakers), as well as the other members of the large Lloyd family, are now nearly all Church people.

We should be glad to see thee and thy brothers at Bingley. I am old,¹ and cannot enliven you as I could have done some years ago, but I would do my best. I hope the temptations of Oxford will not lead thee astray. Remember that the crown of eternal happiness 'vincenti dabitur,' and that if any man will be Christ's disciple, he must deny himself and take up his cross daily, the consequence of which will be such peace as the world can neither give nor take away.

In respect to maxims of morality, they abound in the writings of Cicero, and many of the ancient philosophers both Greek and Latin, but none of them have the unction of the Gospel. How excellent are these lines of Horace :

Quisnam igitur liber ? Sapiens sibi qui imperiosus,
 Quem neque pauperies, nec mors, nec vincula terrent,
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, et in se ipso *totus teres atque rotundus*.

I wish to know how thou likest Oxford, and how thou art going on with thy learning. I have hitherto had great comfort in all your conduct, and hope I shall never have occasion for pangs of heart on your account.

I had a very kind letter from my dear friend Sarah Hoare, with as good an account of her mother and herself as could be expected considering their great loss.² I feel the loss of my dear friend much. We had been intimately acquainted for fifty years.

I hear that my neighbour and friend, Dr. John Johnstone, is writing a life of Dr. Parr, in which I expect will be inserted many of his unpublished works. Dr. Johnstone likes thy poem, and I believe was not displeased with my translation.

I attended a very large and genteel meeting here lately, being the anniversary of the deaf and dumb establishment. The Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (Dr. Ryder) was in the chair, who was very attentive to me. The Committee unanimously requested me to move the first resolution, which with diffidence I did, and everybody seemed to be much pleased with what I said. How times are changed ! A Quaker to take the lead when a Bishop

¹ He was then seventy-seven, and died three years afterwards.

² The death of her father, Mr. Samuel Hoare. The mother here mentioned was her stepmother, Mr. Hoare's second wife, our most kind friend, before mentioned. (See p. 6.)

was in the chair, supported by many clergymen. I think the Bishop is an excellent man.

With dear love and kindest good wishes,
I am thy affectionate grandfather,

CHARLES LLOYD.

Charles Wordsworth,
Christ Church College, Oxford.

Can anything be more delightful than the *naïveté* of the last short sentence? The dear, good old man! Being now older than he was when he died, I may be excused for speaking thus.

Hitherto in these reminiscences the impression, I suppose, has been conveyed that, with the exception of some attention paid to composition, especially of Latin Verse, we Harrow boys, in regard to profitable study, had for the most part an idle time. But a letter of mine written to my brother Christopher, February 17, 1824 (which he had preserved, and which is now before me), would seem to show that this was not altogether the case; that some of us at least were capable of diligence, though only perhaps by fits and starts. The following is an extract:

It is now Saturday night, and I have come to the conclusion of as industrious a week as I ever spent in my life; having done 120 Latin hexameters—subject, ‘Bull Bait’; a Latin theme, fifty lines; a translation; lyrics, nineteen stanzas; besides thirty lines of Juvenal construed and learnt by heart every day—only this very night, since six o’clock, I have learnt 120 lines. . . . Fellows have taken it into their heads to *sap* terribly hard this quarter. Some do six or seven chapters of Thucydides, others of Herodotus, others Greek Play—besides Juvenal, Livy, Tacitus, &c.—every day, EXTRA! (That means beyond the ordinary school work.) Some have soared so far into the clouds as to read Aristophanes; for the joke’s sake, it must be the *Nubes*.

It is true the same letter does not end without telling somewhat of a different tale.

The day I wrote to you last was Sunday fortnight. The next day, Monday, being a whole holiday, I went to town with Trench¹ early in the morning to play at tennis. Played two hours, and had to pull out eighteen shillings between us. Dined at Trench's, and returned here that night. The advantage you see of being at Leith's! A hundred to one if I could have got leave at any other house without a note.

Again: Another letter to my brother, March 23, 1825, speaks of works of *supererogation* which are fairly creditable.

This, you know, has been a very short quarter (between Christmas and Easter); so I hope you will think I have acquitted myself tolerably, having read through two Greek plays—*Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Alcestis*—and having learnt by heart a Georgic, *horis subsecivis*; especially as for more than the last fortnight I have not been able to open a book through a horrible succession of headaches, *non sine tussibus*.

It will be observed that both the foregoing reports refer to a time of year when cricket was not going on. In the winter months we had our football matches, between two and four on holiday afternoons, but that game did not engross our energies in the same degree. The absorbing interest which now attaches to it is of comparatively recent growth.

What now occurs to me is a trifling matter, scarcely worth mentioning; and yet it recalls the most enduring memorial of my Harrow life.

I was an adept in cutting out names—more so, I believe I may say, than any other boy in the school; and the accomplishment was attended with some little *éclat*, the oak panelling in the old schoolroom affording excellent material for its display. Tokens of my skill are to be seen in my own name, cut out more than once, and in

¹ Francis Trench, elder brother of the late Archbishop.

the names of E. H. Fitzherbert, C. Perry (late Bishop of Melbourne), and others. Byron's, Sheridan's, and Jones's (Sir William) are among the most celebrated that adorn the walls. It was half-suggested to me by Dr. Butler to cut out Temple's (Lord Palmerston's), but seeing that, for some reason or other, I did not act upon the hint, he employed a carpenter to do it, as had been recently done in other instances of men who had become distinguished after they had left school. This to my mind was scarcely legitimate, as the interest of such names (like that of 'Thos. Ken' in the Cloisters at Winchester) consists in their being looked upon as *autographs*, or at least engraved, if not by the boy himself, by some friend or contemporary.

But to come now to more serious matters. In my day there was no School Chapel at Harrow. That good work was first accomplished when my brother Christopher (in succession to Longley, who succeeded Butler) had become head master. We attended the parish church—so beautifully situated on the crown of the hill—and were stowed away, most of us, in close and unsightly galleries, little tending to promote in us a habit of piety or of attention. And in other respects—though prayer, morning and evening, was offered in school; and in my own boarding house good Mrs. Leith read prayers, at which we were all required to attend, every evening before bed-time; and thus a certain amount of outward decorum generally prevailed—it cannot be said that our religious training was sufficiently attended to. We should have been happier if we had been less indulged, and kept in better order.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure, would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy
Which God hath deigned to bless?

I was confirmed on May 14, 1824, by my godfather the Archbishop, Harrow being a peculiar of the diocese of Canterbury. The next day, with his usual considerate kindness, he wrote the following letter, found among my father's papers :

Lambeth Palace : May 15, 1824.

Dear Wordsworth,—I confirmed at Harrow yesterday, and saw my godson. He had greatly distinguished himself at speeches the day before. Dr. Butler assured me that he was altogether the best speaker of the day.¹ The Doctor says he is excellent in the school business, and pre-eminent in gymnastic exercises. I could not help troubling you with this short note,

From, dear Wordsworth, your faithful friend and servant,
CANTUAR.

I cannot remember whether the Archbishop gave us an address ; if he did I am afraid it made no impression, and previously there had been little or no preparation of the candidates. All that my tutor did for me was to ask whether I could say the Catechism ; to which I answered in the affirmative ! In no case, so far as I can remember, was Confirmation followed up by the reception of Holy Communion ; in short, as regards the school, it was, I fear, a thing unknown. This is melancholy. The present generation have great reason to be thankful that in this, as in other respects, things are very different now.

My performance on the Speech Day, to which the Archbishop refers, requires some explanation. At that time there were three Speech Days, one in each of the three months of the summer quarter ; and that in May must have been the first. The monitors, that is, the ten uppermost boys of the school, had to speak on each of those occasions, together with five out of the fifteen next in order ; so that each of these latter spoke only once. The drilling of

¹ My speech was the well-known reply of the elder Pitt, when a young man, to Sir R. Walpole.

the speakers, as well as the choice of the speeches, was entirely in the hands of the head master ; and it must be said that Butler did it admirably. Though somewhat too slight and short in figure for the great parts of Tragedy, he would have made a first-rate actor, and of this he was not perhaps altogether unconscious. Of many of the boys of course he could make very little or nothing ; but if any one was inclined to take pains, and showed some aptitude as a speaker, there can be no doubt that the lessons which he gave us both in action and in elocution could not fail to be of real service. In my own case there was a peculiar disadvantage—I will not say to be overcome, for that I believe was impossible, but—to be encountered and borne with. Even in rehearsals, when no one else was present, the Doctor said he had never seen a boy *so nervous*, and he actually proposed to put me through a course of bark ! The weakness was constitutional (inherited, I suspect, from my mother, though I do not think either of my brothers suffered from it in the same degree), and it has attended me through life. In cricket its effect was such that I could never hope to do myself justice, or to make a good score in any great or exciting match. Even now in preaching—except on quite ordinary occasions, and where I am well known—it affects me painfully ; though no one, I believe, is able to discover it. That it should have rendered me very averse from platform and such-like appearances is only natural ; but this is perhaps no very serious cause for regret. When such appearances have been unavoidable, I have generally, from fear of failure, taken care to be well prepared ; although, when it has so happened that I have had to speak without the possibility of preparation, I have succeeded, I believe, as well as, or better than, at other times. But to return to our Harrow Speeches. It is true, coming so often as they did, they interfered in some degree with the ordinary business of the school,

and took up perhaps more of the time of the head master than he could well spare. But considering how valuable is the acquirement of the habits, not only of presence of mind, of confidence, and self-possession, but of a ready and distinct, and if it may be, graceful utterance, I doubt whether it was wise to reduce the three annual Speech Days to one, as has been the case since Butler's time. Or at least I would suggest, as the result of my own experience, both in myself and in others, that the practice of elocution should in some way or other be made a part of our education, more than (so far as I know) has yet been done. In an age like this, continually tending towards democracy, and when almost everyone is becoming more or less a public speaker,¹ to say nothing of the constant necessity of public reading and preaching on the part of the clergy, we need to have something to correspond with the ancient schools of Rhetoric at Athens and at Rome.²

I left Harrow with intense regret. It was the fashion for the upper boys on leaving to compose a *Vale* in verse English or Latin. Mine was in English, and founded, as regards metre, upon Byron's 'Fare thee well.' It was commended by Butler and read over in school; but I preserved no copy of it. I regarded it as a poor performance, my mind at the time being much more full of the two cricket matches, against Eton and against Winchester, which were to come on at Lord's within the following three or four days, than of the success of my composition. How great then was my surprise when, as I was paying a visit in Gloucestershire

¹ It is recorded of Sir Stafford Northcote (*Life of Lord Iddesleigh*, i. 106) that, at the age of thirty-three, he took lessons in elocution from Wigan the actor. This he need not have done if he had been trained to *speak* at Eton.

² If, as Roger de Coverley (i.e. Addison) 'heartily wished,' the clergy are to 'endeavour after a handsome elocution, they must *begin at school*.' *Spectator*, No. 106. See also in No. 147 a remark by Steele to the same effect.

eight years afterwards, a young lady in whose father's house I was staying, showed me the identical verses transcribed in her album ! How she had obtained them I do not remember. The incident moved me to compose the following *impromptu* :

On seeing in Miss L——'s album a copy of verses which were written by me on leaving Harrow, and beginning 'Fare thee well.'

'The evil that men do lives after them :'
 The nonsense that boys write full oft survives
 To shame the judgment of maturer years :—
 Or surely these poor despicable rhymes
 Had long since perished !—'Harrow, fare thee well !'
 Fare but as well as this my wish has fared,
 This unfledged offspring of my boyish muse,
 Rescued too fondly from oblivion,
 Honoured by praise of ladies' lips, embalmed
 By fairest hands in wit and beauty's shrine ;
 Mayst thou but *fare* for thy *deserts*, as I
 For vile *demerits* have too richly fared,
 Then great, surpassing great, shall be thy glory !
 All that is lovely and of good report
 Shall wait upon thee : Memory guard thy name :
 Celestial grace and bright-eyed honour vie
 To crown thee still with laurels ever green,
 And flowers undying till the end of time.

When the time came that the midsummer holidays were over, and the school was to reassemble, for several nights I was tantalised with dreams in which I fancied I had returned once more to the scene and companions I had loved so well. I seemed to realise that I had been happier there than I could ever hope to be again. Not that my happiness would have borne the test of a strictly moral scrutiny, and still less of a religious one. It had not indeed made me proud or conceited ; but there was in it, I fear, no sufficient consciousness of Him to Whom I owed it. I was not

thankful as I ought to have been. *In school*, as I was second in the order of the sixth (the highest) form, so as a scholar I was only second in distinction to the one boy who was above me, while *out of school* I was *facile princeps*. In short, as a boy I was a greater man than I have been at any subsequent period of my life.¹ Among the friends whom I left behind, and who in due time were to follow me to Oxford, was Henry Manning, to whom I sent a present of a cricket bat with a poetical epistle; and I received from him in return a similar epistle in twelve stanzas. It is curious that I should have preserved them, for there was certainly no reason at that time to entertain any presentiment of the distinguished reputation which the writer subsequently won for himself, and still less of the extraordinary *eminence* which he has now attained; and the verses themselves are a mere schoolboy's production. It may suffice to give one or two specimens.

I. Harrow: Sept. 12, 1825.

Dear Charles, I hope you'll make some small allowance,
 Being a poet of the brightest rate;
 You would, I'm sure, be kind, if you could know once
 What pains I've taken to write verse of late.

.

II.

The bat that you were kind enough to send,
 Seems (for as yet I have not tried it) good;
 And if there's anything on earth can mend
 My wretched play, it is that piece of wood.

There is a pleasing humility in that last sentiment, though I think it will be felt that the youthful bard—the future Cardinal—jumps at his conclusion somewhat hastily, and upon evidence altogether insufficient.

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 222.

I add the *P.S.*, which runs as follows :

The current story hereabout
Sayeth that thou, old boy, art dead.
Pray, write a word that thou art stout,
And satisfy us on that head.

I feel that I am in great measure responsible for this attempt of Manning's, as it appears that I had previously written to him a letter in verse. As a boy I was fond of writing poetical epistles, and so provoked my correspondents to do the same. In my brother Christopher's '*Life*,' Vol. I. p. 24 sq. there is a youthful composition of his which begins :

Your epistle, dear Charles, gave us all so much pleasure,
So charming the verse, that now I have leisure,
With your letter before me, I sit down to try,
To excel not e'en hoping ; but halt, by the bye,
Well, now I remember an old Roman poet
Says just what I mean, so his words here I quote :
If to see them you wish, pray look in the note.¹

In both those cases I have entirely forgotten not only what I wrote, but that I had written it. Whereas I do remember writing a long verse epistle to my cousin Dora at Rydal Mount, descriptive of my return journey from the Lakes with my father in 1822 ; also to Francis Popham, of Life and Society at Brighton in 1825 ; also (in Latin) to Henry Denison from Cambridge in 1828 ; also (in Latin) to John Thomas from Cuddesdon in 1829 ; also to Walter Hamilton, of the scenery in North Wales and my ascent of Snowdon, in 1831 ; but I can recall nothing further of any one of them. The only specimen of the misemployment of my time in this respect which I have preserved is the following letter to

¹ Non ita *certandi* cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te *imitari* aveo—

Lucretius de Homero loquens, sic ego de te.

My brother's memory was here at fault. Lucretius (iii. 4) is speaking not of Homer, but of Epicurus.

my grandfather Lloyd, written in my Christmas holidays 1823-4. It has not much to recommend it except in the record which it gives of my studies at that time. I have no recollection that I had previously written to him in English verse, but this letter shows that I had done so. It also shows, from the use of the Beppo and Don Juan stanza, the influence of Byron's poetry among boys at that time.

Poetical Epistle to my Grandfather Lloyd.

My dear grandfather, tho' I've nought to tell,
 And all that nought ¹ I fear told o'er and o'er,
 You'll see by this sheet that, remembering well
 My former kind reception, I've once more
 Ventured in Pindus Street to ring the bell,
 And Præbus civilly hath oped the door :
 Forthwith I've sent my card up to inquire
 For a short interview with Miss Thalia.

I fancy now I see you by the fire
 Sitting in your own dressing-room ; a cousin
 Or two perhaps attending on their sire,
 Or, as 'tis Christmas time, say half a dozen :—
 Your guest, too, near the door,² whom I desire
 Kindly to be remembered to, is oozing
 Just now, perhaps, with head from out his nook, who
 Sings hourly—like a veritable cuckoo.

The door now opens ; my epistle enters ;
 The seal is broken ; on my wretched lay
 All the attention of the party centres :—
 'Who is it from ?' the cousins whisper, 'hey ?—
 From cousin Charles ? I wonder if he's sent us
 Another verse epistle. I dare say,
 'Tis precious stuff.' Amazed you eye the stanzas,
 And fear my case is worse than Sancho Panza's.

¹ Nil habuit Codrus ; quis enim negat ? et tamen illud
 Perdidit infelix *totum nil*.—Juv. Sat. iii. 208.

² The cuckoo clock.

See ! how sagacious the Cousins look,
 Pricking their ears. Sweet creatures, you were all,
 I saw—unless your faces I mistook—
 Determined to be nicely critical :
 But this time, tho' I prudence once forsook,
 I've hit upon a measure quite political :
 To avoid your censures it comes very pat in
 For me to talk to grandfather in Latin.

I, Birminghamiæ fumosas expete turres,
 I, mea veloci littera vecta fugâ ;
 Mox nostri—novus hospes—avi succedere tectis
 Prompta, et de domino multa referre tuo.
 Heus ! propera ; cursum nusquam suspende ; luenda
 O si nostra foret, te properante, mora.
 Quem petis, invenies juvenili forte coronâ
 Stipante, ad nitidum, sit nisi mane, focum :—
 Nam bursæ ¹ dat mane operam, curæque forensi,
 Quâ vincit juvenes sedulitate senex :—
 Quippe supercilio nubem dempsisse molestam,
 Aut frontem innocuis explicuisse jocis,
 Non pudet hunc : Quoties læta admiransque juvenus
 Indomiti senio pendet ab ore viri !
 Auget lætitiâ toties ; interque jocandum
 Effingit mores ad pietatis opus.
 Forsitan aut Flacci versantem carmina cernas,
 Aut sit Pindaricæ captus amore lyræ ;
 Aut forte errantem comitari gaudet Ulyssem,
 Et scripta Angliacis reddere Græca modis : ²—
 Invenies certè, invenias ubicunque locorum,
 Qualibet indutum laude decente senem.
 Cùm tandem adstiteris coram, mandata memento
 Nostra verecundo protinus ore loqui.
 Camus ubi mundis præbet lutea oscula ripis,
 Vixque trahit pigras, fixus ut anguis, aquas,
 Hanc, ave care, nepos tibi gratus amansque salutem,
 Mensque voluntatis dat studiosa tuæ.
 Sera quidem est, sed vera salus ; mea pignora amoris
 Ne, precor, hæc quia sint sera, minoris habe.

¹ The Bank.

² See above, p. 3.

Ah ! fateor culpam, et tardus lege arguor æquâ,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse meum :
 Hâc autem quâcunque utar pro crimine causâ—
 (Causa satis quanquam non bona, vera satis)
 Me studiis horas gnavum impendisse frequentes
 Assiduâque libris incubuisse manu.
 ‘ Quæ studia ? ’ hîc quæras fortassis, ‘ quive libelli ?
 Si modò tu numeros perpetiare meos,
 Haud mora, jam responsa dabo : Juvenalis, Horatî,
 Vatis et Andini, Mæonique senis
 Carmina præcipuè evolvi, dulcisque poetæ
 Multa, Tomitano qui fuit exul agro.
 Æschyleo indutus per pulpita lata cothurno,
 Incessi ad fines vectus, Hymette, tuos ;
 Pomaque decerpsi fœcundo Euripidis horto
 Aurea, mellifluas devius inter opes.
 Huic Thucydidis adde, Arpinatisque pedestres
 Scripturas—nostrum claudat et ille gregem—
 Cui vix Roma vetus, cui vix Facundia, dias
 Summa inter Charitas nympha, superstes erat.
 Hic, ni fallor, habes amplam satis, hercule, turbam ;
 Orat te veniam tota ea turba mihi.
 Ambiet haud iterum Musas frater mihi major
 Ad ripam Ichini Wiccamicamque domum ;
 At nondum res decreta est quò flectere præstet
 In spatia admissos liberiora pedes.
 Hoc autem certum est ; Autumni ubi venerit hora,
 Illum Granta sui scribet ab inde gregis.
 Corde simul mæsto lætantique ipse revisam
 Herganos ¹ actis quinque diebus agros ;
 Et post non multis, renuant nisi fata, redibit
 Christophorus Ventæ ² mænia ad arcta suæ.
 Accipit accipietque meas tua littera grates
 Et grates, tua quod charta ferebat, habet.
 O ! utinam melius quid gratibus addere possem,
 Nam verba officiis cuncta minora tuis !
 Semper sub memori tua munera mente reponam ;
 Hoc certè pietas reddere, amorque potest.

¹ Herga—classical name of Harrow. See below, Appendix, p. 358.

² Venta, Winchester.

Nos omnes rectè, natiq̃ue, paterq̃ue, valemus,
Utq̃ue etiam valeas tu benè, vota damus.

It is now upwards of twenty-five years since I have been at Harrow. My last visit there was in 1865. I was staying in London with my friend Lord Rollo, when it occurred to us that we could not spend a summer's afternoon more pleasantly than by making an excursion to a place which had so many attractions, especially for me, and which he had never seen. Accordingly we took a cab and drove down together, a distance of about ten miles. I felt no little pleasure in introducing my companion to the various objects of special interest. First we went to the school buildings, and to the gravel platform at the back, where racquets were played against the wall of the old schoolroom. From thence we admired the extensive view of miles of rich meadow ground, spreading towards Windsor, which might be seen on a clear day. Upon the other side of the low wall which bounded the platform, I pointed out what tradition named as 'the fighting ground' (though I never saw it used for that purpose), upon a lower level, where the racquet court now stands. And I told how, once upon a time on that spot, Richard Trench and I fell out over a game of quoits. He lost his temper, flew into an Irish rage, took up a quoit and threw it at my head. Such an outrage called for instant chastisement, and I am afraid it must be said that I administered it, as boys are wont to do, rather too savagely; for the next day he had to go up to London to see a dentist, in order to have his teeth, which had suffered in the fray, put to rights. Who would have supposed that such an encounter could ever have taken place between the future sedate and amiable Archbishop and the future advocate of reconciliation among Christians? Perhaps it was desirable for the formation and development of both our characters.

It may be that the former, considering the temper that he often showed as a boy, had need to undergo some such experience ere he could attain to the perfection of mildness and equanimity which he displayed in after life ; and as regards the latter, I may venture to say that it was not in his nature to use violence unless the provocation had been somewhat more than ordinary ; that the injury done, whatever it may have been, was unintentional ; and as it proceeded from no ill-will, I have no doubt he was sorry for it afterwards.¹

After examining the old schoolroom with its historic names cut out upon the oaken wainscot, and the names which I had cut out myself (of which some account has been given above, see page 19), Lord Rollo and I passed into the monitors' library, and were standing and talking there with the door open, when who should appear but Merilier, our old mathematical master (whose private pupil I had been for a few lessons), exclaiming ' I am sure that must be Wordsworth's voice ! ' It was a most curious instance of vocal memory. He could not have seen or heard me speak for about forty years, and meanwhile countless voices of other boys must have been ringing in his ears during the long interval. He might indeed have just heard that I was in Harrow ; but even so the recognition was very remarkable.

Leaving the school buildings, we went by the road further

¹ The first time that I met Richard Trench after I left Harrow was in 1858, when, as Dean of Westminster, having set on foot the course of evening sermons in the nave of the Abbey, he kindly invited me to preach in what, if I remember right, was the first series. The next time of our meeting was in 1864, when he, as Archbishop of Dublin, and I as Bishop of St. Andrews, preached the sermons—he in the morning, and I in the afternoon—at Stratford, on occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary. That we two, who had been boys together at the same house, and in the same form at Harrow, should have been selected to occupy the pulpit on such an occasion, was a remarkable and a very pleasant coincidence. The last time we met each other was when we were both members of the New Testament revision company, and he took part in some of the later sessions.

up the hill, and passing the house where I had boarded with my good old dame, Mrs. Leith, we entered the churchyard where the church embosomed among trees crowns the hill with its graceful spire. There we enjoyed, but in still greater perfection, the same charming and extensive view which I have before described as seen from the back of the school; and there I pointed out on a monumental panel erected horizontally over a grave the following lines written in pencil, and said to have been composed by Lord Byron when a boy at Harrow :

Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Richard Greentree, lies ;
The time will come when these green trees shall fall,
And Richard Greentree rise above them all.

I do not feel sure about the Christian name of Mr. Greentree; but otherwise I have a perfect recollection of the lines themselves.

But the spot which interested Lord Rollo most was one at the other end of the village, where in the last year I spent at Harrow the adventure occurred which I will now describe. It was customary for parties of the boys on a Sunday evening to make a sort of promenade of the public road between 'Northwicks,' as it was then called, and the turnpike gate upon the road to London. On one such occasion, when Manning and I were walking together, two young midshipmen who were out for a holiday, and who evidently had more money in their pockets than they knew what to do with, and were staying at the King's Head Inn, which stands slightly off the road on the lower side, came up to us, and asked us to favour them with our company over a bottle of champagne. Of course we readily consented. The Inn and its garden at the back were out of bounds, so that the escapade was not altogether irreproachable, and it

is to be hoped that the future Cardinal and the future Bishop have long since repented of it. At the same time it is to be said in their defence that the rule about bounds was in general very laxly interpreted by both boys and masters ; and the offence was understood to consist rather in being detected in the transgression than in the transgression itself.¹ Unfortunately it happened that the Doctor and Mrs. Butler were also taking their evening walk along the same road at the same time ; and he marked two of his boys entering the forbidden door, but without being near enough to distinguish who they were. Little suspecting that we had been observed, we were conducted by our new-made friends into the Inn garden to a large weeping ash tree which grew upon the lawn, and by its wide spreading boughs 'high over arched' and reaching to the ground, and its luxuriant foliage, formed a delightful bower for such a *symposium*. But no sooner had we taken our seats, and were beginning to feel happy at the prospect before us, than the waiter appeared with his tray of champagne and glasses in his hands, but with consternation in his looks, exclaiming, 'The Doctor has seen you and is coming in !' Up sprang Manning and I like startled hares, and as quick as lightning rushed from under the tree on the other side, jumped over the hedge which was close at hand, dashed down the back side of the garden, and escaped into Hog Lane undetected, leaving the good Doctor to explain to our hosts the cause of our sudden and abrupt disappearance.

But we were not to be disappointed of our promised treat. As soon as we found that the coast was clear, we returned to the scene we had left so precipitately, drank

¹ See *Quarterly Review* on 'Eton College' for October, 1890, and *Life of Lord Iddesleigh*, by Mr. A. Lang, who writes : 'At Eton, in Northcote's time, if a tutor met a pupil where no pupil should be, it was technically sufficient to hide or "shirk" behind a lamp-post, and no notice was taken of the irregularity.'

our glass or two of champagne with increased relish, which made amends for the previous ‘slip between the cup and the lip,’ and then, wishing good night to our kind entertainers, took our departure, Manning going off to his tutor’s (Evans’s), in Hog Lane, and I to my dame’s at the top of the hill. It was not unusual for one of the assistant masters (I suppose in the order of a course) to come to the dames’ houses soon after ‘locking-up time,’ and require the names of the boys to be called over, in order to ascertain that all had come in by the appointed hour—8 o’clock. But it was very seldom that this was done by the head master. On this evening, however, the Doctor himself made his appearance, and it devolved upon me, as the head boy of the house, to call over the roll in his presence, which accordingly I did, and—not having taken more champagne than was good for me—with such perfect propriety as to disarm all suspicion.

If Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, the talented engraver, who flourished a century ago, were now alive, and his services could be obtained to illustrate this volume, he might have made a very effective woodcut representing *two school-boys leaping over a hedge, with their master behind at a stand-still*, which would have formed a charming *vignette* to close this chapter of the experiences of my life at Harrow.

CHAPTER II

FROM MY ENTRANCE AT OXFORD TO MY ELECTION TO THE
SECOND MASTERSHIP AT WINCHESTER—1825-35

IT was a disadvantage to me, that my home being at Cambridge, I had there made some acquaintance with college life as an outsider before I went as an undergraduate to Oxford.¹ On the one hand, there was an animation and energy in the student life of the former university, which at first, and more or less to the end of my residence, I did not find in the system of the latter; so that even after Harrow, where there had certainly been no great pressure put upon study, I at once felt the want of stimulus to exertion. On the other hand, there was a stiffness and formality in the social life of Oxford, and especially at Christ Church, where I was entered as a commoner, which formed a striking, and to me by no means a pleasing, contrast with the freedom and good fellowship which prevailed at Cambridge; not only in the society of the undergraduates among themselves, but in the intercourse to which they were admitted with their tutors and other seniors. In each of those respects I might have much to say upon the distinctive characteristics of the two universities as I remember them, if I did not apprehend that my remarks

¹ My ever-partial friend Claughton, in a letter to me at Winchester, April 3, 1838, writes, in reference to a comparison of the Oxford and Cambridge systems, 'You have been nurtured in both soils, one may say; I hope you have the good of both, and the harm of neither; and I think it is so.'

would now be out of date, and therefore of little interest or value, in consequence of the great and continual changes which both have undergone during the last half-century. I cannot, however, refrain from giving one specimen of the superior *Donishness* of Oxford, and especially at Christ Church, as I experienced it. In a letter of mine written to my brother Christopher, then at Cambridge, under date April 18, 1826, the following passage occurs :

On my journey here, I had the pleasure of travelling the greater part of the way with one of our Christ Church Tutors. Though I was in lecture with him all last term, and am at present, and though for the last sixteen miles we two were the only persons outside, he did not favour me with a single syllable—no, not so much as ‘How d’ye do?’ O! the amiableness of Oxford manners!

For the same reason as that stated above—viz. that such great changes have subsequently taken place, and, I am thankful to believe, for the better—I shall refrain from offering any remarks upon the provision made during my time for religious worship and instruction ; which, however it might wear a fair appearance of formal routine, was essentially deficient, and in no respect satisfactory. It was not to be wondered at that members of Parliament, our legislators and statesmen, who, as young men, had received no better training than was to be obtained under such a system, should in after life (through the fault of others rather than their own) so often show themselves utterly unfit to deal with Church questions ; so that even of such a man as Sir Robert Peel (who had been a Gentleman Commoner at Christ Church) it could be said—and this too when he was Prime Minister—as Gladstone did once say to me, as we were walking together, and I was complaining of recent proceedings in Parliament,—and as he said it he

kicked away a stone lying before him on the road—‘ Peel knows no more about the Church than *that stone* ! ’

I did not obtain rooms of my own till my third term—that is till after Easter, 1826—in consequence of the overcrowding at Christ Church, and, in the meantime, I was put into any rooms that might happen to be vacant through the non-arrival of the owner at the beginning of the term, who, however, might make his appearance, expected or unexpected, at any moment. The letter above quoted proceeds to give a graphic description of results, which were liable to occur from such an arrangement, or rather, want of arrangement.

You will be able to form some idea of the happiness and comfort that awaited my arrival here, when I inform you that for four nights running I slept in four different beds ! Part of that time I was seized with such a dreadful attack of illness that I doubt if I ever suffered so much pain in the whole course of my life. I fancy it was something of the cholera-morbus kind. One of the nights I have mentioned, I was turned out of college to sleep at an inn, or where I could. This happened rather fortunately, for on that night the attack came on so violently, that I did not get a wink of sleep, but by being out in the town, I was enabled to send for some medicine from the inn where I lodged. However, I am now, I am happy to say, quite recovered from my complaint, with the exception of a slight cold, and am gradually striking a little *lucid order* out of the ‘ chaos, indigestaque moles ’ with which I have been lately surrounded. In short, I have at length got rooms of my own ; garrets to be sure, but then they are my own—in Peckwater. Some people might object to them as too high up, and too low when you get there : but one must not be squeamish at Christ Church. They may perhaps be apt to *damp* one’s spirits, and *depress* one’s imagination a little ; but that’s quite a trifle. I have no doubt that in a very short time I shall be able to discover innumerable advantages in a garret ; at any rate, as Juvenal says :

*Ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluvîa.*

Bating the journey upstairs, which, I allow, is rather trying to the *understanding*, I am very well satisfied, and like my *own* new apartments amazingly. Tell my father that I expect he will hear something about 'the thirds'¹ which we pay for furniture etc. etc. very shortly. At present I am in the dark.

I am tempted to add, from a letter written towards the end of my undergraduate course, January 20, 1830, a further word *à propos* of the 'benefits' which a longer experience enabled me to discover in my garret, and also in illustration of the 'comfort' which a new comer into Christ Church might still expect to find, from the want of proper management in regard to the appropriation of rooms. It appears from what had gone before that the winter at the time was unusually severe.

My health altogether is very much improved, notwithstanding occasional colds, which of course are indispensable in this weather : especially when one finds—as I did this morning when I awoke—snow *on one's pillow* enough to make half a dozen good-sized snowballs ! It had drifted through the window, which is close at the head of my bed, and, as you may suppose, anything but weather-tight. The anarchy and confusion this term in the disposal of rooms is beyond all precedent. Young Canning, who is just come up as a *student*, and is consequently entitled to have rooms of his own, was turned out of bed at half-past twelve the other night to go and sleep out of college, or where he could : a pleasant thing when nights are, as our sage friend Herodotus would express it, *οἶαι εἶσι* !

I cannot say that I gained much instruction from either of the Tutors under whom it was my lot to be placed, though both were unquestionably able men, and one became Archbishop of Canterbury (in succession to Sumner, who followed Howley and Manners Sutton) and the other a Bishop. The first was Longley, and when he left, having

¹ The usual arrangement was that the incomer had to pay *a third* of the value of the furniture to the former occupant.

been elected master of Harrow, I was transferred to Short. That I did not gain more from them was doubtless mainly my own fault; but it was partly also the fault of the system, which consisted not so much in communicating stores of knowledge, or in creating an interest in the subjects of study, as in endeavouring to secure—what I suppose was considered more important—that every man for himself did a certain amount of work. Consequently the lectures, so-called, were little more than mere schoolboys' lessons, which, being too often ill prepared, I felt for the most part to be dull and unprofitable. It was this which threw me more than was wise or right into the pursuit of athletics, in which I was sure to find at once a more exciting stimulus and greater room for distinction than were afforded by the formal individualising routine of our so-called 'Collections'—examinations held at the end of each term, in which any man who had been very idle or disorderly might incur a scolding from the Dean, but no man, however exemplary or industrious—as there was no competition or classification of any kind—could achieve *éclat*. Vowler Short did his best, in his blunt and kindly way, to check my excessive devotion to *γυμναστική* by reminding me of Aristotle's axiom (*Ethics*, x. 5) that two strong energies cannot co-exist in operation at the same time, because one has a necessary tendency to *thrust out*—*ἐκκρούειν*—the other; but, I am afraid I must admit, without much result. At the same time, however, I did not omit to become a candidate for prizes such as my Harrow training had enabled me to aspire to. In my first year (1836) I wrote for the College prize for Latin Hexameters, on the subject of 'Mosquæ Incendium'; and also for the University prize, likewise for Latin Hexameters, on the subject of 'Montes Pyrenæi'; but without success in either attempt. The latter was won by Leighton of Magdalen, afterwards

Warden of All Souls, and when I read his verses I had the satisfaction of feeling that they had been deservedly preferred to mine. In the next year, however, I tried again for the same prizes, and won them both—the former on the subject of ‘Athenae’; the latter on ‘Mexico.’ In each case the value of the prize was the same—viz. 20*l.* to be spent in books; and while the former composition had to be recited in hall, in the presence of all the members of the college, dons and undergraduates, the latter was spoken in the Theatre before the University and visitors assembled at Commemoration. The poem for the college prize, being of much less account, was composed hastily (for the first cricket match with Cambridge occurred in the same week), and has little or no claim to be preserved; that upon ‘Mexico,’ with which I had taken all the pains I could, may be seen in the Appendix to this volume.

One of the first intimations I received that the latter poem had been successful was from a man who came to my rooms in the name, as he said, of the University Bell Ringers, to ask for the usual fee of a guinea given by every prizeman for ringing the bells—I suppose of St. Mary’s, the University Church. I demurred, at first, upon the ground that I had not heard any bells ringing. ‘Oh no,’ he replied. ‘They used to be rung formerly, but the practice has ceased for some years’—whether or not he explained the reason, I forget—‘and we are still ready to ring them.’ I gave him the money, perhaps foolishly; but at such a moment it would have been difficult to refuse any demand. And this feeling, no doubt, he reckoned on. I wonder whether my successors on the prize roll are still subject to the same piece of extortion.

My success as a University prizeman was the more gratifying because both my brothers at Cambridge precisely at the same time were also successful in the same way.

I am not sure that the bulletins announcing them did not cross each other; I am certain they were all issued within the same week. Something of the same kind had happened in 1824. When I was at Harrow, and my brother Christopher at Winchester, the prizes won by us both happened to be decided within the same twenty-four hours. In the present instance the successes were not only greater in themselves, but included my brother John. The following letters found among my father's papers exhibit a sample of the congratulations he received.

*From Longley, my Christ Church Tutor, afterwards
Archbishop of Canterbury.*

My dear Sir,—Your son Charles's success in gaining the University prize for Latin verse must be so gratifying to you, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of congratulating you upon it. Of all our four prizes it is the one which is always looked upon as the most distinguished, and on the present occasion many very good copies came into competition with your son's, but his proved decidedly superior to them all; and as I was myself, in my office as Proctor, one of the five judges, I can assure you of the testimony which all my colleagues bore to their sense of the superior merit of the composition.

Allow me to add that in his general conduct as well as in his attention to his studies, he has been giving me increasing satisfaction.

From Le Bas, Principal of Haileybury College.

Why, Master, this really is quite magnificent!

The Porson Prize.

The Latin ode, epigrams, and English verse.

The Oxonian Latin verse.

Surely this is a glorious division of spoils among your Triumvirate, such as must satisfy all your paternal cravings after their renown. The Oxonian I do not know, but you must nevertheless tell him how cordially I exult in his success. And pray give my fervent congratulations to the other two lads.

From Chief Justice Tindal.

I scarcely know when I have received more satisfaction than when I heard of the signal success which your three sons have obtained in their respective contests at the same time—I believe I may say, almost on the same day. I trust, and I believe, it is only the omen and the auspice of future success in their walk through life. Remember me most kindly to them, and believe that I take no ordinary interest in everything that concerns yourself and yours.

From Monk, Greek Professor, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

I yesterday wrote you a note of congratulation which came very far short of the occasion, which must make you the happiest parent in existence.¹ I then knew only of the success of Christopher. I this morning learn that your three sons are severally decorated at the same moment with the highest honours which our two Universities have to bestow on excellence in Greek, Latin, and English poetry. This coincidence of success is so brilliant, and so perfectly unexampled, that I cannot adequately express my joy, or felicitate you in terms which the occasion calls for.

The few who can now remember that elegant Eton scholar, and great favourite of all who knew him, Archdeacon Bayley, will not need to be told that when he pays me a personal compliment at the expense of my father and of my uncle, he is only indulging the good-humoured vein of playful banter, which he used in writing to his most intimate friends.

¹ I remember Goulburn (Chancellor of the Exchequer and M.P. for Cambridge) telling my father that the Duke of Wellington had said to him that 'he considered the Master of Trinity to be the happiest man in England.' And being asked 'why,' he replied, 'because each of his three sons had at the same time obtained such high distinction at their respective universities.' One would scarcely have expected the great Duke, even after he had become Chancellor of Oxford (which was not till seven years afterwards, viz. in 1835), to have shown so much appreciation of academic honours.

*From Henry Vincent Bayley, Archdeacon of Stow, and
Canon of Westminster.*

You say you shall look for me immediately after Tuesday. Why, you will be at *Bosporus* [Oxford, to be present at the recitation of the prize exercises in the Theatre] or ought to be ; so you will, I hope, see me on Saturday. . . . I drink Charles to-day in a bumper of bad wine and good wishes. I cannot think how the fellow has contrived to add so much of the *pulcrum corpus* to his *virtue*. I do not think that Father Æneas, or Uncle Hector [see Virg. *Æn.* xii. 440], *excited* him : do you ?

My successes as University and College prizeman in 1827 led to a reward still more substantial. At the following Christmas the Dean (Dr. Smith) named me for a studentship¹ in his gift *honoris causâ*. I was, I believe, the first, or very nearly the first, in whose favour the system of mere patronage nomination, which had prevailed hitherto, was laid aside.² This was a great cause for thankfulness, and it received a valuable accession from the circumstance that Walter Hamilton and Henry Denison, both Etonians, were made students—each on the nomination of a canon—a nomination which they themselves abundantly justified, at the same time with me, and we all three became intimate friends. Hamilton, who had been in residence a year, I had known before ; but Denison came up fresh from school.

Here I may mention that from my first entrance upon college life I made two wholesome rules for my guidance, and, what is more, I strictly kept to them. One was, never to have a pack of cards in my rooms ; the other, never to give a supper party, and rarely, if ever, a breakfast party :

¹ Peculiar to Christ Church ; something between a scholarship and a fellowship at other colleges.

² See 'Chapter of Autobiography,' p. 12 sq., where I have endeavoured to show that the system of patronage had, upon the whole, worked far better than might have been expected ; indeed *so well* that much was to be said in its behalf.

the former, besides other not improbable objections, would break in upon the night, the latter upon the day. It is true that sometimes, but not often, I played whist, of which I was fond, in other men's rooms—e.g. at Trinity, in Herman Merivale's, and, I think, in Claughton's ; and that in vacations at Cambridge I occasionally accepted invitations to a supper party ; but I cannot remember that I ever did this at Oxford, and certainly I never broke my anti-supper-party rule in my own rooms. In my experience of cards there was nothing, so far as I can remember, that could be called gambling : the utmost was sixpenny points at whist ; and, as for betting, which has now become so unhappily prevalent in reference to athletics of all kinds, it was, I think, upon anything like its present scale, practically unknown. To the players, the game—cricket match or boat race—was, as it always ought to be, if it is to be truly healthy and uninjurious, sufficiently interesting in itself, and required no further stimulus. In short, it was, like virtue, 'its own reward.'

It has been satirically remarked that the best part of our university system is the length of the vacations ; and that much good work has been done, especially in the long summer vacations, more and better, perhaps, than would have been done during the same amount of term time spent in college, need not be denied. In my own case certainly, to a great extent, this was so. My long vacation in 1827 was spent in the Lake country, at Bowness, Windermere, under a Cambridge tutor—Martin, Fellow of Trinity—good in classics as well as in mathematics, and with a party almost entirely composed of Cambridge men, including my two brothers, Phillips, afterwards well known as Phillips Jodrell, and Tyrrell, afterwards Bishop of Newcastle. That summer Ivy Cottage was occupied by Blomfield, then Bishop of Chester. On one occasion, when my brothers

and I had been invited over to Rydal to dine with him, I remember his telling us, among other anecdotes, how hard he had read during the six months previous to taking his degree. Besides what he had done in the earlier part of the day, he invariably sat over his books from 4 P.M. (after Hall, which was then, I think, at 3) till 4 A.M., and yet was always up in time for morning chapel. And he added, as a warning to ourselves, that the strain then put upon his constitution had, he believed, taken away ten years of his life. He was naturally a very vigorous man, and it may be recollected that he broke down earlier than there seemed reason to expect.

In 1828 I went for my long vacation to Guernsey with Walter Hamilton. Our tutor there was Dr. Stocker, then principal of Elizabeth College, and well known previously in Oxford as a public examiner and Fellow of St. John's. He had been recommended to us by George Denison, who had been under him at Guernsey the year before. But to us he did not prove very efficient, though this, in my case, ought perhaps to be mainly attributed to the state of my health. The climate of the island did not agree with me, and I suffered continually from my old enemy—bilious headache. The following short letter, written to my brother Christopher, then at Paris for his Cambridge vacation, and found among his papers after his death, tells the story truly enough, though somewhat hyperbolically.

Guernsey : Oct. 13, 1828.

My dear Chris,—Vous écrivez sur un papier si fin que je puis à peine lire votre vilaine lettre. I beg your pardon. I mean your letter had very little news in it, and that the paper made it almost illegible. But nevertheless I thank you for it very much, and if I had not been unwell every day since the receipt of it—by the bye it found me in the midst of an emetic—I should have displayed my gratitude on something more substantial than this

shabby piece of note paper. As it is, it is the only scrap remaining in my possession, and as we start to-morrow morning by the steamer, it would be hardly worth while to procure a fresh supply.

So you have not read much ; but I am happy to hear you have enjoyed yourself. Pity me, who have neither read a word nor enjoyed a day. Thank Heaven my miseries are now nearly at an end, as I trust a little English air will soon set me right again. Did I say ‘nearly at an end,’ while the equinoctials are puffing their cheeks, and to-morrow, blow what will, ‘æquor arandum est’—and that for four-and-twenty hours ! From Southampton I proceed straight to Oxford, as I must be there on Friday night—to-morrow being Wednesday—so that I have not a day to spare.

When you write to John give him my best love. How soon does he intend to return to England ?

If my health is not better at Oxford, I shall *cut and run*, so you must not be surprised if you see me soon at Cambridge.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind offer, but I am not aware that I want anything particularly in Paris.

In great hurry and confusion, and dread of being sick, and perhaps lost,

Believe me, my dear Chris,

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES W.

Æternùm, malè fida, vale, vale, insula ; quamvis

Vix unum dederis mî valuisse diem.

Sed lege hâc solâ tibi verba novissima dico—

Sume tuum ‘valeas,’ et mihi redde meum.

C. Wordsworth, Esq.,

No. 33, Rue d’Artois, Paris.

My last long vacation (1829) was to have been spent at Cuddesdon with Saunders (then a Tutor of Christ Church, afterwards Master of Charterhouse, and ultimately Dean of Peterborough) ; with Acland (afterwards Sir Thomas), and Tancred (also afterwards Sir Thomas), as my fellow pupils. But there again my health became so unsatis-

factory that to have remained would have been of little use. Consequently, when about half the vacation was over I took my departure, upon the understanding that I was to be allowed to return for the remainder of my time at Christmas, which I did; and happily the place suited me better in frosty weather, so that, though Saunders himself was absent in London almost the whole of the time, and I was left alone, I was able to work with very good effect. In the churchyard at Cuddesdon I found a monument which Lowth, sometime Bishop of Oxford, had placed to the memory of his daughter Mary, with the following beautiful and touching inscription :

Cara vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
 Et plus quam natæ nomine cara, vale !
 Cara Maria, vale : at veniet felicius ævum,
 Quandò iterum tecum, sim modò dignus, ero.
 Cara, redi, lætâ tum dicam voce ; paternos
 Eia, age, in amplexus, cara Maria, redi :—

which I thus translated during a walk on Shotover one Sunday afternoon :

Mary, farewell ! with every virtue blest,
 With more than all a parent's love caressed,
 Farewell ! and oh ! hereafter may I prove
 Worthy to be with thee where all is love.
 Mary return, I then with joy shall cry,
 And in thy bosom waft me to the sky.

Χαῖρε μάλ', ἀσπασίῃ θυγατέρ, κέδνῃ τε, σοφῇ τε,
 Καὶ πλέον ἀσπασίην ἢ κατὰ παῖδα φίλῃ.
 Χαῖρε μαλ'· ἀλλὰ χρόνῳ πολὺν φέρτερος ἔρχεται αἰὼν
 Εὖτ' αὖθις μετὰ σοῦγ', ἄξιός ᾧ, ἔσομαι.
 Ἐλθέ πάλιν, παιδρὸς τότε φθέξομαι, ὧδε πατρώους
 Εὐθὺς ἐς ἀσπασμούς, ἐλθέ, Μάρια φίλῃ.

The late Lord Derby has given a version of the same

inscription in his 'Translations, &c.,' p. 86. And in the church of Much Hadham, Herts, may be seen an inscription made up, curiously enough, partly out of one of mine at Winchester,¹ and still more largely out of this of Bishop Lowth.

Before I proceed to the topic which bulks, I confess, rather too largely among the reminiscences of my Oxford career—I mean the topic of athletics—there are two or three other matters which require to be noticed, and which will convey me back to the earlier part of my undergraduate life.

I have always regretted that I did not make more use of the 'Union'—our Debating Society—as an instrument of education. I was elected a member in my second term, and I put down a question for discussion, 'Was the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. justifiable?' which was chosen and was to come on after the Easter vacation. My principal opponent was Wrangham of Brasenose, the clever son of Archdeacon Wrangham, and a double-first-class man. I believe I succeeded fairly well; Herman Merivale, I remember, told me I had given signs of promise; but I never spoke again, except on one or two occasions about matters of business.² A letter which I received some years ago (Sept. 1881) from the then President, asking for my portrait to hang up upon the wall of their new Debating Hall (in consequence of my name appearing in their books as of one who had formerly been an officer of the Society), reminded me that I had once been Treasurer (1828), a fact which I had quite forgotten; and I doubt if I ever actually served in that capacity.

¹ See below, p. 228.

² Mr. Brinsley Richards, in his article on 'Mr. Gladstone's Oxford Days' (*Temple Bar*, May, 1883, p. 39), writes: 'Before Mr. Gladstone made his maiden speech at the Union, February, 1830, Manning and Gaskell were, with Wordsworth and Doyle, considered to be the best speakers there.' The compliment, so far as I am concerned, is, I am sure, quite undeserved.

In the spring of 1826, I find from a letter of mine which my brother Christopher had preserved, that I had much reason to be anxious about my father's health.

Christ Church, Oxford: March 10, 1826.

Dear Chris,—You tell me not to be alarmed about the state of my father's health, that the operation has been performed very successfully, &c. &c.—all of which, of course, I am exceedingly glad to hear; but still, as I cannot help feeling some little uneasiness, I trust you will be kind enough to report progress to me in a day or two.

Your demand of a long letter I cannot possibly answer at present, as our 'Collections' are just coming on. I hope to leave this place for Cambridge on Monday week, and I expect to have all my vacation (Easter) busily occupied with 'Montes Pyrenæi.'¹ If you meet with any book which is any way calculated to elucidate that subject you will do me a great favour by procuring it.

Let me hear directly about my father; how his nights are; if he suffers pain &c.; give him my best love. I am glad to hear that John is better.

Believe me your affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

Dodgson of this college has got the Ireland Scholarship (then first instituted). My ears are now being stunned by the ringing of bells on the occasion. All Christ Church is in an uproar.

To fill up the paper, I subjoin a translation of Milton's *Sonnet on his Blindness* which I composed yesterday.

C. Wordsworth, Esq.,
23 Golden Square, London.

Miltoni Carmen XIX. Latine Redditum.

Hei mihi! (triste querens sic mecum corde voluto)
Quod jubar ex oculis fugerit omne meis;
Dum vagor in lati (quanta est!) caligine mundi,
Et, necdum medios, nox premit atra dies.

¹ See above, p. 39. The subject for the University Latin Verse Prize.

Hei mihi ! pars nostri posita est sine fœnore major,
 Et latet in sterili, morte luenda, solo :
 Nec minùs illam ideò fert exercere voluntas ;
 Ne tumeat Domino, quùm redit, ira suo.

‘ Ergone,’ sollicitus quærebam, ‘ luce negatâ,
 Exigit a famulis pensa diurna Deus ? ’
 Suscipit at blandâ Patientia voce, querelam
 Ut subitò arripiat non benè passa meam—

Non ope, non hominum vanâ Deus indiget arte,
 Nec donis, largâ quæ dedit ipse manu :
 Munus erit melius si quis se subdidit ultrò
 Et facili didicit succubuisse jugo.

Nam Deus imperium exercet regale, neque illi
 Desunt mille foris agmina, mille domi ;
 Illi, portantes latè mandata, ministrant,
 Hi solio adstantes :—gratus uterque labor.

The foregoing letter, with many others written by me to my brother Christopher, was returned to me after his death, and I was not sorry to see it again. For not only had I kept no copy of that translation of Milton’s Sonnet, but I had entirely forgotten that I had ever written it. The same was the case with my letter from Guernsey, with its Latin epigram, quoted above. And this leads me to mention some other short copies of Latin verses of a peculiar character which I have preserved, and which it may be convenient to introduce here. Old Christ Church men will guess to what I allude.

The weekly themes, Latin or English, required to be sent in to the Rhetoric Lecturer at other times of the year, were exchanged during a portion of Lent for compositions of the nature of epigrams in Latin elegiacs. The custom had come down from the time when disputations were held upon questions proposed in certain well-known scholastic *formulae*,

and admitting of a negative or of an affirmative answer. We were left at liberty to choose for our subject any such question.

CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA.

An mens sit in toto corpore ?—

Neg^r.

En ! glacie steterunt et acuto frigore rivi ;

En ! riget inque suis clauditur Isis aquis.

Nec mora : tota petens ripas effusa juvenus

Se ludo accingit, pallida bruma, tuo.

Ille puer—vitreum quo turbine fertur in æquor,

Lubricus et flexas itque reditque vias !

Qui capite haud unam scit deduxisse figuram,

Innumeras docto ducere calce vides.

*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*¹

Affirm^r.

Dum sæpe invitâ vis scribere, Cotta, Minervâ,

Judicio comitum scurra, poeta tuo,

Frons est illa quidem multa et præclara minantis,

Intonsumque patent colla imitata Deum.

Rodere nec satis est unguis, aut vellere barbam,

Seriniave alternâ tundere dura manu ;

Quin miserum pulsas, iterumque iterumque cerebrum ;—

Nil pulsare valet, Cotta, ubi nemo domi est.

An diversa possint esse in eodem subjecto ?

Affirm^r.

Ad auctorem libri anonymi cui titulus

‘*Oxford Nightcaps.*’²

Quisquis es, omnigenûm præceptor Docte liquorum,

O lepidum certe lætificumque caput !

Serinia crediderim te compilasse Lyæi,

Multaque de cœnis surripuisse Deûm,

¹ Published in Linwood’s *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, p. 226.

² A volume supposed to have been written by a scout of Christ Church, and containing recipes for a variety of festive beverages.

Sit tibi laus æterna ! tuas superare pedestris
 Quis scriptor chartas, quisve poëta potest ?
 Nam ' punctum omne tulit qui miscuit utile dulci,'
 Et quæ vina quotam scit patiantur aquam.

An similitudo sit reciproca ?

Neg^r.

Ad comœdum celeberrimum, Carolum Matthews,
 Oxoniam invisentem.

Cùm nuper nostram minus venisset ad urbem,
 Vir longè ante alios inclytus arte suâ,
 Tota in Democriti partes Academia cessit,
 Dilectumque prius spernit Aristotelem ;
 Et si quis quæret quid tunc juvenumque senumque
 Ens unum in multis, credo, cachinnus erat :
 Seu gentem Americes, et caudam vellit opossⁱ,¹
 Yankæûm et vates arma virosque canit,
 Seu tangit vitium omne vafer, moresque suorum,
 Monstraque nativi qualiacunque soli,
 Admissus pariter circum præcordia ludit,
 Et repetunt hilares cuncta labella jocos.
 O mirum lepidumque caput, quod scilicet unum
 Centum cum totidem vocibus ora tenes,
 Et modò pragmaticus, modò rex, modò balba puella,
 Aut Gallus nebulo, aut Scota videris anus,
 Aut auriga catus fis, aut infans citharædus,
 Grammaticusve senex, rhetoricusve puer—
 Quid de te dicam, qui tot videre vicissim ?
 Omnibus es similis—nemo, facete, tibi.

*Mabella Regina.*²

Ah ! te, Mabba, meo choreas duxisse cerebro
 Suspitor, et mediis delituisse comis:—

¹ In allusion to the song sung by C. M., ' Opossum up a gum tree.'

² The address to Queen Mab was applied to myself because I wished to make it a vehicle for a grateful compliment to Dean Smith for having appointed me to a studentship at the previous Christmas. In sending the verses to Mr. Linwood for insertion (at his request) in *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, where they appear, pp. 95, 97, I omitted the concluding lines, which contained the said compliment, as being somewhat of a personal character, and I am sorry to find that I do not appear to have preserved any copy of them.

Te, si vera fides, nulla Eileithuia poetæ
 Promptior ingenio parturientis adest.
 En ! similis vitreo tua parvula forma lapillo,
 Quem procerum gestat sardonycata manus ;
 Sicubi labentem nasis stertentibus axem
 Flectis, agens atomos, tempore noctis, equos.
 Vidi equidem et—nostros terror nisi lusit ocellos—
 Illa fuit dominâ digna quadriga suâ :
 Quippe inerant muscæque pedes, alæque cicadæ,
 Utilis hæc tecto scilicet, illa rotis :
 Texuerat minimo retinacula aranea filo,
 Texuerat radiis luna capistra suis :
 Addidit os grylli scuticam, membranula lorum :
 Aurigam culicem russea læna tegit :
 At nuce de cassâ rhedam compegit, anilis
 Sive opifex vermis sive sciurus¹ erat ;
 Nam (nisi fama levis) Lemurum struxisse quadrigas
 Tempore ab antiquo dictus uterque faber.
 Hâc tu, Diva, ruis pompâ ! comitatur euntem
 Somnus, et incerto somnia nigra pede.
 Ergo sive equites per amantis tempora, sive
 Aulicolæ notum transgrediare genu ;
 Hic capite incurvo supplex cadit, ille puellam
 Protinus in somnis credit adesse suam.
 Causidici digitos modo ludis imagine nummi ;
 Das modo virgineis oscula ficta genis ;
 Aut dum rite toro requiescit clericus alto,
 Somniferi naso signa canente Dei,
 Tum præstò intentas decumani fercula porci,
 Labraque Tantaleis ludificare dolis.

The concluding lines (referred to in the last note), of which I have not preserved a copy, were, I suppose, something of this kind :

¹ I am conscious of an offence against strict prosodiacal rule in this combination ; but (1) 'sciurus' could not otherwise come into the verse ; and (2) I may take shelter under the authority of Vincent Bourne, who has no less than thirty-one instances of the same blemish in his one small volume. Moreover, Horace has four instances in his Satires, and this passage partakes of a satirical character.

Sic quoque cara Viri, cujus de munere alumnus
 Jam nostræ celebris gloriâ esse domûs,
 Sape mihi ante oculos in somnis surgit Imago,
 Et movet insolitâ pectora lætitiâ.
 Ille etenim est auctor, curtâ quòd veste relictâ
 Indutus spatior liberiore togâ,¹
 Effususque sinus et non mea brachia miror,
 Cæteraque officii signa decora novi.
 Gestiet ergò illi, dum spiritus hos reget artus,
 Quas possit grates reddere fidus amor ;
 Nec cessabit honos, seu sol mihi fulget Olympo,
 Seu claudit tenebris lumina fessa sopor.

The most serious illness I have had during the course of my long life occurred to me early in the spring of 1827,² and the cause was as unaccountable as the attack was sudden and alarming. I had been playing tennis in the early part of the afternoon in my usual health, when painful spasms came on, which obliged me to give up the game and return to my rooms. I was on the point of taking some brandy to ease the pain, when Herman Merivale happened to call, and, seeing the state I was in, advised me not to do so, but to send at once for a surgeon who lived close at hand. Happily, I took his advice. The surgeon came ; said that brandy might have proved fatal ; prescribed what he hoped might give me relief ; but if it had not done so when he should return later in the evening, he must call in a physician. There was no relief, and Dr. Kidd, the most eminent physician then in Oxford, was sent for, who pronounced that I was suffering from inflammation of the stomach. In short, my life was in danger. The treatment which he immediately applied, and his constant and kind

¹ The Student's gown, with its ample folds and expansive sleeves, was *very superior* to that which I had before worn as a Commoner.

² This was written before my recent severe and protracted illness, Christmas 1890 to June 1891.

attendance upon me for the next two or three weeks, through the mercy of God proved successful. By a strange coincidence my father's butler was seized by the same complaint about the same time ; and he died in a few days. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently to bear the journey, I obtained leave of absence and went home ; but it was long before I was restored to my former health, and since then I have never been able to sit up and read late at night, as before that time I had been accustomed to do.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy Name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who saved thy life from destruction, and crowned thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

He hath not cut off like a weaver my life, nor from day even to night made an end of me.

He hath vouchsafed me life and breath until this hour, from childhood, youth, and hitherto, even unto age.

I now come to the subject which, as I have said, was practically to me of too engrossing a nature not to claim a prominent place in the record of this period of my early days.

To begin with my experience as a cricketer. I at once (1826) took a prominent position, for both batting and bowling, in the University eleven, and the next year I was the means of bringing about the first match between Oxford and Cambridge, which was played at Lord's on June 4. I need not repeat here the particulars of that match. They may be found in the account of it which, at the request of Mr. Andrew Lang, I contributed to the volume upon Cricket in the Badminton series (*see* pp. 328-331)¹ ; only I may mention that my left-hand bowling was so successful on

¹ See also my *Chapter of Autobiography*, p. 13 and p. 18 and *Cricket—a Weekly Record of the Game*, February 24, 1887.

that occasion, that it took no fewer than seven of the Cambridge wickets in one innings; the only one which the bad weather suffered us to play; but that one was in favour of Oxford by 258 runs to 92. In the next year my average of runs was considerably higher than that of any other member of the eleven, being forty-one; although I had then begun to take to rowing also, and was frequently on the river in an evening, pulling stroke in an amateur six-oar with a crew of Christ Church friends. The practice thus acquired brought me into notice as an oarsman, and when I was at Cambridge for the following Christmas and Easter vacations, enabled me to take a place occasionally in the Johnian boat, then, I think, at the top of the river, on the invitation of my old Harrow schoolfellow, Charles Merivale, now Dean of Ely,¹ and others of that crew with whom I had become acquainted, especially G. A. Selwyn, afterwards Bishop, and Snow, the stroke, both Etonians. Encouraged by the example of the inter-university cricket match, which had taken place in 1827, we talked over the possibility of getting up a similar competition in rowing; and the result was that a correspondence took place between Snow and Staniforth, captain of the Christ Church boat, who had been schoolfellows and boating comrades at Eton, which ended by fixing a day for the proposed encounter—viz. June 10—and the place—viz. the Thames at Henley. Though I had never pulled in my college boat (because, cricket and rowing being then in the same term, it was impossible to pursue both; and I had been unwilling to relinquish cricket—my first love), I was selected to be one of our university crew, and was placed at No. 3, but

¹ Another old Harrow friend, Bishop Perry, late of Melbourne, informed me this summer (1890) that boating at Cambridge was not then (in 1829) more than three years old. He himself had been one of the crew of the first eight-oar launched on the Cam, and that was in 1836. The crew were all Trinity men.

eventually, on the failure of the health of Croft, of Balliol, promoted to No. 4. As soon as my father heard of this, he took alarm, in consequence of my severe illness two years before, and instantly wrote to me to forbid my rowing, to my extreme distress and embarrassment, as I neither liked to give up my place in the boat nor to disobey him. But I got over the difficulty in this way: I went to the physician who had attended me—Dr. Kidd—and requested him to examine me, and, if he was satisfied that I had not suffered in any respect from what I had been doing, to give me a testimonial to that effect which I might send to my father. This he did, and my father's apprehensions were so far overcome that he withdrew his prohibition. 'The issue of that contest is well known.¹ Oxford won easily.² But the success of Oxford did not end there. The rowing match at Henley took place on a Wednesday. On the following Friday the second inter-university cricket match came off, on what was then called the Magdalen ground, at Oxford, and we were again victorious—by 115 runs. For some account of the game, and especially of my own share in it, I may refer as before to my contribution to the Badminton volume on Cricket; but a 'bantering letter,'³ which I wrote to Charles

¹ Full particulars concerning it may be seen in *The Record of the University Boat Race*, by G. Treherne and T. Goldie, 1884, pp. 4–11.

² Dr. John Morgan, a physician at Manchester, in his interesting volume (1870) entitled *University Oars*, speaks of me as 'legitimately to be looked upon as the father of the inter-university (rowing) match.' Of the inter-university cricket match that is *certainly true*. Whether or no it is equally true of the rowing match—a point upon which there has been a slight difference of opinion—it *cannot be disputed* that the circumstance of my being an Oxford man, while my home was at Cambridge, and the peculiar advantages I had in forming acquaintances at both, *had much to do* with the latter incident as well as with the former: *so much*, indeed, that after I took my degree, early in 1830, both the boat race and the cricket match were discontinued for six years—viz. till 1836.

³ So described in a full and graphic article in the *Times*, March 26, 1887, on 'The First University Boat Race.' The letter had previously appeared in the *Record of the University Boat Race*, above referred to.

Merivale, in immediate prospect of the two encounters (a letter which he has preserved), may be inserted here, as it gives the names both of the eight and of the eleven on the Oxford side.

Thursday morning. 1829.

My dear Merivale,—I thank you very much for your letter—its impudence was unparalleled. I do not know which to admire most, its direct assertions or its occult insinuations. The very supposition of my being in our boat has quite delighted you—allow me to assure you of the truth of the report. But this is not the only bone I have to pick with you: the sufficiently-candid manner in which you talk of ‘lasting us out’ amuses me so much, that I am ready to die with laughter whenever I think of it. My dear fellow, you cannot possibly know our crew, or you would not write in such an indiscreet manner. Allow me to enlighten you!

8. Staniforth, Ch. Ch. boat—4 feet across the shoulders and as many *διαπὰξ*—or through the chest.

7. Moore, Ch. Ch. boat—6 ft. 1—in all probability a relation of the Giant whom the ‘3 rosy cheeked schoolboys’ built upon the top of Helm Craig: so renowned for length and strength of limb.

6. Garnier—Worcester boat—splendid oar!

5. Toogood. Bal. boat—yes; too good for you, but just the man for us!

4. Wordsworth, new oar, ‘has neither *words* nor *worth*, action nor utterance, &c. I only (row) right on (But) I tell you that that you yourselves do know.’

3. Croft,¹ Bal. boat. No recommendation necessary.

2. Arbuthnot, Bal. boat. Strong as ‘Bliss’ best’ [famous Harrow beer].

1. Carter—St. John’s 4 oar—‘protentior ictu fulmineo.’

Thus far this letter was written three or four days ago in Popham’s rooms—the infection of whose company must be my excuse for its saucy style. The fact is, our boat has been reduced to a considerable pickle—owing to some of our best oars not being able to pull, Stephen Davies’² mismanagement, and one or two

¹ Taken unwell after the first part of this letter was written, and his place supplied by Bates, Christ Church boat.

² The professional trainer of all our rowing men.

other considerations. We have at last, however, got under way with a fixed crew, and matters are proceeding a little more swimmingly. You will see by the above list that our stroke has been changed.¹ Our days for practice at Henley will be Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Monday. Our uniform black straw hats, dark blue striped jerseys, and canvas trousers. You must not abuse it, as Garnier and myself were chosen to decide upon it.

I turn with more pleasure to the cricket match, the prospect of which is quite *delightful*; not that I expect to win, but that I think we cannot fail to have a pleasant game. Our eleven will be: Bayley, Wright, Knatchbull, Bird, Price, Popham, H. Denison, Musters, Horner, Cooke, and myself. This information is for Pickering; if you will be kind enough to forward it to him, and to thank him for his letter. Ask him if we are to do anything for him about an umpire. Ashby stands for us. Printed bills will reach Cambridge in a day or two. Now I think of it, you wished to know our boat. It is to be the old Balliol, built by Stephen Davies. This, I am sure, will please you. However, I am still ready to take two to one. With kind remembrance to all friends and brothers,

Believe me,

My dear Merivale,

Sincerely yours,

C. WORDSWORTH.

I have lived to be invited to take a prominent part in the jubilee banquets both of the first inter-university cricket match, and of the first inter-university boat race; but unfortunately I was not able to be present at either. At the former, however, held with Justice Chitty in the chair, a song, composed by C. S. Bere, and sung after dinner, began as follows:

Fifty years have sped since first,
Keen to win their laurel,
Oxford, round a Wordsworth clustered,
Cambridge, under Jenner mustered,
Met in friendly quarrel.

¹ Garnier had been stroke.

At the latter, the guernsey which I had rowed in, and carefully preserved, was accepted as my representative, and duly honoured by being hung up as a trophy over the back of the chairman, who was again Justice Chitty: an incident thus recorded in the Latin verses written for the occasion by Mr. H. Kynaston, and translated by Justice Denman ('Ipse' is the chairman):

*Ipse viros numerat laudatque, et fortia narrat
Dum facta, in medium mirantibus omnibus effert
Quà tunicâ indutus sudavit Episcopus olim.*

Turns triumphant to the guernsey
By a reverend Prelate sent;
Reads, that though to come he burns, he
Must not come, or he'd repent,
For that wheresoe'er he turns, he
Duties finds, because 'tis Lent.

The mention of that trophy reminds me that Tom Garnier (No. 4), afterwards Dean of Lincoln, and I, who had been appointed to decide upon the uniform to be worn by our crew, chose the Christ Church guernsey as our pattern (four of the crew being Christ Church men); only with a broader and darker blue, instead of black, stripe. Hence the origin of the 'Dark Blues.'

So much of cricket and rowing. I was also greatly addicted to tennis (having been a racquet player at Harrow) and to skating, when it was to be had; and in both obtained distinction. At tennis, the men with whom I played most were three Gentlemen Commoners of Oriel—the college nearest 'Sabin's' (the best) tennis court—viz. Francis Trench, an old schoolfellow at Harrow, elder brother of the late Archbishop of Dublin, Edmund Head, afterwards Sir Edmund, and Governor of Canada, and the Hon. Charles Murray, afterwards a well-known diplomatist at several

foreign courts. The last was the only undergraduate who, upon the whole, was my superior. Among the graduates, Robert Barter, of New College, afterwards Warden of Winchester, much surpassed us all; and I accounted it a great privilege when, as happened now and then, I was admitted to play with him, always, however, receiving from him not less than 'fifteen.' And what this privilege eventually led to in after life will be seen at a later date. I may also record that I had the honour of teaching the same fine old English, or rather Anglo-Gallican, game—much older than cricket, as we may see from Shakespeare—to Henry Denison, before mentioned as a fellow student of Christ Church; and I may lay claim to the honour all the more because I persuaded him to play often against his will, for he was a very close and regular student; but before long he excelled his instructor, and eventually became so distinguished that he had the credit, I believe, of being the best gentleman player in England.

πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσοις διδασκάλων.

To pass on to skating. I was the first man in Oxford to introduce skates with the blades rounded off behind, in order to facilitate the cutting of figures backwards, and especially the outside edge. This I learnt from a first-rate London skater whom I happened to meet upon a pond at Hampstead. The best skaters of my time, with whom I was more or less upon a par, were Cyril Page, Henry Denison, and Henry Jeffreys, all with me students of Christ Church. One of my skating reminiscences is curious. There was a small Society of Johnians at Cambridge, who called themselves *Psychrolytes*, because they rejoiced in *bathing* all the year round, in any weather, and in any water, however *cold*. I remember one day, when I went out to skate, falling in with two of them, G. A. Selwyn

(afterwards Bishop) and Shadwell, who were equipped with skates in one hand, and a towel in the other, as they intended to bathe first, and to skate afterwards! This the Cam admits of, or used to do so, as did also the Isis, because, in consequence of springs or currents, they were wont to freeze very unequally, so that there were parts of the river closely conterminous where the ice would bear, and parts which were not even frozen over; a circumstance which required great caution on the part of skaters, and which brought me on one occasion at Oxford into imminent danger of being drowned.¹

To return to matters of more importance.

In 1828, and again in 1829, I was a competitor for the Ireland Scholarship, and, though not actually successful, I had no great reason to be dissatisfied with the results, considering the state of health in which I had to undergo the stress of the examination, lasting for five days, upon both occasions. In May 1828 I find myself writing thus to my brother Christopher:

On the third day I was taken so unwell that I was forced to send for Dr. Kidd directly I came out of the examination. I was in great pain, and very feverish for some time; took physic and went to bed early; passed a wretched night, and got up in anything but a comfortable condition; but, by miraculous good fortune, on that morning we had not to go in till twelve o'clock; the Convocation House in which we sat being wanted for some other purpose; otherwise I should certainly have been compelled to relinquish the contest. As it was, I had to get a note from Short to the examiners to request that I might be allowed to leave the room, if necessary; you know we are kept under lock and key. In therefore I went, and sat it out, but made a sad mess; a passage from *Æschines contra Timarchum* to turn into Latin from 12 to 2 P.M., and a paper of Critical Questions from

¹ See above, p. 14.

2.15 to 5. This also I made a sad mess of. Up to last night I had been tolerably successful.

Nevertheless, when the decision was given, in favour of Massie of Wadham, I was announced as having come in second, but with another, whose name I forget, as my equal. In 1829 the report which I had to give, under date March 22, to the same correspondent, both of the state of my health and of the result of the competition, was much the same as in the previous year—not better but rather worse in both respects.

Unless I had been of the most resolute and sanguine disposition, I must have relinquished the contest on the fourth day. Within an hour of my going into the examination the physic which Dr. Kidd insisted upon my taking operated so violently that, to prevent its further effects, I was forced to take a draught the moment before I went into the Schools. In addition to the weakness to which this reduced me, I was in such a state of high fever that for the first half hour I was quite unable to hold a pen. This had been the case, though in a less degree, on all the former days, attended with heat and dizziness in the head; though, immediately the perspiration ceased, I was unable to write without gloves—and scarcely with them—through the cold which succeeded; the frost being here very severe on the first three days. Notwithstanding, however, these disadvantages, when we left off on the Wednesday—the night of my being taken ill—I heard of one of the men who sat betting ten to one in my favour, besides many other bets of my being backed at odds against the field. There were twenty-five candidates. . . . Two other little traits of the examination I must not omit to mention. The successful candidate, Borrett of Magdalen, is a pupil of Merivale's [Herman Merivale's, the first Ireland Scholar, 1825]. Merivale told me, this day last week, that he could do nothing well but Homeric. Homeric we had none! Merivale breakfasted with Davison the morning of the decision; bet upon the result; placed the three first: 1, myself; 2, Payne (who got the scholarship the following year); 3, Johnson. No mention of Borrett, his own pupil! But doubtless you are bursting to know something of seconds and thirds.

Papæ ! Don't be alarmed, ' We are seven ' ! You will doubtless exclaim — ' I pray you tell (dear Charles) how this may be ? ' I cannot possibly explain it, but so it is : ' Nay, we are seven ' — *Septem sapientes rediivi*. Talk no more of your ' pleiad of pigs.'¹ Our Oxford sow has produced a much finer litter. Now, ladies and gentlemen, walk in ! walk in ! All twins, ladies and gentlemen ; not a hair's difference in the length of their tails or the turn of their snouts. But I am degrading the honest showman in drawing a parallel between him and our examiners ; and perhaps, too, the pigs will not think themselves flattered by the comparison. But to be serious ; though, to be sure, the bare truth is the *acme* of everything jocose and ludicrous. All that is yet known is as follows ; and, as Short told it me himself, after receiving a letter from Burton, one of the examiners, you may depend upon every syllable of it being unadulterated ; Short himself being the most plain-spoken, blunt, unceremonious fellow, and never dreaming that a word, either consolatory, laudatory, or even interrogatory, would be necessary or appropriate. ' Before coming to the last paper (essay on the Origin and Progress of Taste) it was such a near thing that the examiners had not any idea whom they would elect, and, even when that had been looked over, it was almost impossible to decide—the seven best being all so nearly equal. Borrett, however—a new Shrewsbury importation—was at length preferred. The next, if there was a shade of difference, was another Magdalen man, also fresh from Shrewsbury ; then came a list of five, considered *æquales*, in which my name appeared first, but whether intentionally or by accident Short had not yet learnt. The other four were Payne, W. Palmer, Johnson, and one unknown. If we are to analyse these seven wise men, we find four are Butlerites (of Shrewsbury) ; the two freshmen naturally taking the lead, as having forgot least of their schoolboy *cram*. [In a previous part of the letter I had complained of the papers set as being too elementary—only ' such as a babe might have

¹ When, in 1828, in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge *seven Johnians* were placed together in succession to the senior wrangler (my old Harrow friend, Perry), Blomfield, a Trinity man (afterwards Bishop of London), wittily gave them the above *sobriquet*. The opprobrious epithet was wont to be applied—for what reason I do not know—by ill-natured Trinity men to their neighbours of St. John's.

answered!'] 'Of the old stagers,' Short said, 'you are the first, it seems.' . . . It is time to conclude this croaking scrawl, which I have written whilst lying on my sofa; for I am still an invalid. I saw Kidd again yesterday, but to-day am much better.'

The letter from which the foregoing extract is taken bears the signature 'Sapientum Unus e Septem.' It is obvious to remark upon it that it is not the first, and doubtless will not be the last, occasion on which a disappointed candidate has found fault with his examiners. What the nature of the bodily ailments, which occurred so inopportunistically in both my contests for the Ireland Scholarship really was, I do not remember; but, whatever it may have been, I have no doubt it was greatly aggravated by the constitutional nervousness which has been (as before mentioned) such a serious trouble to me under anxious circumstances of all kinds during my whole life.

During the last term of my undergraduate course, I had the assistance of Michell of Wadham (afterwards Fellow of Lincoln, and Public Orator) as my private tutor; and when I took my degree of B.A. after Easter 1830 my name appeared in the first class, which included only four others. Among the congratulations which I received on the occasion, the following came from my uncle, the poet. The 'disappointments' to which he alludes had reference no doubt to my having failed to obtain the Ireland Scholarship.

Rydal Mount: Thursday.

My dear Nephew,—The pleasant news of your station in the first class reached Rydal Mount yesterday—but I was from home and did not learn it till this morning, when I entered the house from Patterdale, and Dora, who is always the first to report well of her cousins, called out to me from the top of the stairs, 'Charles is in the first class.' We all congratulate you most heartily; and I hope, notwithstanding some disappointments heretofore,

that you feel yourself recompensed, as far as honour goes, for your labours. But I trust that you value the honour infinitely less than the habits of industry and the knowledge which have enabled you to acquire it. You have hitherto been in study a busy bee; let the ‘*amor florum*’ and the ‘*generandi gloria mellis*,’ continue to animate you, and be persuaded, my dear Charles, that you will be both the better and happier.

Your aunts are both well; your aunt Dorothy has had no relapse for a long time, though she complies with our earnest request in retaining her invalid precautions. Dora, alas! had a severe attack of bilious fever three weeks ago—she is convalescent, but regains her strength slowly.

The other day I had the pleasure of being greeted in the road by your Bowness tutor and friend—Martin. He was in excellent spirits, and looked well. One of his companions was a young man, Fellow of Trinity, whose name, though they drank tea with us, I did not learn. He was guiding them through the country.

The weather has been with us very cold—but sometimes such as to make walking truly delightful. I found it so this morning, when with Mrs. W. I crossed Kirkstone. She rode to the top of the mountain; but down hill we tripped it away side by side charmingly. Think of that, my dear Charles, for a Darby and Joan of sixty each. Farewell! Where are you going this summer—to Cambridge first no doubt, but whither afterwards? Could not you come hither with your father? I fear we could not *lodge* you both in the house, but at the foot of the hill we can procure a bed, with due notice beforehand. Ever your affectionate uncle,

W. W.

I have never been in the habit of keeping a journal for any length of time, but have made the attempt at intervals more than once. The following fragmentary memoranda, partly of Cambridge and partly of Oxford life, belong to the years 1829–30.

Cambridge: Oct., 1829.

Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rose, Dr. Allen, and his son, a freshman from Charterhouse, dined here. Rode with my father. Read a good deal of Parr’s letters, which constitute vols. vii. and viii. of his *Life and Works*, edited by Dr. Johnstone.

One from Jeremy Bentham rather curious, beginning ‘ Δύσπαρι ! ’ Rose told us an anecdote of Parr. Conversing with Payne Knight, who was beating him in the argument, he flew in a great passion. ‘ I cannot endure this impudence, sir.’ ‘ Impudence, Doctor ? We should rather call it in Greek παρρησία.’ Rose also told us some good anecdotes of Gaisford. When made Greek Professor he received from Lord Liverpool a letter announcing the appointment, full of compliments on the honour his vast learning &c. &c. conferred on the University &c. &c. To which he only replied, ‘ My Lord, I have received your letter, and accede to the contents. Yours T. G.’ It came to Dean Jackson’s ears that he had written this letter ; but, disbelieving the report, he sent for him and asked him if it was true. On his replying in the affirmative, Jackson made him sit down and write another letter, and at the same time insisted on his sending off a large paper copy of his Hephæstion, bound in red morocco, to counteract the ill-effect of his former uncourteous letter. [The foregoing anecdote seems almost incredible, but it is confirmed by another which I find in a letter written by me from Cambridge to my brother Christopher, then at Rome, in December 1831. ‘ I think I gave you in my last something of a sketch of our new Dean’s character. Of his propensity to Laconism we had a curious specimen the other morning. He had written to my father to borrow from the College library Porson’s copy of Suidas, which of course was sent to him, with a fine string of compliments from the Master, how that the world was all on tip-toe with the expectation of his new edition, as well as congratulations on his appointment to the Deanery. To all which the only answer was : “ Dear Sir, I have Porson’s copy of Suidas, Kusteri, three vols. folio ; and am much obliged to yourself and the College.” One would have thought that a *lexicographer* would have been a man of more *words* ! ’ I also find the following in a letter of Pusey to my father, August 7, 1840 : ‘ Letters from our Chapter are sometimes, I expect, rather Laconic, the Dean being a person of few words. It was a current story in college, that he once wrote to the father of an undergraduate : “ Dear Sir—Such letters as yours are a great annoyance to your obedient servant, T. Gaisford.” ’]

Gaisford owed his rise to Dean Cyril Jackson, who gave him a studentship, to the great surprise of everybody, as he lived shy and retired, so that his name had never been heard of in college ;

but Jackson fished him out. Gaisford, when an examiner in the Schools, was very fond of Aristophanes, and when anyone took it up, used to rub his hands as pleased as possible. One day, having got hold of such a man to his great delight, he put him on, but unluckily in the second line the word $\piνύξ$ occurred, which he construed 'a windmill'! On this Gaisford shut the book, threw himself back in his chair, muttering ' $\piνύξ$, a windmill,' ' $\piνύξ$, a windmill' &c., and would examine the man no further, nor anyone else that day; and when he was going up the steps to Hall, he was still heard saying to himself ' $\piνύξ$, a windmill!' ' $\piνύξ$, a windmill!'

One of Dean Jackson's most favourite books, especially after his retirement, was Homer. Once when a person called on him he took down a great folio edition, and said, 'If I have read this book four times, I may safely say I have read it 400. It serves me on all occasions, of hope, fear, grief, or joy,' &c. Dr. Allen, formerly Fellow of Trinity, told us a good deal about Porson; how he used to meet him at wine parties at Stevenson's rooms, and how, when everyone else had gone but himself (Allen), he would exert all his powers of entertainment, and open all his stores of information, in order to induce him to sit on, that he might be able to stay the longer over the bottle. Thus Allen got an immense deal from him, of which he kept memoranda, and they are still in his possession. Some good stories told of old Barnes of Peterhouse. He and the Provost of King's great friends; both Etonians. At St. Mary's one day Barnes very sleepy over the sermon. The Provost, who sat next him, jogged him continually, and he as often retorted by saying that he was only shutting his eyes, but not asleep. When the sermon was over, Barnes expostulated with the Provost, and said he had not been asleep; the latter assured him that he had. Barnes again denying, 'Well then, what was the sermon about?' said the Provost. 'About! Why about a quarter of an hour too long!' answered Barnes.

Tuesday.—Rode with Phillips to lionise Lord Hardwicke's at Wimpole—same party at dinner as yesterday.

Extracts from Parr Letters, vol. vii. p. 143 (to Lord Holland.) You may have heard that the other day there was an equality of votes for the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn. There must be a new election. I dread the power of Peel and the intrigues

of Jackson. Lloyd of Christ Church is a good scholar and a worthy man, and I was much pleased to hear of his *Eton* prejudices against the *Westminsters* at the recitation of one of their prologues. 'We shall have a false quantity,' says he. None came, the recitation went on, and his comrades teased him. 'Oh!' quoth Lloyd, 'come it will at last.' And come it did, in the word *propitius*, the first syllable being made long. Lloyd triumphed.

Wednesday.—Same party dined here as yesterday, with the addition of Mr. Henry Rose, a Johnian. Went with Mr. Rose senior to the Public Library, to hunt out Commentaries on the *Ethics*.

Thursday.—Rode out with my father; Lord Chief Justice Tindal and son (a freshman) arrived here. A large party at dinner to meet them, among whom was Whewell, just returned boiling hot from Germany, &c. Had some talk with Dr. Allen about Porson.

Christian knowledge of the House of Commons:—Goulburn told us of a Bill, drawn up by an Irish member, Mr. O'Brien, and which he himself had seen, wherein it was provided that such and such proceedings (I forget the particular import of the Bill) should take place annually on the 1st of August, unless that day should happen to fall upon a Sunday, *Good Friday*, or *Christmas Day*!

My father's predecessor as Master of Trinity was Mansell, who at the same time was Bishop of Bristol. He had some reputation for wit, which showed itself in the composition of epigrams. I remember two of them, which are rather clever.

On a singing man in Trinity Chapel choir, who owed his appointment to favouritism, in return for his vote at a contested county election.

'A singing man, and yet not sing!
Come, justify your patron's bounty;
Give us a song.'—'Excuse me, sir,
My voice is in another county.'

On Bishop Marsh, of Peterborough, who was also Divinity Professor at Cambridge, building a house upon a site which had been occupied by a small inn, bearing the sign of Bishop Blaize.

Two of a trade can ne'er agree ;
 No proverb e'er was juster :
 They've ta'en down Bishop Blaize, you see,
 And put up Bishop Bluster.¹

Oxford : Nov. 30.

Monday, 1st.—A clergyman doing duty for a friend in Wales was told by an old woman who filled the situation of clerk that he must preach in the reading desk, as she had permission to keep her goose in the *pulpit* (Tireman, Magd.). Walked out with Twisleton. Dined with him at Trinity—wined with Steph. Denison at Balliol.

Tuesday, 2nd.—Dined with Twisleton at Trin.: wined with Payne at Bal. Rogers walking about town early in the morning saw on a wall 'Warren's B' which a man had been chalking up but had not had time to finish, on which he remarked that the remainder was *lacking* (Skinner, Bal.). Smith, by way of a joke, invited a party of friends who all had the names of birds—such as Chaffinch, Sparrow, Goldfinch, &c. To these he gave as the dinner hour a quarter to five; but took care to tell Mr. Birdmore *six*, that by his coming in last he might have an opportunity for the joke: 'And now, gentlemen, let me introduce to you one *bird* more' (Skinner). Rogers coming to a turnstile and going through first, excused himself to the friend with whom he was walking: 'You see we cannot both go together, for this is the *organ* of *individuality*' (Skinner). 'Claret would be port if it could' (Bentley: Monk's Life).

Wednesday, 3rd.—Wined with Rogers and Thomas. Born a posthumous child, and bred up as an object of charity, he (Swift) early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term not of joy but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred,

¹ Bishop Marsh, author of *Lectures on the Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible*, made some sensation in his day, and incurred no little abuse, by a series of special questions which he required to be answered to his satisfaction by all who applied to him for admission to Holy Orders.

the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day on which it was said in his father's house 'that a man-child was born.'

Thursday, 4th.—Dined &c. with Hope. . . . Heard of Garnier's election to All Souls: called to congratulate him.

Friday, 5th.—Dined with Grant of New Coll.: met Acland, Sir Stephen Glynne, &c. Story of Swift and his clerk, 'Dearly beloved Roger,' not true according to Sir Walter Scott in his *Life of Swift*. 'The press was never so powerful in quantity—and so weak in quality as at the present time; if applied to it the simile of Virgil must be reversed, "*Non trunco sed frondibus efficit umbram*" (Lacon). . . . The pastry cook and confectioner are sure to put *good things* into an author's pages if he fail to do it himself.'

Saturday, 6th.—Unwell; stayed in; Denison dined with me. Received a basket of game from Wilmot. '*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*' When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain but commits its devastation in the vale. Cato finely observed he would much rather that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to him, than *why they were* (Lacon).

Sunday, 7th.—Dined with Claughton of Trin.; breakfasted with Pennefather of Bal.; received a letter from Chris. Cicero observed to a degenerate patrician, 'I am the first of my family, but you are the last of yours.' And those who value themselves merely on their ancestry have been compared to potatoes—all that is good of them is under the ground. The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself; and the second how to do it with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of *massive gold* and substituted a cloak of wool, saying gold is too cold in winter and too heavy in summer. *It behoves us to take care of Jupiter.*

Monday, 8th.—Rode to Blenheim with Manning. Dined with Hamilton. In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because if disgusted there we can at any time descend, but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life a *box ticket* takes us through the

house. So it is better to be at Ch. Ch. than at any other college. Wrote to Wilmot.

Tuesday, 9th.—Dined with Head at Merton: met Wortley &c.; walked out with Twisleton, who told me of an amusing parody on my uncle's lines, 'There lived &c.'

There lived, beside the untrodden ways
To Rydal mere which lead,
A bard whom there were none to praise
And very few to read.

Wednesday, 10th.—Breakfasted with Hope; walked with Michell; dined with Canning. Plutarch says that 'the surname of Cicero was owing to a wart on the nose of one of his ancestors in the shape of a vetch, which the Romans called *cicer*.' This has given rise to a blunder of some sculptors, who, in their busts of Cicero, have formed the resemblance of this vetch on his nose; not reflecting that it was the name only, and not the vetch itself, which was transmitted to him by his ancestors. Burke used to practise speaking at a low club which met at a *baker's*; on which Sheridan remarked that 'it was no wonder the hon. gentleman, who went to a baker's for his eloquence, should come to the House of Commons for his bread.'

Thursday, 11th.—Wrote to Chris; wine with Jeffreys; took Michell to the Debating Society. Question: 'Whether the Duke of Wellington's Ministry deserves the confidence of the country?' *Gladstone opened, Abercorn, Lincoln, Herbert, &c. spoke.* Carried in the negative by a majority of *one*. Tea with Gaskell. Honour is most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house to build our monument. 'Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.' This is well translated 'It is better to borrow experience than to buy it.'

Friday, 12th.—Wine with Denison.

Saturday, 13th.—Rode with Hamilton. Spoke Declamation in Hall.

Sunday, 14th.—Hawkins preached; dined with Phillips of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the Angel.

Monday, 15th.—Walked with Twisleton.

Tuesday, 16th.—Wine with Popham.

Wednesday, 17th.—Dined with Twiss of Univ.

Thursday, 18th.—Breakfast with Phillimore.

In a letter to my brother Christopher, written from Cuddesdon, September 4, 1829, I find the following :

What do you think of Tennyson's Prize Poem ? [Timbuctoo.] If such an exercise had been sent up at Oxford, the author would have had a better chance of being rusticated—with the view of his passing a few months in a Lunatic Asylum—than of obtaining the prize. It is certainly a wonderful production ; and, if it had come out with Lord Byron's name, it would have been thought as fine as anything he ever wrote.

I was always very intolerant of anything like injustice, whether in a great matter or in a small. One afternoon, as I was calling on a friend at Brasenose, I found him sadly put out, and storming at the Principal's manservant who was standing in the room. He told me that the Principal had treated him very unjustly ; that he would not believe what he said, for he really was very unwell, &c. I offered to go and explain matters to him. He thankfully accepted my offer ; so I followed the servant, who conducted me into his master's presence. I said that I was come in behalf of my friend Mr. Brown, who, I was sorry to find, had incurred his displeasure : he really was very unwell and had no intention to deceive. The Principal (the good and courteous Dr. Gilbert,¹ afterwards Bishop of Chichester) looked at me astounded ; made no reply ; but ceremoniously bowed me out of the room. I did not consider that I had done anything extraordinary ; but I was told that Herman Merivale, when he heard of the incident, remarked that I was the strangest compound of modesty and impudence that he had ever known.

It may surprise those who are unacquainted with the system of the English Universities, to learn that a very

¹ The same who, being vice-chancellor, entertained my uncle as his guest, when the latter went to Oxford to receive his honorary doctor's degree at the Commemoration in 1839.

short interval of time, or even none at all, may suffice to come between the undergraduate taught and the teaching graduate. In my own case this interval did not consist of more than a few weeks. James Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott of Abbotsford, a Christ Church friend, had made me promise that, if I took pupils for the long vacation after my degree, he should be one of them. Francis Popham, another friend and former schoolfellow at Harrow, then of University College, asked to be permitted to join us. To this I readily consented; and it was settled that we three should spend that summer together in North Wales. My circumstances were not such as to render the taking of private pupils a necessity, nor did my father require it of me. But, as I had been (it must be confessed) rather extravagant in my undergraduate course—not in giving parties, which I seldom did (being shy and nervous as to how they might turn out), but in furnishing and ornamenting my rooms, in buying books, and in playing tennis, an expensive game—and as my father had been all along very generous to me, I was naturally desirous that, as far as I could prevent it, he should be put to no further expense on my account. At the same time I determined from the first not to sacrifice my liberty of choice in regard to pupils, but to take only such as I more or less knew and liked. Consequently, when a third application came to me from a Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, whose manners and character were not such as I could approve, I declined to accept him.

After passing some weeks at the Inn at Tan-y-bwlch, Hope and Popham and I removed to the comfortable lodgings of Martha Owen at Festiniog, a place of more seclusion, at the top of the vale. There I became an enthusiastic fisherman, spending many hours almost daily by the river side, or more frequently wading in the river, fascinated by the quiet loveliness of the scenery, though

rewarded by little sport, fish being few ; but always buoyed up by the hope of better fortune. Towards the end of our stay at Festiniog we were joined by Canning, a Student of Christ Church ; and among other excursions which we made together was one to Beddgelert, our main object being to ascend Snowdon by night, in order to see from the summit the rising sun. Accordingly, we set out with a guide about eleven P.M. ; but before we had gone more than half the way, Canning's heart or strength failed him, and he declared he could go no further. We seemed to be reduced to the dilemma of either returning *ἄπρακτοι*, or of leaving him behind to find his way back as he could alone in the middle of night. At length, however, he rallied slightly, and by such help as we and our guide could give in turn, in pushing and pulling, he reached the top. And yet it was he who afterwards, when Governor-General, proved, as was said, the only man in all India who had the necessary nerve to be calm himself, and to inspire calmness in others, amid all the terrible dismay and consternation of the great revolt.

I cannot pass from this incident without adding that the experience of our ascent of Snowdon by night was precisely similar to that which my uncle witnessed and has described so vividly in *The Prelude*. At first the night had been dark and inclined to drizzle, so that we doubted whether it would be worth while to go on. However, we persevered, and as we ascended we entered a thick mist, through which when we had passed, we found ourselves in a region dimly lighted by the moon, out of which mountain tops were standing in all directions, like islands in a great sea :

Insulæ Oceano in Magno :—

and then, the mist rapidly clearing off, the countless features of the scenery below—green fields, rivers, woods—one by one became visible as the sun arose, and lighted up the

whole with surpassing beauty. We were more than rewarded for our persistency and faith.

On my return to Oxford after the long vacation in 1830, I removed from attics in Peckwater to better accommodation in Tom Quad. But unhappily my new rooms had a smoking chimney. They were next to Tom Tower on the east side of the quadrangle, and immediately over the porter's lodge. It was supposed to be impossible to cure the chimney ; but I was determined at all events to make the attempt.¹ First I went to Dr. Barnes, the Subdean, and then also acting Bursar or Ædile of the College, to ask his authority and assistance in enabling me to correct the offender. 'Oh, Mr. Wordsworth,' he replied, 'the chimney has smoked for three hundred years, and I suppose it must continue to do so.' Though a Conservative, I could not acquiesce in such an application of the principle in my own case. Next I went to Dr. Pusey, and requested him to give me his opinion upon the passage in the Psalms, 'I am become like a bottle in the smoke' (Ps. cxix. 83). I had read (for I read all the literature upon the subject which I could lay my hand on) that the old Hebrews were accustomed to put a bladder or wineskin (bottle) in a chimney that smoked, upon the principle that by the movement of the bladder the smoke would be enabled to escape upwards and the wind would be prevented from coming downwards ; but Pusey—he thought me, I believe, to be half joking, but I really was quite in earnest—could give me no help or consolation. However, I tried a bladder, but with no effect. Also I tried a gooseberry bush upon the same principle, and with the same result. Wherever I went in

¹ In so doing I was not aware that I was following the example of so good a man as Charles Simeon, of whom T. T. Gurney wrote as follows : 'He was impressed with a notion that he was possessed of a most scientific mastery over smoking chimneys ; and I shall not soon forget his deliberate, vigorous, but, alas ! ineffectual dealing with an offender of this description among the chimneys at Earlham.'—Carus' *Memoirs*, p. 479.

vacation time I studied the various conformations of chimney-pots. More than this: on making an excursion in an eight-oar up the Cam to Ely, while walking about the town I was much struck with a peculiar form of cowl; so I went and bought one like it, and brought it back in triumph in the boat to Cambridge, and afterwards took it with me in the Pluck coach when I returned to Oxford. I had it put up; but it was not long before a storm of wind came and blew it overboard into the street, to the great danger of Her Majesty's lieges who might be passing underneath. Still, I was not to be discouraged. I wrote to William Birkbeck, a distant family connection, who was then at Cambridge, asking him to ascertain from his father, the well-known founder of Mechanics' Institutes, what was best to be done in such a case. His father replied that cure was impossible; that, by the law of Pneumatics, a chimney which is placed closely under a building higher than itself (as mine was under Tom Tower) must smoke when the wind is blowing in a certain quarter. At last, however, I seemed likely to succeed. As I was walking along the Strand in London, I observed upon a house a board bearing, in conspicuous letters, the words, 'Smoky chimneys effectually cured.' I went in and communicated with the shopman; he undertook to come down to Oxford and cure my chimney. He came. Part of his plan was to bore holes under the grate through the college wall, so as to introduce a strong draught from the outside. While the operation was in process Dr. Barnes, who had heard that something was going on, was seen coming across the quadrangle towards my rooms. So I went and 'sportod oak,' that is, shut the outer door against all intruders. The workman proceeded with his employment, and the holes which he made are still to be seen in the outer wall of the front of the college. My perseverance was rewarded. It is true that the noise of the draught going up the chimney was

almost as great a nuisance as that of the smoke coming down ; but the impossibility had been rendered possible. I had realised the truth of the German proverb :

Geduld, Vernunft und Zeit
Macht möglich die Unmöglichkeit.

Patience, intelligence, and time—these three,
Make possible impossibility.

It was generally understood that I had succeeded ; so much so that, shortly after, Dr. Barnes called upon me to ask for the address of my friend in the Strand, in order to employ him upon the chimney of the College lecture room, which also had been smoking—of course for three hundred years—but was now to be taught to abandon its extreme conservatism and become a reformer. This was a great triumph. Moreover, before Easter of the following year I was able to negotiate an exchange of rooms with Herbert Kynaston.

I must not quit my old rooms without recording a slight incident which belongs to them. I had been in the habit of keeping a small cask of Guinness's porter in a closet over the porter's lodge. One afternoon—it must have been on a Saturday—after taking a glass of stout just before going into Chapel, in my hurry not to be too late, I had left the tap not properly turned ; and when I came out I was met by the porter exclaiming, in dismay, ' Oh, Mr. Wordsworth, your porter has been all running through the ceiling into my lodge.' Of course, I expressed sincere regret on every account. Such a practical joke on the part of my good Guinness was to be condemned, and I need scarcely say it was never repeated.

The rooms to which I once more migrated were on the ground floor and well situated in the south-west corner of Tom Quad ; but they required considerable improvements.

They were draughty, as the walls, though papered, had never been battened, and the middle of the fireplace, not being under the centre beam of the ceiling, greatly offended my keen sense of proportion. So I was induced to stay up during the early part of the following long vacation, 1832, in order to superintend the necessary alterations. In the course of the work a discovery was made of considerable interest. It was found that the east wall of my sitting-room had been the outer wall of Wolsey's original buildings of the main front of the College. It had been known previously that the west side of the quadrangle had been added afterwards, but the precise point at which the old work terminated and the new began had not been ascertained. The rooms next to mine on the west belonged to Canning; and he kindly allowed me to have the use of them while mine were undergoing repair, so that I could be always at hand to guide and push on the work. Otherwise the time of my occupation of them was not a happy one. I was plagued with a visitation of a peculiar kind. All the mice of the college, having been starved out from their several quarters, and hearing 'that there was corn in Egypt,' came together in troops to those rooms. But, though they hoped to be boarded at my expense, they paid to me no respect whatever. In an evening, while I was sitting in my arm-chair, they would actually come running across the table, and over the pages of the book which I was reading, or even gnaw at the lighted candles. In a morning, when I put on my dressing-gown, 'a beastie,' as the Scotch say, would run out of the sleeve where it had been sleeping cosily during the night. I bought a couple of mouse-traps and placed one on either side of the fire-place under the settees, and every five minutes each of them enclosed a new prisoner. I had not the heart to be their executioner: so I let them run away out of the window. At last my patience was quite exhausted, and

catching hold of one by the tail, I cut it off (the only act of cruelty, I believe, of which I was ever guilty) and bade him go and tell his companions that they would all be treated in the same manner if they persisted in their intrusion. The warning, for a time at least, appeared to have some good effect. A reader may ask why I did not obtain the services of a cat. I am not sure that cats were admitted within the college walls. Dogs, certainly, were not.

But to return to 1830, and to come to matters of more importance than the plague of a smoking chimney or the invasion of starving mice. During the term after that long vacation, as a private tutor I had for my pupils James Hope, William E. Gladstone, Henry E. Manning, Francis Doyle, and Walter K. Hamilton; and after Christmas, *i.e.* in 1831, and till I ceased to take pupils early in 1833, Lord Lincoln, Thomas D. Acland, and Charles J. Canning. They were all of Christ Church except Manning, who was of Balliol, and I need scarcely add all men to take interest and pleasure in and to be proud of. I must devote a few words of affectionate remembrance to each.

1. JAMES R. HOPE.—His countenance and general appearance were singularly prepossessing. It was reported that his tutor at Eton had applied to him what Virgil says of Euryalus:

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

And his powers of mind were not inferior to the graces of his person. The state of his health prevented him from going up for honours in the Schools as he had intended to do; but, being of a sedate and unambitious¹ temperament,

¹ Cardinal Newman bore testimony to this trait of his character in the sermon which he preached at the Jesuits' Church in London after his funeral, May 5, 1873. 'He might, as time went on, almost have put out his hand and taken what he would of the honours and rewards of the world. Whether in Parliament, or in the law, or in the branches of the

he bore the disappointment with equanimity. And soon after he had taken his degree he was elected a Fellow of Merton, as were also Manning and Hamilton about the same time. During their residence as graduates all three came more or less under Newman's influence, the two former with the disastrous consequence of ultimately following his example in joining the Church of Rome. In Hope's case it has been asserted, I cannot say how truly, that he became a Romanist from studying the subject of Papal aggression. He had been retained as a counsel against the Roman authorities, and through the study of his case he became a convert.¹ My own impression was that he was led to take the step, more or less directly from dissatisfaction with the course pursued by the Archbishop and other authorities of Church and State in the foundation of the Jerusalem Bishopric, against which he published a pamphlet. Be this as it may, he had chosen the law as his profession, and it was not long before he made his mark. He took to the Parliamentary Bar, where his great abilities as a pleader and otherwise enabled him to surpass all rivals, and to realise an income supposed to be not less than 20,000*l.* a year, much of which I have reason to believe was charitably and munificently spent. The then Bishop of Exeter (Philpotts) had such an opinion of Hope, though he must have been some thirty or forty years his junior, that when he (the Bishop) was in London he used frequently to come and take a quiet luncheon with him on Sundays (on all other

executive, he had a right to consider no station, no power, absolutely beyond his reach. . . . But, strange as it may appear at first sight, his indifference to the prizes of life was as marked as his qualifications for carrying them off. He was *singularly void of ambition.*' (*Memoir*, ii. 257.) Otherwise, he might have been a brilliant Prime Minister like Gladstone, and in some respects a more popular one.

¹ See the letter of March 9, 1880, which I received from Mr. S. G. Thomas (personally unknown to me) while he was engaged in compiling my memoir for *Celebrities of the Day*.

days Hope was too much engaged), in order to pick his brains upon points of ecclesiastical law. And his speech, afterwards published, in defence of cathedrals upon a Bill then before the Committee of the House of Lords, produced such an effect that when he sat down, Lord Brougham was overheard to mutter, 'that young man's fortune is made.'¹

I shall have occasion shortly to mention Hope again more than once in the sequel of these 'Annals.'

2. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.—In addition to the irreproachable excellence of his character as a young man, the talents and energy of which he gave early evidence were so remarkable that I fully anticipated, and often expressed my conviction, that sooner or later he would rise to be Prime Minister of England. It was not merely that he had left Eton with an exceptional reputation, or that in competing for the Ireland Scholarship he had won a distinguished place, or that in taking his degree he had gained a double first (Mich. 1831)—he had also shown gifts as a speaker at the Union of the highest order. And of these I was then well able to judge. Excited by constitutional questions of the greatest moment, such as the Roman Catholic Disabilities (involving Sir R. Peel's rejection as the representative of Oxford), and then that of the Reform movement, I had become a keen politician, and the interest which I took in public affairs led me to avail myself of all opportunities to attend the debates in Parliament. I was present in the House of Commons when Lord John Russell reintroduced the Reform Bill in the new Parliament of Lord Grey, 1831, and on many subsequent occasions when the Bill was in Committee, so that I became quite familiar with the persons and performances of the leaders on both sides, Lord Althorp, Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell, Sir Charles Wetherall,

¹ I find this confirmed, after I had written it, in Newman's sermon above referred to.

&c. &c. I was also present in the House of Lords during the whole of the debate, which lasted great part of five days and nights, Oct. 9–13, and ended in the rejection of the Bill by a majority of forty-one—at six o'clock in the morning—notwithstanding Lord Brougham had *knelt* upon the wool-sack,¹ and prayed the Peers to pass the measure. On one of the nights, when I had secured a front seat in the gallery, as it then was, immediately behind the reporters, I remember one of them turned round and said to me as the debate was going on, ‘You will never hear anything so good as this in the Commons;’ and when the Bishop of Exeter (Philpotts) sat down after a speech of nearly two hours, another reporter remarked, ‘Canning, in his best days, never did anything to equal that peroration.’ On the night of the division, Edward Twisleton (a Whig and ardent Reformer) had accompanied me to the gallery on purpose to hear Brougham’s concluding speech, of which great things were expected. We had sat continuously from 12.30 (having gone so early to secure our places) till about four in the morning, when Brougham rose. But Twisleton was so thoroughly tired out that he had fallen asleep, and it was all I could do to waken him up to listen to his favourite orator. Again, I was present in the House of Lords, on April 13 of the following year, when the second reading of the Bill was passed by a majority of nine at 6.45 A.M.² I mention these circumstances not merely to show how much I was then engrossed by politics, but to account for the increased familiarity which grew up between me and Gladstone, and Lord Lincoln also, on their account. It is stated by Mr. Brinsley Richards in his article on ‘Mr. Gladstone’s Oxford

¹ It was maliciously said that he could not *stand*, having taken too much brandy and water in the course of his speech.

² See Lord Cockburn’s *Life of Jeffrey*, p. 32, and Lord Russell’s *Reminiscences*, p. 96.

Days,' p. 37, that 'when in 1830 the Reform Bill agitation commenced throughout the country, the Anti-Reform League, founded by Charles Wordsworth, Gladstone, and Lord Lincoln, mustered four-fifths of the undergraduates and bachelors.' This is not quite correct. The fact was that a petition against the Bill, drawn up mainly by Gladstone and submitted in my rooms to the joint revision of the above-named trio (Lord Lincoln at the time being another of my private pupils), made a considerable sensation, having been signed within forty-eight hours, chiefly through the exertions of my two younger coadjutors, by an overwhelming majority (probably four-fifths) of the undergraduates and bachelors, then resident in the University, and appeared in the *Times*, with a letter (if I remember right)¹ from me.

The following letter, which my brother Christopher had preserved (I had no remembrance of it whatever), brings back vividly, though again in a 'bantering' style, which, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*, the circumstances which it relates, and will tend to throw additional light upon the particulars now recorded, and especially upon Gladstone's prominence and success as a speaker in the Union. It also shows that my success as a cricketer was still maintained :

Christ Church, Oxford: May 24, 1831.

My dear Chris,—I am very grateful for your kind and considerate recollection of me in the plans which you have arranged

¹ The circumstances, as thus stated by Mr. Brinsley Richards (*Temple Bar*, June, 1883, p. 217) may be correct, but I do not remember them with sufficient accuracy: 'Some doubts having been expressed in the newspapers as to the sincerity of the anti-reform agitation at Oxford, Mr. Charles Wordsworth and Mr. Gladstone drew up a kind of manifesto which was inserted in the *Times*. In it the case of the Conservative party was ably put, and the document is remarkable from containing a sturdy protest against the infatuations of men who were encouraging the people to hope too much from the Bill.' I have reason to believe that Mr. Brinsley Richards took the trouble to hunt up the document in a file of the *Times*, and I am sorry he did not reprint it. In a letter of mine to my brother

for the long vacation, and have no hesitation in acquiescing most joyfully in your proposals as far as my Oxford engagements will permit. My answer therefore is—with many thanks—

Te per Alpium juga,
Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
Forti sequemur pectore.

I regret that, our term not being over till about June 18, I shall not be released in time to allow of my acting as your ἑφολος up the Rhine—so that I fear I must be content to fall in with the second part of your plan, and having attached myself to Phillips at Paris about the beginning of July, travel on with him to meet you at Frankfort.¹ In the meantime I should be very much obliged to you if you would send me a list of the most elementary books for a continental tourist to read, before he sets out upon his travels, beginning of course with the necessary information respecting Paris—as I may possibly get *there* in time to spend a fortnight or so before Phillips is ready to start. By the bye, Head tells me that he is expecting Thirlwall at the end of this week, so that he would bring any letter or parcel for me—if you are disposed to lend me any *Parisian* books, which you have used yourself for this purpose, and are not likely to want at present.

Of course you have seen our classical class list, and the honours of my two pupils, Acland and Popham, in the first and second.

Our Debating Society has been distinguishing itself most gloriously. Last week we had a debate on the present Ministry, which was kept up with the greatest spirit for three nights. The motion ‘that the present Ministry is incompetent to manage the affairs of the country’ was introduced by a son of Sir E. Knatchbull: who was followed on the same side by *Anstice* (double first), *Harrison* Ch. Ch. (Classical 1st, Math. 2nd), *Palmer* Magd. (1st class and Prizeman Latin verse), *Hon. S. Herbert* (son of Earl of Pembroke), *Earl of Lincoln* (Duke of N.), *Rickards* (Trin. Scholar and Prizeman Newdigate), *Doyle*, Ch. Ch.

Christopher, April 28, 1831, I find it stated that ‘Gladstone is quite furious in the cause.’

¹ It will be seen below that this scheme was superseded by another which took me into North Wales.

(son of Sir F. H. D.—will get a Classical 1st), *Hon. T. Bruce* Ch. Ch. (son of Lord Elgin, reading for a double first), *Palmer*, Scholar of Trin. (talked of for both the Verse Prizes this year Wykehamist), *Jelf* (Student of Ch. Ch.), and lastly GLADSTONE (a certain double first), who after the most splendid speech, out and out, that was ever heard in our Society—not excepting Sunderland's Shelleian harangue—moved as an amendment 'that the Ministry had unwisely introduced and most unscrupulously forwarded a measure which threatens not only to change the form of the government, but ultimately to break up the very foundations of Social order in the country, as well as materially to forward the views of those who are pursuing the same project throughout the civilised world. On the division there appeared for the Amendment 94, against it 38—Majority against Ministers 56. Does this prove nothing? I say it proves that the *Oxford Union Society will yet save the country*. I assure you that I cannot even conceive speeches more eloquent, or more powerful in argument, than both Bruce's and Gladstone's. Herbert, Knatchbull, Anstice, and Harrison were also excellent. Now see the list on the other side: *White*, Trin. (nobody); *Lowe*, Univ. (nobody); *Thomas*, Corp. (nobody); *Oakes*, Mert. (nobody); *Tait*, Bal. (nobody); *Cox*, New Coll. (some reputation, but done nothing); *Gaskell*, Ch. Ch. (nobody); *Acland*, A. (nobody, 2nd son of Sir T. A.); *Reeves* (nobody); *Moncrieff*, New Coll. (third class in Classics); *Massie*, Wadham (Univers. Scholar and 2nd Classical class), the only academically-distinguished character in the whole list, and he disgraced himself by not getting a first—being Ireland Scholar. In short they possess no aristocracy either of rank or talent. Twisleton was the only respectable person who voted on their side, while our ranks were crammed with prize and first class men. So that, however the talent may be nearly balanced with you, thank heavens it is not so with us.

You may find a letter on the subject, written by Gladstone, in yesterday's 'Standard,' and perhaps one by myself in next week's 'John Bull.'

I am glad that the accounts of John are so favourable. Give my kindest love to my father with many thanks; he will know what for. . . .

Cricket, I suppose, does not interest you, but you may like

to know that in three following innings, on three following days last week, I got 328 runs. Ch. Ch. has been playing—and beating—the University.

Your very affectionate Brother,

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

I hope the foregoing letter may suggest a useful warning to young men not to allow themselves to be carried away by too much enthusiasm in matters political, or indeed in any other mere worldly cause. I have already hinted that it requires to be construed with some allowance for its extravagance; but still it affords a good specimen of the blindness of judgment which is pretty sure to follow from excessive partisanship. To speak of men like Lowe and Tait, even though they had not yet given full promise of the distinction which they afterwards attained, as ‘nobodies,’ because their notion of the Reform Bill happened to be different from mine, and in some respects at least wiser than mine, was manifestly ludicrous. I say wiser than mine, because one can now see that the sweeping Ministerial Bill was to be met, not as the Duke of Wellington met it by the denial of necessity for any reform, but by a moderate measure which would have given members to the large towns, then unrepresented, and would have disfranchised the least important of the smaller boroughs. But, ludicrous as such language was, it was not more so, or more at variance with sober truth, than much which is publicly spoken almost every day at the present time by politicians—yes, and by eminent statesmen—through the reckless violence of party spirit.

The following letters will suffice to show the cordial nature of my relations with Gladstone, as his private tutor, from first to last.¹ The visit to me at Cambridge, which

¹ I allowed Mr. Brinsley Richards, at his request, to publish them in *Temple Bar*, June, 1883, provided Mr. Gladstone gave his consent, which he did.

he promised in the fourth letter, came off immediately after he had passed his examination for his degree in December, 1831.

Lansdowne House, Leamington :
Dec. 28, 1830.

My dear Wordsworth,—I trouble you with these few lines for fear that you should infer from the non-reception of my threatened packet, that I have been keeping Christmas in the accustomed manner, and altogether unmindful of severer engagements. Much diligence, indeed, I cannot pretend to, but I have ‘done’ a good number of the Epistles into Latin, though as exceptionable in quality as blameless in bulk. But as I shall be able to discover a large percentage of the blunders in it by comparing it with Cicero myself, I do not think it fair to spoil your vacation with it, more particularly as I have heard from other quarters what your kindness prevented your acknowledging to me, that you do find your time pretty fully occupied with your pupils, and so as to inconvenience you in other objects. And I give you notice that you need not take the trouble of denying this, as it will not, *pace tuâ dixerim*, be rendered in any degree less credible; next time I hope my invasions on you will be regulated by a due regard to it.

Do you think I can get off the Second Decade [of Livy] by taking up the Select Orations [of Cicero]? Besides the expediency in general of uniting the objects of the Schools and the [Ireland] Scholarship, I have a particular reason for wishing to keep as far as is practicable within my beat, inasmuch as my list of books threatens already to be somewhat lengthy and intractable. Under the new statute I should think it might very well be done. Virgil and the Philebus [of Plato] are my chief occupations now. If you happen to know the latter, can you tell me exactly what τὸ ἄπειρον as used in the early part of the treatise is?

But this letter is becoming imperceptibly as bad as a packet of Latin, so I will bid farewell to these subjects.

Since I came here I have heard a good deal of that sorry business, the Liverpool election, from one of my brothers, who resides there and who took part in it. He declined having anything to do with the expenditure during the contest, and so had not

direct access to knowledge of the amount disbursed. The current rumour is that Ewart's expenses are 36,000*l.* and Denison's 46,000*l.*; but my brother says Ewart's are the greater of the two, and he knows Denison's to be 41,000*l.* Ewart's party have had no public subscription opened, and are therefore at liberty to call their expenses what they choose; but Denison's are necessarily revealed. About 19,000*l.* has been subscribed for him. The election, they say, is absolutely *certain* to be set aside, and Denison will probably come in on the next opening. There is an idea, however, that the writ may be suspended and Liverpool remain with only one member.

I think my best plan will be to resign the presidency of the Debating Society [the Oxford Union] at once next term.

If you see Selwyn [George, afterwards Bishop], will you give him my kindest remembrances, and ask him to send Gaskell *at his leisure* (for I suppose he is now reading hard, and wish him all success), one copy of vol. i., and two copies of vol. ii. of the *Eton Miscellany*?

Believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

C. Wordsworth, Esq.

If you write, please put your letters under cover to my brother here.

It will be seen from the following letter that Gladstone's experience in competing for the Ireland Scholarship was in some respects very similar to my own.

Christ Church : Wednesday, March 16, 1831.

My dear Wordsworth,—I write to give you an account of the strange result of the Ireland Scholarship examination. The successful candidate is Brancker of Wadham. Perhaps you do not know who Brancker is? He is a Shrewsbury boy, i.e. has not yet left school, and sent up here to stand by way of practising himself and to return probably by to-night's mail. This is all very funny. I now proceed to give you details. In the rear of Brancker are Scott and your hopeful pupil, placed *æquales*. Next

Allies, then Herbert of Balliol, and then Grove—these are all the worthies whose names have transpired. Shortly after the grand event was known, Short sent for Scott and me, and he told us plainly the following news. That he was very sorry he could not congratulate either of us, and that it had been an extremely near thing, and that in consequence the trustees had determined to present us both with books. That ‘taste’ (which, he said, was a word difficult to define), had gained Brancker his victory; and then he said, ‘indeed I do not know what the result might have been if you two had not written such long answers!’ Scott then asked him to furnish some particulars. He told him his *Alcaics* were good, but his *Iambics* he seemed to consider, if anything, inferior to mine! He abused him for *free* translation, me for my essay, on which he said his memorandum was ‘desultory beyond belief,’ and for throwing dust in the examiner’s eyes, *i.e.* when asked, ‘Who wrote “God save the King”?’ answering, ‘Thomson wrote “Rule Britannia.”’ But, indeed, he said that he had as many bad marks against Brancker as against us! Scott says Brancker is not near so good a scholar as he was himself when he came up; but I hear in a roundabout way a report that Butler thinks him the best he has had since Kennedy. The oddest thing, however, of all Short said, was his exposition of Brancker’s merits; ‘he answered *all* the questions *short* and *most* of them right.’ The Old Growler¹ was very kind, and said he had no doubt we should find the disappointment all for the best, to which one of us somewhat demurred; when he asseverated vehemently that it was so, the other assented. Upon this he exclaimed: ‘Aye, but you don’t believe it, I know.’ He shook hands with us most heartily, and, though he moralised rough-shod, certainly behaved in a very friendly way.

For myself this is no cause of complaint in any way, for it has been the best possible combination of circumstances for me except one, namely, that they should have given me some papers in those classes wherein, as I told you long ago, my only hope of gaining ground consisted. But I begin to fear that Scott will never get it now.² I think it will probably have the effect of keeping us here till after the vacation, as after losing this scholar-

¹ Short’s nickname among the undergraduates. His Christian names were Thomas Vowler.

² He got it, however, in 1833.

ship I should scarcely feel that I had done my duty towards the college if I did not resume my mathematics. I trust you do not think that on account of this ludicrous defeat, I do now or ever shall appreciate the less the great and undeserved kindness and zeal with which you have guided and assisted my reading, especially as I am conscious that my manner and temper are not the best qualified of all for a tutor to manage or even to bear with. But you have my heartiest and warmest thanks.

I trust you will not let that old clodhopper scare you away¹ from the office you are so ably filling. If you do I am determined to bring against you an ἀποστασίον δίκη. By-the-bye, I told Saunders² what you had mentioned to me, as he said you were prevented from doing it by the presence of a third party, and he spoke of scolding if not whipping him.

Believe me ever yours most sincerely and obliged,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Leamington : April 9.

My dear Wordsworth,—I felt much obliged by your kind letter, which I delayed answering till now, as my present situation affords little news. I have been desperately idle in the reading way, as people do nothing but sing here and that incessantly, whether *rogati* or *injussi*, *nunquam desistunt*. There is a master here of the Marshall breed and name, who is an organist. I am now trying to begin a stave or so about Caractacus. If you refer to the ‘Standard’ of last Thursday you will find an anti-reform letter there which I wrote; it is merely an account of the Warwickshire county meeting, to which I went expecting to be disgusted, and was not disappointed in my expectations. They inserted the letter civilly enough, as I did not send my name, but *extrapolated* or *metabolised* a part where I had mentioned Canning.³

With reference to your giving up pupils, I hope still that, at however great an expense to your own feelings, you will reconsider the question, or in parliamentary phrase recommit the Bill.

¹ I have quite forgotten what this refers to.

² A tutor of Christ Church, afterwards Dean of Peterborough.

³ The letter alluded to will be found in the *Standard* of Thursday, April 7, 1831. It fills more than a column of small print.

As regards my own case, I trust you will not decide till we meet at Oxford at any rate. My mathematical prospects are appalling.

I remain always, my dear Wordsworth, sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Christ Church : Dec. 13, 1831.

My dear Wordsworth,—I received your kind letter this morning, and have only to say in answer that you will have incurred a self-sought visitation if I make my appearance at Trinity Lodge on Thursday. Seriously, I am much obliged by Dr. Wordsworth's kindness, and as he is 'an awful person and not to be refused,' I am happily able to do in obedience to authority what otherwise it might have cost some impudence to effect, *i.e.* intrude upon your hospitality.

The mathematical examination is over to-morrow, so that the 'two-horse' ¹ for the day is impracticable; but I hope to get away from Oxford by the earliest night coach, and then to pass on without making any stay in London unless compelled to do so by stage-coaches setting forth at unaccommodating hours—so as to arrive in Cambridge, I should hope, by midday on Thursday; but I am much in the dark as to the periodical times of the coaches, having only an indistinct recollection of 'Fly,' 'Telegraph,' and Co.² I expect Canning back here to-morrow; if he comes he will be able to give me all requisite directions. My memory is notoriously bad, bad enough in the mathematical schools, and now far worse as regards all extraneous and mundane matters; but I hope I may pledge myself to bring you 'Stewart.'

We are all, I trust, getting on tolerably in the Schools. Jeffreys,³ I should imagine, considerably ahead of Denison,⁴ and

¹ The coach which ran between Oxford and Cambridge, and bore the name of the Pluck Coach, because men 'plucked' at one university were supposed to travel by it to try for better luck at the other.

² The names of celebrated coaches of the day which ran between Cambridge and London.

³ Henry Jeffreys, a Westminster Student of Christ Church, now Vicar of Hawkhurst and Hon. Canon of Canterbury.

⁴ Henry Denison, then Student of Christ Church, afterwards Fellow of All Souls.

a fortiori of me.¹ To-morrow we must be put out of our pain, and the mere prospect of release I now hail with no small anticipations, being thoroughly jaded and stultified. You will be glad to hear that Bull gives *Black* Bruce a studentship.²

Believe me ever, my dear Wordsworth, very sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

I may take this opportunity of thanking you for your kind and most acceptable present;³ it has already given me much pleasure in the interstices of evening cram.

In view of Mr. Gladstone's subsequent career as a politician and statesman—a career which has become not only of national but of world-wide importance—I must not omit to introduce an anecdote which was told to me by my cousin, William Wordsworth, then living at Eton, not long before his death, in 1883. Towards the end of 1832, the year after Gladstone had taken his degree at Oxford, and when he was about to be brought forward as member for Newark by the then high Tory Duke of Newcastle, his father, Mr. John Gladstone (afterwards Sir John), was dining at the house of Mr. Bolton, the great Liverpool merchant (before mentioned), where my uncle, the poet, was one of the company. After dinner, my uncle took occasion to congratulate Mr. John Gladstone on the remarkable success of his son William at Oxford (of which he had probably heard through me), and added an expression of hope and anticipation that he would be equally successful in the House of Commons. To which the father

¹ All these were placed in the first class, Gladstone and H. Denison being double-firsts.

² James Bruce, afterwards Lord Elgin, Governor-General of India. Dr. Bull was then a Canon of Christ Church.

³ A copy of *Selections from Wordsworth*. He afterwards became a great admirer of the poet, reckoning his writings among his 'bosom friends,' as may be seen from an interesting notice of the 'Memoirs' of my uncle, which, at my request, he contributed to the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal* for July, 1851.

replied: 'Yes, sir, I thank you; my son has certainly distinguished himself greatly at the university, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life, for there is no doubt he is a man of great *ability*, but,' he added, 'he has no *stability*.' My cousin was present as one of the party, and he assured me that he remembered the circumstance, and especially the remark of Mr. J. Gladstone, as if he had heard it only yesterday. I cannot say that I had discovered any evidence of instability in Gladstone as a young man, or, in short, anything to confirm this proof of the father's extraordinary insight into his son's character, until it betrayed itself in his public conduct, of which more anon. Meanwhile I may mention that some fifteen years after that time I had opportunities of judging of the father's own character, and a shrewder or more keen-witted man I never met with.

It should be added that both Hope and Gladstone had been brought up as Presbyterians in Scotland. The remarkable influence which the fact that they had also both been my private pupils and friends at Oxford exercised upon the larger and more important part of my after life, will appear in the sequel.

3. HENRY E. MANNING.—I have already spoken of Manning as a Harrow friend and a playfellow even before Harrow days. About the time of his entering Oxford he had, through no fault of his own, to suffer disappointments—serious disappointments of more than one kind—arising out of the change in the worldly circumstances of his father, who had been a large West Indian proprietor, but they had an ennobling effect upon his character; for, whereas at Harrow he had made little or no figure, he was now driven to throw himself upon his own inward resources in a way that he might not otherwise have done. He withdrew almost entirely from society, became a thoughtful, hard-

reading man, and eventually took a first class in classics (Mich. 1830). In a speech which he made—I forget on what occasion—at Oxford, after he had become Archbishop, he mentioned that ‘it was in Charles Wordsworth’s rooms at Christ Church he had first seen Mr. Gladstone and made his acquaintance,’¹ under circumstances which testified to the exemplary punctuality of the latter. For he further stated that, his own hour of reading with me being the one before that assigned to Gladstone, he was usually still in the room when Gladstone, regularly as the clock struck, made his appearance, as if determined not to lose a moment of his proper time; and thus they had the opportunity of exchanging a few words before Manning left. Like Gladstone, and even, I suspect, more than Gladstone, Manning owed his readiness as a speaker and the felicity of his diction to the constant use of his pen, both in analysing what he read, and in other ways; thus carrying out the recommendation of Lord Brougham in his famous letter to young Macaulay; and of a higher authority than that of Brougham, viz. Cicero, to that effect: ‘nulla res tantum ad dicendum proficit quantum scriptio.’ I was present at the debate in the Union, November 1829, which has been celebrated in graphic descriptions by Lord Houghton, Sir Francis Doyle, and others, when three of the leading speakers of the Cambridge Society, viz. Sunderland, Arthur Hallam, and Lord H. himself, then Monckton Milnes, came over to endeavour to persuade our less enlightened minds that Shelley was a greater poet than Byron. On our side, Manning, who opposed the Shelleyites, was perhaps the best speaker; but I confess the only impression, which I remember to have carried away with me from what I heard, was that such a subject was not suited for oratorical display. In short, I was disappointed. One reflection

¹ This must have been in November 1830.

must be added before I quit this notice of Manning. Changes of opinion, both political and ecclesiastical, have unhappily caused alienation in many quarters during the last fifty years; but so far as my experience goes, the strength of early associations, when founded upon mutual esteem, has generally sufficed to keep alive feelings of affection, even without the aid of personal intercourse.¹

4. WALTER K. HAMILTON, the companion of my unfortunate long vacation spent in Guernsey, was the dearest and most intimate of my College friends. He too, like Manning, took a first class in classics (Mich. 1830), and also like Manning, and like Hope (as I have said before) became a Fellow of Merton. There he formed a close acquaintance with another Fellow, a few years his senior, Edward Denison— younger brother of the Speaker and elder brother of the famous George Anthony, Archdeacon—and when Denison was appointed Bishop of Salisbury, he persuaded Hamilton to accompany him, and accept the office of his private Chaplain. In that position it was not long before he was made Canon and Precentor, the Bishop fully recognising his eminent worth and services, though in natural temperament they were very unlike each other. How it came to pass that Hamilton was raised to the Bishopric after Denison's death will appear in the sequel. I shall also have to record in the course of these memoirs how much I myself owed in more than one instance to the continued steadfastness of his friendship and affection.

5. FRANCIS H. DOYLE.—He and James Hope exhibited a charming specimen of an Eton boyish friendship continued at Oxford, and I was greatly pleased to be admitted to share their intimacy.² Doyle was naturally indolent, but at times

¹ See above, p. 8.

² Extract of a letter from Sir Francis Doyle, in the *Memoirs of J. R. Hope-Scott*, i. 30. 'At the end of that time (1831) a change came over him,

he could be very industrious, as appears from the following report which he wrote to me of his reading during his last Christmas vacation, a short time before he went in for his degree.

Acton: Sunday, Jan. 29, 1832.

My dear Wordsworth,—I behaved rather shabbily in running away with your Herodotus [an interleaved copy with MS. notes]; however by way of counterpoise, I have taken of him infinite care, and I believe he may boast of being one of the few books read by me without receiving physical damage thereby. I am reading here, undisturbed by any Rousillon or Hope, as hard as I can. It is a very quiet place, very suitable for so studious a gentleman as myself, and agreeing with me much better than my Oxford lodgings in Cholera Place. I have read Herodotus twice through, the two last books of Thucydides, Xenophon's Hellenics, Demosthenes' Meidias and Leptines, Aeschines on the Crown (Demosthenes I read some time ago), Plato's Gorgias and the Phædo. I intend, I think, to take up as little as I can, except in the philosophy part; I shall not, I think, come down to Oxford till rather near the time, as I find that I have not ten days to throw away. I was glad to see young Hamilton in so good a place among the Wranglers. Will you offer my congratulations to Bushell¹ thereupon, and ask him to transmit them to his brother. I hear but little news in this place, but the general opinion seems to be that the Ministers are afraid of venturing upon a large creation of Peers, lest they should alienate many of those conscientious imbeciles who support Reform because they are deluded by mists and moonshine, but are too honest to acquiesce in such a plain and glaring act of faction as the swamping of the House of Peers; I suppose the end will be an attempt to compromise the matter by making a certain number; which will be but as unconstitutional, only, luckily, not so efficacious. I understand

and he fell into a condition of gloomy thought and self-introspection, the result of which was that he separated himself a good deal from his acquaintances, and lived with only a few men. I was one of those few; Charles Wordsworth, the Scotch Bishop, was another.'

¹ The *sobriquet*, from Eton days, of Walter Hamilton; as his brother Edward, from similarity of figure, but of smaller dimensions, was named 'Peck.'

that all the *liberals* (that is the true orthography, for it becomes absolutely necessary to distinguish it from another English word of a very different meaning which has hitherto been spelt the same) who pretend to an opinion of their own were cruelly put to it the other night, conscience saying to them what she said to Launcelot Gobbo, 'Budge, friends, budge,' and the spirit of Whiggism, 'Budge not.' I saw Croft the other day, who is coming to Oxford for his Master's gown. He seemed in high health. I see that the illustrious Gladstone was bachelorised the other day with Jeffreys and others, whom it is now long to describe. Remember me to Hope, and tell him that whenever he likes to write and give me information about himself or others, I shall be very glad to receive an account; and ask him whether he intends to keep a certain Apuleius of mine as his own till the Revolution, when I suppose all property will cease. Remember me to Vaughan, Denison, Canning, and any other of my friends whom you may happen to see, and believe me,

Dear Wordsworth,

Very sincerely yours,

F. DOYLE.

Doyle took a first class in Classics (Easter 1832), was elected Fellow of All Souls, and eventually became Professor of Poetry. As a young man he had the character of being somewhat eccentric, which, however, amounted to nothing more than this, that, with undoubted gifts of genius, he was apt to betray an innocent superiority to conventional forms and usages, so that on occasions when it was necessary for him to appear in a strictly proper and becoming dress he was fain to call in the aid of his friend Hope to tie his neckcloth, just as my uncle the poet was wont to have recourse to his wife and daughter for similar purposes. It was therefore quite in keeping with my reminiscences of Doyle that, on reading the Preface to his interesting and highly characteristic *Lectures on Poetry* (1877) I discovered how that, 'owing to a variety of accidents, the Author's MSS. fell into confusion and many of them had gone astray,' whereby the

literary world has to deplore the grievous, and, I fear, irreparable loss particularly of two Lectures on *Jason and Medea*, and of one on the tragedy of *Hamlet*; and I could not help making the reflection that if the wholesome and loving admonitions of his early friend Hope had been better attended to the loss might never have occurred.¹

6. LORD LINCOLN, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, was by no means idle or incompetent as a scholar, though he took only an ordinary degree (Mich. 1831). A few months afterwards he was elected M.P. for South Nottinghamshire, and married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, sister of Lord Douglas, who was with him at Christ Church. All the intercourse I had with him as his private tutor, friendly and unaffected on his part as it always was, though somewhat alloyed by a constitutional stiffness and reserve, which, however, gave way upon closer acquaintance, led me to regard him with sincere esteem, and to entertain a highly favourable opinion of his sterling character and of his solid, if not brilliant, abilities. He was unfortunate : unfortunate in his marriage, and unfortunate as a Minister at the time of the Crimean war ; but I feel persuaded that the country never had a public servant more honestly devoted to its best interests, or more thoroughly and conscientiously anxious, at whatever cost of labour and trouble to himself, to do his duty ; and he was as brave and unflinching as he was laborious.

The following letter shows that when at Oxford he had some thoughts of aiming at literary distinction. ‘Attila’ was the subject of the Latin Verse prize poem for 1832, and, with a view to it, I had recommended him to study Pitman’s *Excerpta a Poetis Latinis* ; while the mention of reading

¹ ‘A good young man, whom I liked,’ is Carlyle’s description of Doyle, when he first met him in 1841 ; and no wonder, for no one could fail to like him. See *Life of Lord Houghton*, i. 256.

‘ Rhetoric ’ (Aristotle’s) is a proof that he then intended going up for a class in the final Schools. The letter was written to me when I was in Scotland with Agar Robartes, under circumstances which will be described presently, and when he had heard that on our northward journey we had passed through Newark, and also had paid a visit to a Harrow and Christ Church friend at Gateshead. The ‘ execrable Ministers ’ of 1831 did *not* ‘ hurry us into a war ’; but it is melancholy to think how the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, of which the amiable young writer of those words became a prominent member, did ‘ drift into a war ’—and one of the most senseless and destructive wars of modern times—in 1854.

Clumber : Aug. 15, 1831.

My dear Wordsworth,—I have no right to complain of your delay in writing to me, as, from all I hear, you seem to have kept up as little correspondence with any of your Oxford friends, but I think it a great shame of you to pass so near, and not stop and pay me a visit. Both my father and myself would have been delighted to see you, if you could have made it convenient.

Many thanks for the Pitman, though I had already procured one. I have only just begun my Attila studies, having hitherto been reading other things—Rhetoric, &c.

And now in my turn may I hope that you have not given up your intention of favouring the world with an English Essay next year? but from seeing your name in several matches at Lord’s I much fear that you have. One of your friends the other day in a letter to me said that he supposed you were as idle as the day is long, and had substituted *cricketism* for criticism *per metathesis*.

I hear that some of the select studious men, Gladstone, H. Denison, and *John Dutton*! are reading away at Christ Church. S. Denison is gone to Cowes, as the Balliol Dons would not let him stay up. I heard from Canning a day or two ago; he has returned from his tour in the north with Douglas, having left him in Arran, and has now gone to Wales to meet his mother, intending there to read.

You may well be horrified at the present aspect of politics. The Home Department seems to be going on about as ill as possible ; the Foreign has a *little* improved within these few days, as it no longer appears *quite certain* that these execrable Ministers will hurry us into a war. A pretty affair the *settlement* of Belgium has been. Leopold has good reason to be already heartily sick of his craven subjects. What a glorious fight old Wetherall, Croker, and two or three others have made against this crude, partial, misnamed Reform Bill. I yet *hope* that your friend Mr. Robartes will not be able to stand for Cornwall (I mean if it depends on an increase of members), for some people seem confident that the Lords will throw out the Bill. If Mr. Robartes does come in as one of a *reformed* Parliament, you will be doing him a great kindness by cautioning him not to take a gold watch, purse, or other valuable, into the House, for some (indeed many) of the members will possess the art of slight of hand in a very superior style.

I hope you will not be tainted by your proximity to the would-be Whig rotten borough of Gateshead. My Lord Durham has managed to feather his nest pretty well, with all his anxiety for purity of election. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time of your success in trout-fishing and grouse-shooting.

Ever, my dear Wordsworth,

Yours very truly,

LINCOLN.

7. THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, now Sir Thomas, and M.P. for North Devonshire, a Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, after taking a double first (Easter 1831) was, like Doyle, elected Fellow of All Souls. I have not much remembrance of him as a private pupil ; but among testimonials written for me when I became a candidate for the Second Mastership of Winchester (and still preserved), there is one from him in which he spoke most kindly of his ‘personal experience of my qualifications as an instructor.’ Though I was some years his senior, we had been friends and fellow cricketers at Harrow, and also (as I have said above) fellow pupils of Saunders at Cuddesdon during part

of the long vacation of 1829. While my memory is at fault to some extent, I have still, nevertheless, a vivid recollection of his highly esteemed father, and of his own amiable disposition and exemplary character both at school and college.

8. CHARLES JAMES CANNING (afterwards Viscount Canning, and Governor-General of India) has been before referred to. He had a large measure of the fine abilities of his father, together with a certain charm of appearance and manner, though often embarrassed through constitutional bashfulness; but he lacked his father's tall, manly presence, and the combined sweetness and majesty of his countenance. He greatly distinguished himself in taking his degree, coming out as a first-class man in classics, and a second-class man in mathematics (Easter 1833).

There must have been a curious mixture of strength and weakness in his constitution. I have spoken above of his singular bravery during the Indian revolt, and of his breaking down during our ascent of Snowdon. And, oddly enough, he was the only person whom I ever saw break down in a speech. It was in the House of Lords; I was sitting in the gallery. The debate was, I think, upon some matter connected with Ireland. He had spoken fluently enough—but as if what he said had been carefully prepared—for about ten minutes, when he came to a standstill; turned suddenly pale; and, after vainly endeavouring, for a moment or two, to recover the thread of his argument, sat down. One supposed he had been taken ill; but he did not leave the House; and the debate went on as if nothing had happened. To me it was rather a distressing scene, but from what I remembered of him in earlier days, not altogether unaccountable.

9. FRANCIS L. POPHAM, heir to the famous Elizabethan mansion of Littlecott in Wiltshire, has been already mentioned as a companion with me and Hope in North Wales.

At Harrow he had distinguished himself by gaining (in 1827) two out of the three Governors' prizes, viz. for Latin Hexameters, and for Lyrics. He was also a good cricketer, making one of the eleven both at Harrow and Oxford, and a universal favourite. He took a second class in classics (Easter 1831), and, like Doyle, and like Acland, was elected Fellow of All Souls—in those days a certain stamp of a popular character.

Of the above list of nine—

Two took double firsts.

One, a classical first and mathematical second.

Three, classical firsts.

Two (under peculiar circumstances) a common degree.

Three were elected Fellows of Merton, and

Three, Fellows of All Souls.

I must now go back a little, in order to resume the thread of my narrative.

In the spring of 1831, while I was taking private pupils, I found time to write for the University Latin essay, and obtained the prize, the subject being one in which I was much interested: 'Quænam fuerit oratorum Atticorum apud populum auctoritas.' My composition will be found in the Appendix.

My taste for English composition was of later date and of slower growth. Unlike my friends, Claughton and Roundell Palmer, who succeeded equally in English and in Latin, I made no attempt as an undergraduate or as a bachelor to compete either for the English verse or for the English essay, nor even for the Theological essay; though for this last, being pleased and interested with the subject set (1832), namely, 'The Fulness of Time,' I read extensively and made large collections. That prize was won by my friend Antony Grant, afterwards author of one of the best

of the series of Bampton Lectures—a work which first gave an impulse to increased zeal, happily still maintained, in behalf of Foreign Missions. So far, I had rightly estimated my powers, in obedience to the advice of Horace,

Versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant, humeri,

that at Oxford I competed for no prize which I did not obtain. In regard to the formation of style in English prose composition, I observe in the ‘Letters of Newman,’ just published, that in writing to Mr. John Hayes (1869), he expressed the following opinion: ‘As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had is Cicero: I think I owe a great deal to him, and, so far as I know, to no one else’ (vol. ii. p. 407). Without, of course, presuming for a moment to place myself in comparison with so great a genius either in that or in any other intellectual gift (though it does so happen that on one occasion I was compared with him as a writer of English), I may venture to say that I have often made precisely the same remark as applicable to my own case: so far as I have derived benefit from anyone in the matter of composition, it has been from Cicero. Both at Harrow and at Christ Church I was required occasionally to write English themes; but little or no guidance or encouragement was given to the exercises when written, and in my case at least they produced no fruit whatever. I do not underrate the advantage of a combined study of authors such as Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Johnson, Burke, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and I may add Horace Walpole; but I must repeat that I believe I got more good, not only for writing Latin but for writing English, from reading Cicero, and learning him by heart, than from any other source; and, as a single model, though in a different language—and partly, perhaps, because he is in a different

language—I prefer him to them all. But to return from this digression.

During the long vacation of that year (1831) I was free from private pupils. Agar Robartes, a Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, and an old friend and schoolfellow at Harrow, who had just taken his degree, offered me a place in his carriage if I would accompany him on a tour into Scotland. The offer was too tempting and agreeable to be declined. Robartes's father, the wealthy proprietor of Llanhydrock, in Cornwall, had been dead some years ; but his mother was still alive, and he was, I believe, an only child. He had passed his undergraduate time in a quiet, exemplary manner, doing the work necessary to enable him to pass through the Schools without discredit, mixing little in society, but amusing himself with fishing and riding. In politics he was a Whig, as in duty bound to be from his family connections ; but this did not interfere with our friendly intercourse. The necessary preliminaries were soon arranged. In those days railways to the north were unknown. We set out from London, posting in an open barouche, with the faithful old family servant who had been with Robartes during the whole of his residence at Christ Church, upon the box, to take care of us, or at least to relieve us from all care and trouble incidental to our journey. Scotland was then just beginning to be known to Englishmen, not only as the country of Burns and Walter Scott, but as the land of sport such as England could not afford ; and we had meant that our tour should be one not only like that of ' Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' but a tour of sport. Accordingly, we had provided ourselves with guns and rods, and all other requisites for shooting grouse and catching salmon ; but, unhappily, in our youthful heedlessness and plenitude of hope, we had omitted to make any provision for obtaining access to places where

grouse and salmon were to be found—in other words, we took with us no letters of introduction. Reaching Edinburgh by the great north road, and having duly admired what we saw of that Modern Athens, we posted on through Perth to Dunkeld. There we took up our abode for a few days at the inn of Inver, the proprietor of which had a lease of fishing in the Tay. So we put our rods together; but the season was a dry one, and the water low, and we had no success. After visiting the pass of Killiecrankie and Blair Athol, which was the farthest limit of our tour, we turned our faces homewards; travelling back to Perth, and thence to Stirling, Callander, the Trossachs, on to Glasgow and the west. I do not remember that, after leaving Glasgow, we stopped anywhere, except at Hamilton to see the Palace, till we reached my uncle's at Rydal Mount. While we were staying at Rydal—having heard that our tour, so far as it consisted in anticipation of sport, had come to little or nothing—my uncle very kindly took compassion on us, and, through application to the then Lord Lonsdale, obtained for us some grouse-shooting on Shapfells, his lordship having sent over a keeper and dogs to meet us there. Altogether the excursion, though not so well managed as it might have been, was a highly interesting and enjoyable one; and Robartes, as a travelling companion, was a pattern of good nature and equanimity. Soon after his return he was elected M.P. for Cornwall; and eventually he was raised to the peerage by Gladstone, under the title of Lord Robartes. We never met again, except, I think, upon one occasion at his house in London, and he has now been dead some years. But, though circumstances prevented our personal intercourse, the steadfastness of his friendship was such that some thirty years afterwards he not only contributed 10*l.* annually to a fund which it was thought by friends that my then circumstances required, but, when that supposed

necessity had ceased, in consequence of my election to a Fellowship at Winchester, left a direction in his will that the same sum should continue to be paid to me yearly during my lifetime.

While I was staying at Rydal Mount, my cousin Dora gave me a copy of the following political squib, which had been written by my uncle some years before on the occasion of a Westmorland election, when Brougham stood as the Radical candidate against Lord Lowther and his brother the Colonel. I do not think it has appeared in any edition of my uncle's works; but it is interesting and deserves to be preserved, because it shows beyond question (as the writer, through his intimacy with Lord Lonsdale, could not have been mistaken upon the point) that there had been a time when Brougham would have been content to join the Tory ranks provided the proprietor of Lowther Castle would have taken him by the hand.

I

The Scottish ¹ Broom on Birdnest brae,
Twelve tedious years ago,
When many plants strange blossoms bore
That puzzled high and low,
A not unnatural longing felt,—
What longing would you know?
Why, friend, to clothe her supple twigs
With yellow in full blow.

II

To Lowther Castle she addrest
A suit both bold and sly,
(For all the Brooms on Birdnest brae
Can talk and speechify),
That flattering breezes blowing thence
Their succour might supply,
And she would instantly hang out
A flag of yellow dye.

¹ Because Mr. Brougham pretended that he was a native of England.

III

But from the Castle's turrets blew
 A chill forbidding blast,
 Which the poor Broom no sooner felt
 Than she shrunk up as fast ;
 Her wished-for yellow she forswore,
 And since that time hâs cast
 Fond look on colours three or four,
 And put forth blue at last.

IV

But now, my friends, the election comes
 In June's sunshiny hours,
 And every bush in field and brae
 Is clad with yellow flowers,
 While factious blue from shop and booth
 Tricks out her blustering powers ;
 Lo ! smiling Nature's lavish hand
 Has furnished wreaths for ours.

The following complete copy of Southey's celebrated 'March to Moscow,' containing, I believe, some lines not hitherto published, was also given to me during my visit to Rydal Mount.

The March to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he would set off
 On a summer excursion to Moscow ;
 The fields were green and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more
 Must go with him to Moscow ;
 There were Marshals by the dozen
 And Dukes by the score,
 Princes a few, and Kings one or two,
 While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Augereau—
Hey-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatousky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap :—
Nothing would do
While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of the crew
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe;
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians,
For the fields are green and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow.

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march of Moscow;
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come
With a hop, step, and jump into London.
For as to his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing could come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd :
It was through thick and thin to its party true ;

Its back was buff, and its sides were blue ;
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

A Prophet so wise and so doleful too
Should be called Jeremiah the second.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow ;
Nap had to fight his way all through ;
They would fight, though they could not parley-vous,
But the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow,
There was Tormazow and Jemalow
And all the others that end in ow ;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkovitch
And all the others that end in itch ;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in eff ;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in off ;
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky ;
Osharoffsky, and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in offsky ;
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,

And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tutchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Warrowzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off,
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night,
He would rather parley-vous than fight ;
But he look'd white, and he look'd blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
When parley-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow ;
The wind and the weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power—
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !
What a horrible journey from Moscow !
What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow ?
Why, I ween, he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night ;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in.
And so, not knowing what else to do
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

He stole away, I tell you true,
 Upon the road from Moscow.
 'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
 So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he,
 Too hot had he been at Moscow;
 But colder and hotter he may be,
 For the grave is colder than Moscovy,
 And a place there is to be kept in view,
 Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
 Which he may go to
 If he does not in time look about him,
 Where his namesake almost
 He may have for his host
 (He has reckoned too long without him);
 And if there he goes, he there may stay,
 For from thence there is no running away,
 As there was on the road from Moscow!

While I was still at Rydal Mount, after parting with Robartes, who returned homewards alone, a letter arrived from Sir Walter Scott beginning 'Dearest Wordsworth,' and pressing my uncle to come and see him at Abbotsford before he set out for Italy, 'and bring with you as many of your family as you possibly can.' All was soon arranged for my uncle and cousin Dora to accept the invitation, which was held as sufficient to include me.¹ They were to travel leisurely in a pony carriage—my uncle's usual conveyance—and I was to follow by coach. They reached Abbotsford on Monday (Sept. 19) at noon. Setting out after them, I did not arrive till the evening of the following day, the memorable day on which 'Yarrow' had been 're-visited.' The next morning, however, I had the privilege of accompanying Sir Walter and a portion of his guests—

¹ See Professor Knight's *Life*, iii. 200.

including his son-in-law, Lockhart—to ‘view fair Melrose,’ which I trust we did ‘aright’ (it would be strange if we did not with such a guide), though it was not ‘by the pale moon-light.’ In the course of conversation, I remember I asked him whether he had read Sotheby’s Translation of Homer, then lately published, and what he thought of it. He replied, ‘I am sorry to say I know little or nothing of Greek,¹ but I cannot conceive anything better than Pope; and then, by way of example, he quoted with great emphasis the rendering of the famous passage which occurs twice in the Iliad, viz. in Book vi. 208, as the saying of Hippolochus to his son Glaucus, and in Book xi. 783, as the saying of Peleus to his son Achilles :

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ἐπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.²

The visit lasted three days, and the two poets parted, never to meet again in this world; for Sir Walter returned from Italy only to die, at Abbotsford, Sept. 21 in the following year. The separation, affecting as it had been, was rendered still more so when we came to read the verses, consisting of four stanzas, which he had written, on the morning of our departure (Thursday) before breakfast, in my cousin’s album. In giving back the book, he had said to her, ‘I would have done this for nobody but your father’s daughter.’ The verses

¹ I am afraid I was *priggish* enough not to think quite so well of Sir Walter when I had observed, quite conspicuous at his front door, a *false quantity* engraved upon the base of a statue of a favourite dog. I forget the former line of the distich, containing the dog’s name. The latter ran thus—

‘Ad jānuam Domini: sit tibi terra levis.’

The correction would have been easy—*i.e.* ‘ante fores,’ or ‘ad portam.’

² Many years afterwards I told the above anecdote to Dean Stanley, and, after a further lapse of some years, I was agreeably surprised to see it introduced—with that power of memory and felicity of adaptation for which he was distinguished—in the first address which he delivered as Rector of the University of St. Andrews, *à propos* of the inscription, consisting of the same Greek verse, emblazoned over his head in the hall or upper library in which the address was spoken.

were indeed the *last* lay of the great *minstrel*. I insert them here from the copy which my cousin gave me at the time.

I

'Tis well the gifted eye which saw
The first light sparks of fancy burn ¹
Should mark its latest flash with awe,
Low glimmering from its funeral urn.

II

And thou mayst mark the hint, fair maid,
How vain is worldly esteem ;
Good fortune turns, affections fade,
And fancy is an idle dream.

III

Yet not on this poor frame alone,
My palsied hand, and deafened ear,
But on my country's fate
The bolts of fate seem doomed to spend.

IV

The storm might whistle round my head,
I should not deprecate the ill,
So I might say when all was sped,
' My country, be thou glorious still ! '

W. SCOTT.

Abbotsford : Sept. 22, 1831.

It will be seen that there are several indications of defective sense and metre, as if the mind had given way for the moment in the process of composition, although nothing of the kind had been remarked in the writer's conversation during our visit. It may also be noticed how keenly, and

¹ When my uncle first made acquaintance with Walter Scott, at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in September 1803, the latter 'partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Scott's earliest poem, then not yet published.' See Lockhart's *Life*, i. 403.

yet with what truly noble and patriotic emotion, he was feeling the agitation caused by the Reform movement which was then at its height, and in course of which, when he went to give his vote—I think at Kelso—he met with public insult.

As Sir Walter, with his daughter and Lockhart, were to leave early on the Friday for London, we took our departure (as I have said) on Thursday at noon, my uncle and Dora for Edinburgh, and I for Lufness, near Aberlady, to spend a few days with my friend James Hope, who was then at his home there alone, reading for his approaching degree. On Sunday my host took me to the Parish Church (Presbyterian) at Aberlady, which he regularly attended. How strange the divergence and vicissitudes of lot to him and to me, which were in store for us both! When I next visited Abbotsford, some twenty years afterwards, being then settled in Scotland, I was invited and received as the warmly welcomed guest of Hope himself—he came out, I remember, and saluted me by my Christian name at his front door—who in the meantime, having married Sir Walter's only grandchild, Lockhart's daughter, had become proprietor of the estate. And how sad that within another twelve months he had joined the Church of Rome; and we never met afterwards! But, though personal intercourse had ceased between us for many years, shortly before his death I received from him a long and affectionate letter. I was anxious to obtain the precise date of the days of my uncle's memorable visit to Sir Walter, having observed that the details given concerning it in my brother's 'Memoirs of Wordsworth' (vol. ii. pp. 233, 244), and in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' (vol. vii. p. 309) do not correspond; and I wrote to ask Hope to endeavour to clear up the matter for me from his private archives. His answer is of such interest on several accounts that I insert it here.

Abbotsford, Melrose : Sept. 19, 1871.

My dear Bishop,—Your letter of August 3 would not have remained so long unanswered but for my own illness and the absence of my clerk, who has materially assisted me in solving the doubts raised by your letter.

Comparing Lockhart's narrative with your uncle's dictated account of his visit to Abbotsford, the discrepancies resolve themselves entirely into questions of the time of the arrival of your uncle and what took place on particular days while he was here. Pray observe this limitation, since it excludes the question of the day on which Sir Walter left Abbotsford, which neither by Lockhart nor by your uncle is made to coincide with the day of your uncle's departure.

Taking then this issue as raised by the two books, I have come to the conclusion that the account given by your uncle of his own arrival, stay, and departure, which accords with your own recollection, is the correct one, and that where Mr. Lockhart's differs it is incorrect.

There seems to me to be no doubt that when Lockhart wrote this part of the *Life* he relied upon a diary which was kept partly by his wife and partly by himself, and in a very irregular manner ; and I am satisfied that the entries relating to Wordsworth were made by Lockhart at a period subsequent, perhaps considerably subsequent, to the events recorded. Moreover at the time at which he probably wrote this portion of the *Life*, he no longer had the assistance of the memory of his wife, which would have helped to correct his own. Add to this that the month of September 1831 was a period of great anxiety and occupation to him, and you have my reasons for distrusting Lockhart's dates.

In Sir Walter's diary, which he recommenced after a long interval about this time, no days of the week or month are given, although it contains, as you will see hereafter, some passages which bear upon the question whether he wrote the stanzas on the day of his own departure or not.¹

On the other hand, in confirmation of your uncle's account

¹ I had rather fancied I remembered that we had left Abbotsford on the same day, but earlier, on which Sir Walter himself was to leave it. And a note in my cousin Dora's album seemed to confirm this impression.

I have found a letter from him to Sir Walter, dated Carlisle, Friday evening, September 16, stating that he had left home the Tuesday previous (the 13th), hoped to sleep at Langholm on Saturday (the 17th), at Hawick on Sunday (the 18th), and on Monday (19th), if the distance was not greater than he supposed, to sleep at Abbotsford. He mentions his nephew as having taken the Newcastle road into Scotland, and as being likely to reach Abbotsford on Tuesday the 20th; and these two dates exactly accord with his memoir and your recollection of what actually happened.

Another circumstance confirmatory of this view of the dates is that your uncle records Mrs. Lockhart's chanting old ballads to her harp—a circumstance he could hardly have imagined—and which he places on Monday, the day of his arrival, while an entry in her own handwriting in the Lockhart diary, and evidently contemporaneous, places her departure for London on Tuesday the 20th, which is also the date assigned to it in the *Life*.

I have thus, I think, very handsomely surrendered to you all the points in dispute connected with the stay of your uncle and yourself at this place, and in return I beg you will let me know at what date your uncle dictated the MSS. I. F., in which, although he evidently had read Lockhart's *Life* (see p. 236), he takes no notice of the inaccuracies of his dates.

I now turn to the point which does *not* arise, although your letter implies that it does, from either Lockhart's *Life* or your uncle's *Memoirs*, namely, that of the identity of the day on which your uncle went away with that on which Sir Walter himself left Abbotsford. Here I should require more information about the note in your cousin's album before I could admit a doubt even as to Sir Walter's having remained over the 22nd and left for Rokeby 'early on the 23rd.' My reasons are—

1. That neither your uncle nor Mr. Lockhart mentions that they both started on the same day.

2. It is improbable that they should have done so, for your uncle says that he did not start till noon, and there were apparently a number of other guests who left Abbotsford the same day.¹

¹ And one at least also who arrived—viz. Mr. John Ballantyne; for so it appears from a letter of his copied from the *Standard* into the *Scotsman*, August 16, 1871: 'I was one who dined in Abbotsford the last time the

3. Sir Walter in his diary enters, *without date*, 'We had a pleasant party, and to-day were left by the Liddells (another name illegible), the three Wordsworths, *cum cæteris*. A German or Hungarian Count Erdowe, or some such name, also retired'—an entry not likely to have been made if he was himself starting that afternoon, *i.e.* the 22nd.

4. In respect to this journey Mr. Lockhart's diary, although I am satisfied it was carried to London by Mrs. Lockhart on the 20th, appears to have been posted up by him immediately on his arrival in London, and his entries (in different ink from those relating to Wordsworth) give the start from Abbotsford on the 23rd (Friday), the stay at Rokeby on the 24th (Saturday), the arrival at Boroughbridge on the 25th (Sunday), Scarthing Moor on the Monday, Buckden on the Tuesday, and London on Wednesday the 28th; thus supporting the statement in the *Life*, which I believe to be the correct one.

I must, however, give you the benefit of a passage in Sir Walter's diary, written after his arrival in London: 'Wordsworth and his daughter, a fine girl, were with us. On the last day I tried to write in her diary, and made an ill-formed botch. No help for it' &c.;¹ but I am far from conceding that the words 'last day' in this passage mean the last day *any part of which* Sir Walter was at Abbotsford. It is quite consistent with his starting early the next morning, which Mr. Lockhart in the *Life*

great man ever sat at his own table there. It was on the day before Sir Walter left for the Continent. The party which assembled round his board on that day, September 22, 1831, consisted of all the members of his family then in Scotland, and several of his intimate friends, including his amanuensis (Laidlaw), Sir Adam Ferguson, Wordsworth, Sir William Allan, my father, Alexander Ballantyne, and one or two others whom I did not know, and do not remember, as I was only sixteen years of age at the time. Sir Walter sat at the centre of the table, his eldest son, then Major, and Lockhart at the head and foot.' No mention is to be found of this party in Sir Walter's *Journal*, and the editor makes no reference to Mr. John Ballantyne's letter, which is at least incorrect in stating that my uncle was still at Abbotsford and made one of the party. The same mistake is repeated in the following passage: 'He (Scott) kept up a wonderful flow of conversation throughout the time of dinner, and afterwards in the library, where his last conversation with Wordsworth took place. And after the party broke up I remember Sir Adam Ferguson saying to my father that he had never heard Sir Walter more brilliant, even in his palmiest days.'

¹ See the passage in Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, now (1890) first published, ii. 414.

says he did, and which would be necessary to reach Rokeby the same day.

It is possible that I may find other materials bearing on this question, but I am too weak at present to search for them, and, on the same and other accounts, I am prevented from asking you to come here yourself just now. Later perhaps, I shall be more fit, as I shall always be happy to have a visit from you.

Yours affectionately,

JAMES R. HOPE-SCOTT.

The Right Reverend Bishop Wordsworth.

Alas! the hour of greater fitness, which he scarcely ventured to anticipate, never arrived.

After my visit to Hope at Lufness, I rejoined my uncle and cousin at Callander. The former had then just composed his beautiful sonnet 'On Sir W. Scott's Departure from Abbotsford for Naples,' and he recited it to me as we were walking together on the banks of Loch Achray.

I have spoken, with some detail, of my several private pupils. But besides these I had, both as an undergraduate and afterwards, a very large and varied acquaintance—probably no man at Oxford ever had a larger—partly in consequence of the different games and athletic exercises in which I joined, and partly because I made it an object of ambition to know everyone who, in other and more important ways, either was distinguished or gave promise of distinction in after life; and—what was then somewhat marked and uncommon in a Christ Church man (I trust it has ceased to be so now)—I showed no narrow prejudice in favour of men of my own College. For instance, I was specially intimate with Thomas L. Cloughton (afterwards Bishop, first of Rochester and then of St. Albans), and with Roundell Palmer (now Earl Selborne)¹ both

¹ See his speech at the meeting of the Wordsworth Society, held in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, July 10, 1887. The speech is reported in the 'Transactions' of the Society for 1887.

scholars of *Trinity*, and both distinguished in the highest degree by University honours of many and various kinds ; with William Palmer, elder brother of Roundell, a Fellow of *Magdalen*, who took a first class, and gained the University prizes for Latin Verse and Latin Prose ; with Edward Twisleton, Fellow of *Balliol*, and classical first-class man ; with Antony Grant, Fellow of *New College*, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans and Canon of Rochester ; with John Eardley-Wilmot, of *Balliol*, now Sir Eardley, and late M.P. for South Warwickshire, who gained the Latin verse in 1829, after Claughton, as Claughton had gained it after me, and William Palmer had gained it in 1830 : with John Thomas of *Wadham*, who gained the Ireland Scholarship ; and with Stephen Denison of *Balliol*, a classical first ; while among *Christ Church* friends I may reckon Henry Liddell, now Dean, a double-first ; and Benjamin Harrison, afterwards Canon of Canterbury, classical first, and mathematical second ; Robert Scott, an Ireland Scholar, afterwards Master of *Balliol* and Dean of Rochester ; Robert Phillimore, afterwards Sir Robert ; Halford Vaughan, first-class man, afterwards Fellow of *Oriel* and Professor of Modern History ; Herbert Kynaston, first-class man, afterwards head master of St. Paul's ; William Jelf, first-class man ; James Bruce, first-class man, afterwards Lord Elgin and Governor-General of India. I was also acquainted with Bonamy Price of *Worcester*, afterwards Professor of Political Economy, and with Frederick Rogers, of *Oriel*, afterwards Lord Blachford, both of whom took double firsts ; and with Piers Claughton, first of *Brasenose* and then of *University*, afterwards Bishop of Colombo and Archdeacon of London, who took a classical first and won the English essay. In the above list will be found men of *nine* different Colleges, besides *Christ Church*.

And it may be worth while to mention one of the ways

in which these several friendships and acquaintances were maintained ; for Eardley-Wilmot and Liddell were, I think, the only ones among them all who could be called athletes in any sense. At Christ Church we had no Junior Common Room. To remedy this defect on a small scale, a club was set on foot (mainly, I believe, at my suggestion and through my exertions), which was to consist of common friends, all of whom had some pretensions to be reading men.¹ We called ourselves ‘The Tribes,’ because we were to be twelve in number (though actually only ten) and because we met at the house of a Mr. Tribe—I think a tailor—on the opposite side of the street in front of Christ Church. Every day after Hall, in the room which we had rented, a table was to be laid out with a moderate supply of wine and dessert, for which only those who partook were to pay anything. Thus a pleasant opportunity was afforded for cheerful conversation and friendly intercourse, with the gentle stimulus of innocent conviviality for all who desired it.

I find among my papers the following rough draft of an unfinished copy of verses, designed, in imitation of Goldsmith’s ‘Retaliation,’ to give a description of the characters of the friends who composed the club, after it had ceased to exist. Unfortunately, it goes no further than to include four of them—Benjamin Harrison, late Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury ; Henry Jeffreys, now Vicar of Hawkhurst and Proctor in Convocation for the Diocese of Canterbury ; Herbert Kynaston, late head master of St. Paul’s School, London, who acted as our steward and treasurer ; and Henry Liddell, now Dean of Christ Church.

¹ ‘Mr. Hope was not of standing enough to have been a member of a celebrated though private club brought together at Christ Church about the year 1831, “the twelve friends of Charles Wordsworth” (since President [Warden] of Trinity College, Glenalmond, and Bishop of St. Andrews), though he certainly knew some of them intimately.’—*Memoir of James Hope-Scott*, i. 24 sq.

The remaining six members (including myself) were Walter Hamilton, late Bishop of Salisbury, Halford Vaughan, late Fellow of Oriel and Professor of Modern History; Francis Doyle, late Fellow of All Souls, and Professor of Poetry; Henry Denison, late Fellow of All Souls; and James Ramsay, afterwards Lord Dalhousie.

Ἀλλινον, ἄλλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

So, 'the Tribes' are dispersed!—on the banks of the Isis
I sat down and wept for the terrible crisis:
Slow and sullen the waters beside me were rolling;
Deep and solemn the bells in the distance were tolling:—
'Tis the knell of the Club! But they'll pull down the towers
Ere they'll chime in as well as that dear peal of ours,
When we met after Hall, a choice brotherly crew,
And our tongues—they all rattled so fast and so true!

Descend, O ye Nine! Shall the shades of the young
Pass downward unwept, unrecorded, unsung?
Nine brethren beloved—one for each of your choir;
So, let each in his praise sweep the strings of her lyre.

1. And first for her votary, let *Clio* arise,
Think of all that is learned, and all that is wise,
From the heights of her Pindus survey all the shore,
To draw topics of praise for his classical lore;
Observe him still victor as onward he ranges
From Ilissus to Jordan, from Jordan to Ganges,¹
Where science (erst cradled by orient rays)
To eagle-eyed study her treasure displays;
Then regret with a smile, as she lags far behind,
Her realm all too small for the grasp of his mind;
And, as lost in the distance he fades from her ken,
Pronounce his encomium—O RARE LITTLE BEN!

2. With her harp ready strung as *Thalia* appears
JEFFREYS cocks up his spy-glass, and pricks up his ears;
Nor less was the muse at a loss to discover
Whom to choose for her theme—rather say for her lover;

¹ He early became assistant to Pusey as teacher of Hebrew.

So, hoping the Tribes wouldn't take it amiss,
 While he mutters 'you fellows!' she seizes a kiss—
 (A kiss, which proclaimed that she knew where to find,
 She—the muse of good temper—the best-tempered mind);
 Then aloof, as an artist, her subject surveys,
 And still as she looks she sees something to praise.
 First marks how his right honest features bespeak
 Within all that's cheerful and modest and meek;
 How in eyes that would fain look demure as a nun,
 Lurk bursts of good humour and volleys of fun;
 All the soul's purer graces next wonders to trace
 By the sunshine of conscience that beams in his face,
 While, with heart alike stranger to guile and to pride,
 He seeks nothing to show, and needs nothing to hide:—
 'Dear youth, not in vain,' then exulting she cries,
 'Have I watched o'er thy cradle and smiled on thy rise:
 Not in vain I complained to the fates that the race
 Of scholars and poets were grown commonplace;
 And preferred a request that my favourite child
 May be artlessly polished and gracefully wild;
 May combine in a compound both novel and quaint
 All the gay of the sinner and good of the saint—
 Now brewing rum punch, full of laughter and frolic,
 Now glum with ten sermons, and twinged with the colic;
 Not quite strict enough at his neighbours to quibble,
 Nor so deep as to doubt, nor so smart as to fribble:
 For him let home-truth be eccentric, for him
 Let wisdom consent to be seasoned with whim;
 Let science be free from pretence, and for once
 Let ingenuous sallies prove learning a dunce;
 And so, your professed men of talent to pique,
 Let me form—worth them all—my own JEFFREYS unique.'

3. Next comes a strange mixture of genius and skill;
 With his head in the clouds he can make out a bill;
 Let *Euterpe* compose an irregular lyric
 To do justice to Herbert's ¹ well-earned panegyric;
 Who, with knowledge so various and taste so refined,
 Could cater alike for both body and mind;

¹ Herbert Kynaston, who, as our purveyor, kept the accounts.

Though sometimes perplexed, so good-humoured and bland,
 He had always a balance of spirits in hand ;
 With his wit and his walnuts, his biscuits and banter,
 Kept our purses well emptied, well filled our decanter ;
 And we still must confess, if his charges were small,
 Put his *worth* in the bill and he'd beggar us all.

4. Let *Melpomene* next tune her sweet liquid voice,¹
 And her harp take in hand for the youth of her choice.
 Tall and stately he moves, with a head on his shoulders
 Formed so picturesque that it charms the beholders :
 Much more would it charm them to see all alive
 The brains within working like bees in a hive ;
 The treasure, which labour to diligence yields,
 Stored up like the honey brought fresh from the fields ;
 The fields ever green of old Romans and Greeks,
 Or where x , y , and z play their manifold freaks ;
 The gardens in which with inherited grace
 His eye for Fine Art never misses its trace :—
 But hold ! let us note what his judgment approves,
 Nor break the reserve that his modesty loves :
 Enough, if already you've mastered my riddle :
 Can you tell who I mean ?—to be sure, HENRY LIDDELL.

(*Cætera desunt.*)

Later on, when I had ceased to be an undergraduate, I was the means of forming another club on a wider scale ; not that the number of members was much larger, but because it comprehended men of different colleges, and was not confined, as 'the Tribes' had been, to Christ Church. It was called 'the Bachelors,' and met in a room at the Angel Inn (now swept away to give place to the new Schools) on every Saturday evening. Its *raison d'être* was much the same as that of 'the Tribes,' viz. to promote good fellowship, in the best sense, among our contemporaries, with the same festive provision for the same genial purposes ;

¹ Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater
 Vocem cum citharâ dedit.—HORACE, i. *Od.* xxiv. 3.

and the list of members included the names of several who are mentioned above as men of mark or men of promise.¹

In the spring of 1833 I received a request through Dr. Cardwell, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, to become the travelling companion and tutor of a young nobleman—Viscount Cantelupe, son of the Earl of Delawarr—who was then leaving Oxford. The position was not one which I should have sought ; but it had great advantages in several respects. The remuneration to be given was more than ample, and my father, being acquainted with the young man's family—a family highly and most deservedly esteemed—was desirous that I should not decline it. Accordingly, the arrangement was made, and it was decided that we should take an extensive tour over the north of Europe, including Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the northern parts of Germany. A courier (Degarlieb) was to accompany us, who, being a Pomeranian by birth, was well acquainted with the languages of all the countries we were to visit, as well as with those of the South. My pupil was not one of whom much was to be made. He had no literary or artistic tastes, except that he professed a liking for Lord Byron's poetry, which was then fashionable. He had, however, as a travelling companion, some good points. His temper was never ruffled. He was more indifferent than, I fear, I was, when the accommodation we met with was uncomfortable or insufficient ; and he was quite content to *rough it* when occasion required, as in the excursions

¹ They may be set down pretty correctly, I believe, as follows : Hamilton, Harrison, H. Jeffreys, and Wordsworth of Christ Church ; Claughton and Twisleton of Trinity ; Hillyard and Ormerod of Brasenose ; Popham and Travers Twiss of University ; Walker of Balliol ; Grant of New College ; Dudding of Exeter ; and W. Palmer of Magdalen. Claughton, in a letter, October 31, 1837, referring to the club, speaks of me as having been its 'President.' I may have been so *virtually*, but not, I think, in any formal sense.

which we made through parts of Norway. We left London in July by sea for Hamburgh, and, having purchased there a commodious travelling carriage, drove across to Lubeck, whence we proceeded again by sea to Copenhagen. There we were joined by another young nobleman, also of Christ Church—Lord Hillsborough, son of the Marquis of Downshire—who, though not placed under my charge, was to be permitted to accompany us, and, so long as he remained with us, which was only during the former part of our tour, proved by no means a disagreeable or unintelligent addition to our party. It will be no part of my object in these reminiscences to attempt to describe the places which we visited or the country through which we passed, familiar as these have now become through the descriptions of more recent travellers, though I shall not, however, altogether refrain from occasional remarks on such topics; and so it may be mentioned here that I was disappointed with Copenhagen, and with what we saw of Denmark in general; though the old cathedral of Röskilde—the Danish Westminster Abbey—from its semi-British monuments, and the ramparts of Elsinour, from their association with Hamlet, could not fail to be highly interesting to any Englishman. Having crossed the Sound, we landed at Helsingborg, on the Swedish coast, and there we had, for the first time, the experience of travelling in our carriage, with four small horses abreast, driven by our courier—like the chariot of Victory, to be seen over the Brandenburger Thor at Berlin; and such continued to be our mode of conveyance over the smooth level roads which we traversed while we were in Sweden. Passing on from Gottenborg, we spent a day at Trollhättan, inspecting the famous falls; and from thence paid a visit of several days, very agreeably passed, with Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, the well-known author of ‘Northern Field Sports’—a book which made a considerable sensation in its day—and also of

‘Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Sweden and Norway.’ He was a distant relation of mine, on my mother’s side ; and he received us at his house near Wenersborg very hospitably, and with him (we could not have had a better or more amiable guide and instructor) we enjoyed during two days some successful fishing on the lake, catching on each day with a minnow four salmon averaging 17 lbs.; another day was devoted to shooting, and one of my young companions shot a capercailzie. I may also mention, as characteristic of our host, that he had a tame wolf in a kennel at his door to serve as a watchdog; and in his stable he showed us a horse of which, in an encounter with a bear, the furious animal had bitten out a large portion of one of the flanks. We went with Lloyd on a Sunday to his parish church. Of course, *we* could not follow the service, though *he*, being master of Swedish, could do so perfectly. Men and women were separated, taking their places on different sides of the main aisle. There was a great predominance of singing, which seemed to me very good. But what gave an unfavourable impression at the last was that the minister, before leaving the pulpit, gave out a long succession of notices of the most secular kind, relating not only to births, deaths, marriages, but to auctions, markets, &c., which occupied not less than a quarter of an hour !

From Wenersborg we posted, as before, by Fredrickshald, the frontier town of Norway, to Christiania. There we spent some time, and, *inter alia*, had the honour of dining with the Crown Prince Oscar, who had come for the sitting of the Storthing—the Norwegian Parliament. I attended one of the sessions. There was a commonplace air about the proceedings, and the appearance of the members was such as was to be expected in a democratic assembly. Each member sat at a desk with pen and paper &c. before him,

like boys in a schoolroom. At Christiania I had the good fortune to fall in with a young Englishman, Robert Latham, then a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in whom I became much interested. He had set himself to travel from country to country, mastering language after language as he went along, and he was then deep in Norwegian. Eventually he became a universal linguist, and the author of works designed to advocate a system of pronunciation and spelling, which, if only it could have overcome the practical difficulties to be met, would have been of the greatest service to mankind. Through him I obtained access to the library of the University, and was introduced to the Botanical Professor, who put me in the way of obtaining some rare specimens of Norwegian flora, which I sent off as a present to my friend Roundell Palmer, at Oxford (then a botanist among his other acquirements), but which, unhappily, never reached him. With another acquisition, made at Christiania, and intended as a gift to another Oxford friend, I was more fortunate, though the chances were much more against it. I allude to a pair of Norwegian snow skates, called 'schees,' which, though marvellous in speeding the wearer over tracks of snow, were awkward to carry upon a long journey over *terra firma*, being some five feet or more long; but which, nevertheless, I contrived to bring home in safety; and they are now, I believe, to be seen hung up among other curiosities in the grand old Hall of Littlecott. During our stay at Christiania, we fell in with Lord Kerry (who died before his father, the third Lord Lansdowne), and Colville (afterwards Sir James, and Chief Justice of Bengal), whom I had known slightly as an undergraduate of Trinity, Cambridge. An old memorandum book contains the following: 'Sunday, August 25.—Laid up with bad headache all the evening. Borrowed from Kerry, and read a good deal of Wilber-

force's "Practical Christianity." *Mem.*—To get it on my return to England.'

Leaving our carriage at Christiania, we set out for an excursion which was to carry us over the Hardanger Fjeld to Bergen. We started on the road to Drammen and Königsberg, as a cavalcade of four; I and my two younger companions driving each his own carriole, with his carpet-bag and a caddie-boy behind to take back the pony and vehicle; while the courier followed in a sort of rough post-cart, which contained the remainder of our *impedimenta*. The following stanzas, composed as I went along, will show the exuberant enjoyment which the rapid pace and the singular ease and elasticity of our conveyance, together with the smoothness of the road and the varied beauty of the scenery through which we passed, combined to inspire.

Stanzas composed while driving a Carriole for the first time on the road from Christiania to Königsberg.

I have journeyed by sea and by land—
 Who has not in this travelling age?—
 I have lolled in my lord's four-in-hand,
 And have moped in a Paddington stage:
 But in coaches ¹ I ne'er wish to move;
 A steamer's a sad *pitch-and-tar-y* hole;
 Would you know the conveyance I love?
 'Tis the little Norwegian carriole.

In the days of yore all the world rung
 With the feats of Olympian fillies;
 And Homer and Virgil have sung
 'The car of the gallant Achilles;'
 But crack as ye may of your chaises,
 Ye whips, Greek or Roman, I dare ye all
 To appear, and compete with the praises
 Of me and my snug little carriole.

¹ Written before railways had come into use.

Not swifter the Queen Amphitrite
 Skims over the waves in her shell ;
 Not gayer the goddess so mighty
 Turns out in her Cyprian dell :
 Or let Jupiter down from the skies
 Send Mercury post through the starry Ol-
 ympus, and, fast as he flies,
 I'll run him a race in my carriage.

Willy Shakespeare has told how that Mab
 The smug little Queen of the Fairies,
 Used a nut-shell to drive for a cab,
 When o' nights she went out on vagaries ;—
 But her coach-makers, Squirrel and Grub,
 I think I may venture to hariole,¹
 When they built her the bonny wee tub,
 Took the hint from the sight of a carriage.

‘ And pray what's it like ? ’ My dear sir, why,
 Like a tiny canoe without keels—
 Like a bonnet turned up topsy turvy—
 Like a coalscuttle set upon wheels :
 But, although it don't run upon springs,
 You will err if you think it a jar-y hole ;
 Not smother yon lark on her wings
 Floats, than I on the shafts of my carriage.

‘ I'd *not* be a butterfly ’²—no !—
 That I leave to my dear little coz ;—
 I'd *not* be a ‘ bluebottle,’ though
 It has nothing to do but to buzz :—
 But, methinks it would not be amiss
 To be whisked, without stopping to tarry, whole
 Years together through country like this,
 And in you, my Norwegian carriage !

¹ Anglicised from the Latin *hariolor*, to *divine*, *guess*, *conjecture*.

² This, and what follows, alludes to two songs well-known many years ago, one beginning with, ‘ I'd be a butterfly,’ fashionable with young ladies ; the other about ‘ a bluebottle,’ no less fashionable with young gentlemen.

Now we wind by the fjord so blue—
 Now the darkling pine-forest is past—
 Now the dashing cascade comes in view,
 Or the tall peak, with clouds overcast :—
 Now I 'live,' now I 'reign ;' ¹ not a care
 Rises up in my bosom to mar the whole,
 As I sit, and, all-buoyant as air,
 Shout 'Huzza ! to my snug little carriole !'

To be sure, 'tis a selfish concern,
 And never would do for a couple ;
 And folks, when they marry, must learn
 Above all to be pliant and supple :—
 O ! then if the day shall arrive,
 When, wedded, in carriage and pair I roll,
 May I ne'er long again for a drive
 In my little Norwegian carriole !

But supposing my fair one should frown,
 And should leave me to sigh and to pray ;
 And instead of a 'Yes' and look down,
 Should turn from my suit, and say 'Nay :'
 In the heart which young Love would have broke,
 While I leave to old Time to repair the hole,
 Wrapping round me my bachelor's cloak,
 I'll canter through life in a carriole !

Soon after Königsberg we left the road and our carriages, and took to our feet, carrying with us provisions necessary during our proposed tramp over the Hardanger. The course which we followed was by Bolkesjö, Tind, Vaagen, &c. ; and, to those who know anything of the country, it need scarcely be told that parts of this excursion were of the roughest, offering no ordinary accommodation either of food or of lodging. It occupied altogether ten days, including detours to see both the Rjukanfos and the Vöringfos—the two most celebrated waterfalls in Norway—and a fishing expedition at Argdohood. Road there was none, not even

¹ ' *Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui,*
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo.'—HOR. *Ep.* I. x. 8.

mountain track, a great part of the way, after we had fairly entered upon the Hardanger range, so that we had occasion to hire guides; and the scenery, upon the whole, though wild enough, was scarcely sufficiently grand to one who had seen the English, Welsh, and Scotch Lake Country, to make amends for the discomforts: consequently I was not sorry when we caught sight of the Eidfjord, with Ullensvang lying at the foot of the mountain we had to descend; and still better were we pleased when a lengthened row over the Sor-fjord brought us to the spot where we enjoyed once more not only two or three days of much required rest, but the comforts and accommodations of civilised life.

I had heard of Provost Hertzberg—whose title indicates, I believe, a position somewhat similar to that of an English Rural Dean—from Lord Henry Kerr, who had made a Norwegian tour not unlike to ours the year before, and had kindly given me directions for our route, and also a letter of introduction, which he strongly recommended me not to neglect, as it would afford me the opportunity of making acquaintance with that interesting and remarkable clergyman, then in his seventy-fifth year.¹ The picturesque situation of the Parsonage, apparently accessible by nothing more than a footpath, with its lawn reaching down to the banks of the fjord, and a full view of the Folgefond Glacier rising out of the water at some distance on the opposite side, formed a unique scene well suited to the appearance of its occupant, whom we found to be a fine specimen of an active and sprightly, and withal venerable old man. He received us graciously, and instantly assured us of a welcome reception, though we had arrived without notice and late in the

¹ Several notices of Provost Hertzberg have appeared in print. See especially *Norway and its Glaciers, visited in 1851*, by Principal Forbes, who describes him as ‘universally known in Norway as one of the most benevolent and best-informed of the clergy,’ p. 140.

evening. We were soon invited to sit down to a plain but plentiful repast, at which, after the spare diet and hard exercise we had gone through, it will not be wondered if we performed feats of appetite which, I can well remember, were rather extraordinary (one of my companions despatched no less than ten boiled eggs one after another), but which our kind host appeared to regard only as matters of course.

The next morning, when it was barely 7 o'clock, the Provost *in propriâ personâ* woke me up; entering into my bedroom *sans cérémonie* in his dressing-gown, and with a pipe in his mouth, and exclaiming, as he pointed to the window from which there was a full view of the mountain, 'Ecce! Folgefond non habet pileum tenebrosum; dies erit nitidus.' Shortly after came in a young lady, his daughter, who, without any prudery or bashfulness, presented me with a cup of coffee as I still lay in bed.

The same day, if our appetites had not been previously appeased, they certainly enjoyed a splendid opportunity of receiving the most ample satisfaction, for early in the afternoon we were taken by our host to a marriage feast at a neighbouring house, where eating and drinking were carried on upon a scale such as I have never seen equalled before or since. It commenced with an antepast of brand-wein, cheese, and biscuits, handed round and partaken of equally by the guests of both sexes. This was presently followed by a most substantial dinner, to be itself followed after a short interval by a scarcely less substantial supper: all which, nevertheless, did not seem to produce any injurious effect upon the merriment, which amid music and dancing concluded the entertainment.

My conversation with our host was mostly carried on in Latin; but the difference in our mode of pronunciation formed a sad impediment. However, the dead language had its advantages; it enabled him to say some things

which he would scarcely otherwise have ventured on. For instance, his second wife, whom he had recently married, was quite young; and though he showed no unkindness towards her, yet, speaking in her presence, he frankly acknowledged that he had made a mistake, and he warned us not to follow his example in our old age. On our second day we made an excursion to the Folgefond Glacier, and when we had returned, and were sitting together after dinner, he proposed our health in these terms: ‘*Salus vobis, qui primi Anglorum ascendistis Folgefond.*’

I noticed that the walls of the principal room of the Parsonage were adorned with engravings, among which were portraits of Lord Teignmouth, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Humphry Davy, and Mr. Wilberforce.

The hospitality which we thus enjoyed was given in accordance with the custom of that remote part of the country, in which, there being no inn or other place of public entertainment, the minister of the parish takes upon himself to keep open house for all wayfarers. No payment was demanded, or (as we were told) would have been accepted; only it was expected that we should ‘remember the poor,’ which, it need scarcely be said, we were ‘forward to do.’

It will not be thought surprising that a visit paid amid circumstances so unusual made a strong impression upon my mind, and that I parted from our host with no ordinary feelings of attachment and esteem—feelings which found utterance in some Latin stanzas, composed as I lay along the bottom of the boat in which we proceeded on our course over the fjords to Bergen. The voyage took us two days. After we had landed at Bergen, the men who had rowed us from Ullensvang gave me time to transcribe my verses, and then took the copy back with them, promising to deliver it as addressed to the Provost. The verses were as follows:

*Ad virum Reverendum N. Hertzberg,
Ullensvangiæ Pastorem.*

Io, sodales, plaudite ! Montium
Jam jam recedunt culmina ; jam caput
Submittit Hardanger, feroxque
Colla dedit pedibus premenda.

Io, sodales ! Nos per inhospitos
Tractus, et arcem rupibus horridam
Ducente Naturâ, solutis
Templa Deæ patuere portis.

Optata quantum, mox dabitur quies
Fessis viarum. Panditur Eid-fiord
Jam nunc, et Ullensvang supinus
Cernitur inferiore nido.¹

Tuque O ! fidelis seu Genius loci
Mavis vocari, seu populi Parens
Pastorque, seu Præsul, colendus
Voce piâ et graviore plectro,

Villam recepti protinus in tuam,
Metu sacratos suspicimus lares,
Clivosque, pendentemque silvam, et
Cæruleas veneramur undas.

Sed nec cubantes tam silvæ placent,
Nec lauta tantum munditiis domus,
Nec celsa tam pectus gelatæ²
Percutiunt juga Folgefondi

Spectare mores quam placidos juvat,
Et corda nullis oblita sordibus,
Purumque mirari leporem
Mentis amabiliter jocosæ ;

¹ Comp. 'Celsæ nidum Acherontiæ.' (Hor. *Od.* III. iv. 14).

² The beautiful appearance of the glacier, as compared with an ordinary mountain-range, suggested the propriety of putting it in *the feminine gender*. Compare the *Jungfrau* of Switzerland, which may still defend its name on the score of beauty, though not for the reason commonly assigned. It was ascended by Principal Forbes and his adventurous companions in 1841—truly 'periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.'

Sive hospes, ut mos est, bene sedulus
 Tu fallis annos et senium grave,
 Seu blandus indulges benignæ
 Colloquio levior venæ.

Te teste, sensi quâ caput innocens
 Ætate adauctum ; te juveniliter
 Ridente, quæ frontem piorum
 Canities hilarem coronet.

Fronti piorum non fera frigora
 Stinxere lauros, non Aquilo impotens,
 Non lustra ter septem virenti
 Decutiunt animo vigorem.

Hinc est aquarum quod prope marginem
 Umbrosa flores ¹ arbor uti, senex,
 Tendisque (quod fas est) potiri
 Ante diem propiore cælo.

Nempe inter undas, inter et arbores,
 Plerumque præsens conspicitur Deus,
 Cui rite in Alpinâ sacerdos
 Fraude carens operaris ² arâ ;

Norvegiarum rege beatior
 Urbis scelestæ qui strepitu procul
 Effugeris curas sequaces,
 Luxuriamque operosior.

His culta quondam moribus indoles
 Divina crevit Cecropii senis ;
 His, cujus exhausto refertur
 Sæpe cado caluisse virtus

Prisci Catonis ; quem neque, debilem
 Ætate, Græcas discere literas
 Nec Thraciis ³ dextram pigebat
 Invalidam inseruisse chordis.

¹ See Psalm i. 3.

² See Virg. *Georg.* i. 339.

³ See Cic. *De Senect.* (c. ix.) In this latter respect the writer's memory deceived him, and he mistook the *wish*, which Cicero makes Cato to express, for the *deed*.

Vosque, hospitalis præsidium domûs,
 Herum (potestis si quid adhuc), Lares,
 Servate semper ! sic recessu
 Pulchra magis, potiorve sedes

Haud ulla vestro, lætior aut focus,
 Visatur : Euri, sic, quoties furant,
 Pineta clivosæque, vobis
 Sospitibus, quatiantur orni !

Quin et, supremum respiciens vale,
 Suspiret olim plurimus advena,
 Prius neque ascendat triremem
 Quam fuerit dominum allocutus—

‘ Vivas ! et o ! si me foveat senem
 Talis recessus ! sic sine nubibus
 Frons nostra, delabente vitâ,
 Sic niteat sine labe pectus ! ’

I had the satisfaction of knowing that the verses—a humble tribute to a country parson not unworthy of the muse of Geoffrey Chaucer, or of George Herbert, or of Oliver Goldsmith—had duly reached their destination by a letter from the Provost himself, written not long after—October 27, 1833—which, full as it is of the kindest feeling and the most delightful playfulness and buoyancy of spirit, the classical reader will not, I think, be displeased to see : and again, nearly two years later, I received from him a short but touching and cheerful note, dated May 19, 1835, in which were the words ‘ adhuc vivo—tui semper memor.’

Nls Hertzberg ad Carolum Wordsworth, M.A.

Ullenvang, Oct. 27, 1833.

Legi, relegi, decies repetitum placebit, carmen tuum, quo me honorasti, Bergis Sept. 14 ; quo lecto voce Stentoris ὄσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα clamavi :—‘ Heus tu, Mercuri facunde, deorum dearumque nuntie, adesto ! Ito ! σπούδαζον, pete Elysium ;

curvâ tuâ lyrâ cane carmen istud immortalî Horatio, ut audiat quantum musarum inter Britannos cultores adhuc post secula undeviginti imbuti sint vernaculâ ipsius, ut non solum linguâ loquantur Romanâ, sed etiam eâdemque pangant carmina.—Carmina ejusdem divino afflata spiritu.’ Dixi: ‘Sane, mi Horati! tibi gaudebis audiendo, dicesque: “Hocce carmen sapit ingenium meum; hoc corculum meum ære perennius pangit carmen!”’

Evax! carissime Carole, macte ingenio tuo; ‘didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores;’ ‘sic itur ad astra.’ ‘The real Bard whom native genius fires, whom ev’ry maid of Castaly inspires.’

Ad me scribis: ‘At all events you will do me the kindness to receive the inclosed production as payment in kind for the favour of the perusal of your admirable Latin letter to Lord Clanwilliam &c., and hoping that it may afford you a *hundredth part* of the gratification, for which, on this and other accounts, I remain your debtor.’ Crede mihi quod tu poemate tuo concinne pacto *centies* compensaveris. In memoriam jam mihi subit Earl Hillsborough mihi narrâsse quod tu sis frater aut consanguineus Poëtæ Wordsworth, de quo Aristarchus quidam *Imperial Magazine* October, 1821, p. 812, refert: ‘Yes, Wordsworth will be read when Homer, and Virgil, and Byron are forgotten—but not till then.’ Quis eorundem primus, W. aut B.? ‘Non nostrum tantas componere lites.’ Tu mihi Marcellus eris,—stat mihi. Quid quod centiesque insuper compensatus sum favore tuo meæ epistolæ ad Clanwilliam cæterosque Benefactores Orbatorum; solatium est mihi, qui pene oblitus sum Romanæ scribendæ linguæ, quod tu, apprime gnarus, admireris.

O, quam me pænitet pænitebitque, non longius potuisse uti tuâ, sodaliumque, placidâ conversatione: honestorum usus virorum mihi est instar omnium. Longo meo jam ævo (74½ an.) multoties expertus sum, ‘Il y a des hommes, dans le monde, qui, le plus on les connaît, plus on les aimait, plus on les regrette.’ Vestri me tenet desiderium. Differentia pronuntiationis latinæ inter Anglos Norvagosque, pereat o si!

Benigne scribis: Te velle volenter mandatorum mihi esse gestorem Christianiæ et Holmiæ; persuasus sum te velle ferre etiam in Angliâ. Precor, si occurreris quibusdam eorum, qui me visere, meo nomine intime salutare, nempe Clanwilliam; Kerr, Marquis of Lothian; Shore, vice Presid. Societatis Britannicæ

Sacræ Scripturæ ; Scott, attorney in Scotiâ ; Baker ; Elves ; Elliott ; Gournay ; Fowler ; Penrhyn, M. of Parliament, Com. House ; qui omnes fuere digni qui amentur ; manent cuncti altâ meâ mente repôsti.

Jam jam manum e tabulâ.

Claudite nunc rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.

Iterum relegendo tuum elegans carmen, memini : The *Country Minister*, Supplem. to the *Imperial Magazine*, December 15, 1821, p. 1219. ‘ Yonder the cottage stands where once he dwelt ’ &c., quem ministrum ecclesiæ imitari conatus sum. Talem me cecinisti, qualem te fore auguror ; certe beatus ille qui vivit rure sic occupatus.

Dii tibi dent annos, cetera de te.

Vive, vale, quam plurimum !

Impertinus tibi et commilitonibus multam salutem nos omnes. Valde haveo scire quid agas ; quod in buccam venerit, scribito.

Dixi.

Tuus totus

NLS HERTZBERG.

From Bergen we returned by the high road—a journey which occupied a week—to Christiania, and from thence in a few days set out again, on October 6 (but no longer accompanied by Lord Hillsborough), in our carriage to post across Sweden, *viâ* Karlstad and Westerås to Stockholm. But I feel that I ought not to quit Norway without paying a tribute to the kindliness of disposition which we constantly met with in the natives, and not least among the lowest orders. In a memorandum book which I had with me during our excursion over the Hardanger, I find the following remark, suggested by the good nature which they exhibited even in places the wildest and most remote : ‘ If a traveller, an Englishman especially, has too often occasion to notice the general depravity of human nature, he has also more frequent opportunities of witnessing one of

its most redeeming qualities. The philosopher who first adopted the notion of referring all our actions to the principle of selfishness could scarcely have been a traveller. The kindness and attentions so frequently lavished upon wayfarers by those who can expect no return, nor hope ever to see them again, cannot, certainly, be assigned to the polish of civilisation, for they are met with still more unreservedly in rude states of society; nor to any other principles, as I believe, than those of sociality and benevolence.' If I had been disappointed by Copenhagen, I found in Stockholm more than I had expected. In its situation and surroundings—romantic land and water scenery brought into close connection with its streets and buildings—it has striking points which resemble those of Edinburgh; though, upon the whole, as a city it will not bear comparison with our Scottish capital. We spent two Sundays there. The only English place of worship was a Wesleyan Chapel, which I attended, and on the second Sunday, *twice* (so my memorandum book says). I trust, therefore, that I profited and was thankful for the privilege; for throughout Norway we had met with no English service at all. Upon the whole, after passing a fortnight at Stockholm in the ordinary round of sight-seeing, &c. &c., we were not sorry to take our departure. Nor was there much to interest us in our journey of seven days through the South of Sweden. In short, we should have been better advised if the portion of our tour which included so much of that country—the scenery of which, unlike that of Norway, is for the most part tame and commonplace—had been omitted. At length we reached Ustadvika, and a very rough passage of thirteen hours across the Baltic—the last passage which the steamer was to make that season—brought us safe to Greifswald, on the coast of Germany.

On the day after our landing (November 5), one of the

professors of the university, Mr. Mandt, who had been in England, called upon us and offered to take us to a public ball that same evening. Accordingly, we went. There was a large assemblage. As I was standing among others looking on at a party of dancers, a fair Greifswaldese, who had been one of them, came up to me and offered me her hand. Not knowing who she was, or what she said (for she spoke in German), I could only make to her a low bow and look abashed. It was explained to me afterwards that the cotillon, which was the dance going on, allows any lady to offer herself as a partner to any gentleman whom she chooses, and that I had declined a very pretty compliment! The occurrence had such an effect upon my sensitive nature that I determined forthwith to take lessons in dancing—a part of my education which, having had neither mother nor sisters to encourage or superintend it, had been too much neglected. And so I did, first at Berlin, then at Dresden, and ultimately at Paris. Thus I made myself—as became an athlete—an accomplished waltzer; with the result that, a few years after this, on an occasion which I well remember—a *Domum* ball at Winchester—I caused quite a sensation; and this, not only by the perfection of the saltatory movements which I displayed—doubtless beyond all expectation—but still more perhaps by the determination which I announced not to dance with any lady except my wife! I had thought it my duty to be present at the ball in question (as it was given by the Winchester boys), and, being present, I could not resist the temptation of letting the company see what a charming wife I had, and how I could exhibit her to the best advantage.¹

Nothing could be more kind and agreeable than the attentions and hospitality we received, though perfect

¹ It ought to be mentioned, perhaps, that I was not then in Priest's Orders.

strangers, from Professor and Mrs. Mandt; so that we were induced to remain at Greifswald a day longer than we had intended. I had much interesting conversation with him, especially about the wild and insubordinate habits of the students, which it would be now out of date to place upon record. Before quitting the town I happened to go into a bookseller's shop, where, to my surprise, I saw—and at once purchased—a copy of a reprinted edition of 'Nares's Glossary,' in octavo. To find such a book, reprinted in such a place—a small town on the outskirts of Germany—struck me as a remarkable and highly gratifying proof of the extent to which the study of Shakespeare is encouraged and cultivated in that country.

Leaving Greifswald, where I had picked up what information I could concerning the German system of education, we went on our way towards Berlin. It was our intention to pass the winter there. And the time was not ill spent. In the first place, we were fortunate in our German master, Adolph Heimann, a young man who had recently taken his Ph.D. degree, and consequently was now Dr. Heimann. He was a good scholar, and had mastered English so as to be able to read Shakespeare and to read Wordsworth. Though he was a Jew, and, without being bigoted, a conscientious and determined one, we soon became attached to each other: so much so that when I had settled at Winchester he followed me thither, and, on my recommendation, was appointed our German master. Subsequently he obtained a higher appointment of the same kind as Professor of King's College in London, and gained repute by a poetical translation into German of Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde.' Through his intervention I was enabled to make acquaintance with other students, past and present, and became familiar with their mode of life. For instance, I was present as a guest when

a party of them met on the eve of January 1, to usher in the new year. As the clock struck twelve, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, we all stood up, and each kissed his neighbours right and left round the table!

I did not undertake to attend any one course of lectures at the university, but I was desirous to see something of all the more eminent professors, and to have opportunities of judging for myself of their manner and style of lecturing. And in attaining both these objects I was helped greatly by Dr. Heimann, and partly also by Professor Böckh, to whom Hugh Rose, his fellow labourer on the subject of Greek inscriptions, had given me a letter of introduction. I called upon Böckh, well known by his learned work on the Public Economy of Athens, and by his edition of Pindar, and found him very courteous and agreeable. It seemed as if the tobacco-pipe, never out of his hand and always ready to be applied to his lips, had enabled him to retain a placid and benignant countenance, notwithstanding the constant and severe studies in which he must have been engaged. Afterwards, I received from him the following note:

Geehrter Herr,—In Bezug auf Ihr gefälliges Schreiben bitte ich Sie ergebenst Morgen um 11 oder 12 Uhr in das Sprechzimmer der Universität zu kommen, wo ich dann die Ehre haben werde Sie Herr Prof. Gans vorzustellen. Was Herr Prof. Bekker betrifft, so werde ich noch heute, falls ich ihn, wie ich glaube, zu sehen bekommen sollte, mit ihm sprechen, und übersende Ihnen zugleich eine Karte, wodurch ich Sie ihm empfehle. Nur mit überhäuften Geschäften und schwankender Gesundheit kann ich es entschuldigen, dass ich Ihnen noch nicht meinen Gegenbesuch gemacht habe; ich werde dies aber noch in diesen Tagen thun, falls es Ihnen nicht lieber sein sollte, mich noch einmal in meiner Wohnung zu sehen. Mit der Unterhaltung wollen wir schon fertig werden; Sie brauchen blos Muth zu fassen, um Deutsch reden zu können. Dann wollen wir auch über den andern Gegenstand sprechen worauf sich Ihr Brief bezieht, und

ich will Ihnen dann, wenn Sie es wollen, eine Liste von Schriften geben, aus welchen Sie zu dem Zwecke, wovon Sie in Ihren Schreiben reden, eine Auswahl treffen können.¹ Sollten Sie an Herr Rose schreiben, ehe wir uns gesprochen haben werden, so bitte ich mich besonders zu empfehlen.

Ergebenst,
BÖCKH.

Berlin : 27. Febr. 1834.

I am sorry that I kept no journal of my sojourn at Berlin ; but the following sketches of lectures which I attended have been drawn out from some rough notes jotted down at the time, and may therefore be depended on as sufficiently accurate. The ' Ordinary ' theological professors then were Schleiermacher, Hengstenberg, Neander, Marheinecke and Strauss. The hours kept were very different from those to which I had been accustomed at Oxford ; or rather the work covered much more of the early part of the day, and continued, more or less, till 8 at night. Even in winter the lectures began at 7, and it was usual for the same professor to go on lecturing till 10, with only a few minutes interval between the hours sufficient to allow one set of students to retire and another to take their places. If a student came in late there was hissing and scraping of feet on the part of the class ; and on one occasion which I witnessed—at a lecture of Schleiermacher's, at 8 A.M. in December—a student who so transgressed was received with such a volley that he was constrained to withdraw ; the professor good-humouredly remarking—' Why so many ? One or two would have sufficed.'

1. SCHLEIERMACHER, a little old man, weak and tottering, with flowing white hair and with spectacles through which his eye pierced with undimmed lustre, took his seat behind

¹ This refers to books on the German universities and education in general—a subject upon which I had promised Roundell Palmer to write an article for a new magazine in which he was interested, and had helped to set on foot at Oxford during my absence.

a raised desk, on which as he pressed his arms, and thrust forward his wrinkled but animated countenance, one seemed to recognise the acknowledged leader of the new German school of theology. His manner was interesting and energetic rather than solemn or impressive; and occasionally he was facetious, so as to elicit roars of laughter from his audience; which was not large—not more than nineteen or twenty. He made scarcely any reference to his book, and there was no turning over leaves.

2. NEANDER. His lecture room, very spacious—formerly an apartment in the palace—and filled with between two and three hundred students, most of them with hats or caps on, exhibited a very different scene. Walking hurriedly up to his desk, by an instantaneous motion he put his left hand to his forehead, fixed his eyes upon his book, and removed neither—except in the act of spitting, renewed every five minutes—till the end of the lecture, so that it was impossible to obtain a distinct view of his features. Altogether his appearance was very incult; and his coarse black hair, shaggy eyebrows, and dark brown complexion plainly indicated his Jewish extraction. He was lecturing on the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and had no notes, only the Greek Testament. He provoked a laugh from his young hearers by remarking that Paul was ‘nicht fertig’ with the use of his moods, because *ἴνα* is found (1 Cor. iv. 6) with the indicative; which according to Winer is ‘a faulty construction of later Greek.’

3. BÖCKH also had a very large attendance of students, and among them I counted with regret—regarding it as a symptom of excessive study—not less than twelve with spectacles.¹ On one occasion when I heard him, he was

¹ I see that Lord Dufferin, in his St. Andrews Rectorial Address (April 6, 1891), attributes to the practice of *fighting*, so prevalent among German students, ‘the disadvantage of putting a large proportion of the

lecturing on the *Antigone* of Sophocles ; on another, his subject was the origin of the Amphictyonic Council. His personal appearance was in great contrast to that of Neander. Though his countenance bore marks of hard study, the expression was pleasing, with a mild lustre in the eyes, and now and then an agreeable smile. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanly, but constant reference to his notes gave to his delivery a cramped and awkward effect : although doubtless fully master of his subject, it did not carry him on in that free and easy way which renders attention a pleasure rather than an exertion. I noticed among his auditors an elderly gentleman, scribbling away with great perseverance, who, I was afterwards told, was the famous geographer and naturalist, Baron Friedrich Alexander von Humboldt.

4. HENNING, a disciple of Hegel, impressed me more perhaps than any other professor whom I heard. His appearance was that of a strikingly clever looking man, with dark hair and eyes, and bare forehead ; and his style and manner of lecturing, from the animation and energy with which he spoke, never clogged by reference to book or notes, further set off by a graceful delivery, resembled a piece of acting. His subject was the science of Ideas ; and he had a large and attentive audience.

5. The name of IMMANUEL BEKKER, as a chief among Greek scholars, had been long familiar to me, and, if I had not been told beforehand what I was to expect from him, I should have been grievously disappointed. If Henning was a model of an animated and attractive lecturer, Bekker was the reverse ; and consequently his lecture room was almost empty. The students (not above a dozen) treated him with scant respect, scraping and hissing when he was not loud enough to be well heard (for he often mumbled

population into spectacles.' If he is correct, my inference was a mistaken one.

sadly), and he repaid their rudeness with marked indifference. He was going through Thucydides—an author whom he had edited—and had arrived at the speeches of Diodotus and of the Platæans in Book III. Holding a small volume of the text in his right hand, and loose leaves of translated passages and notes in his left, he looked alternately from one to the other, but never for a moment lifted his eyes upon the class during the whole lecture, so that what he said had the effect of a soliloquy rather than of an address to them. To me his Greek was not easy to follow, as he laid more stress upon accent than we are wont to do. I took him to be about the age of Gaisford, perhaps rather younger, and there was, I fancied, a slight resemblance between them. Altogether it was distressing and melancholy to see a man of European reputation exhibit himself to so little advantage, and to find him apparently without honour in his own country. I may add that in private he had the character of being remarkably reserved and taciturn; so that, as he was known to be a great linguist, it was commonly said of him that he held his tongue in ten languages!

STRAUSS, who had come to Berlin to attend Schleiermacher's lectures, was still quite a young man, not more than twenty-six; but he had been ordained, and I heard him preach in the Cathedral. On entering the pulpit, he made a bow to the Royal pew, though, if I remember right, it was unoccupied. The prayers used were from the 'Agende,' or Prussian Liturgy, put forth by order of the king, Frederick William III., a few years before (1829), at the instigation of Chevalier Bunsen. I also heard Marheinecke in his own church, where the service consisted of little or nothing besides singing and the sermon. Towards the end of a long piece of psalmody, he ascended the pulpit, and, having read eight or ten verses of the New Testament for his

text, delivered an extemporary discourse upon Christ's entry into Jerusalem, from the Gospel for the Day, 1st Sunday in Advent, with a considerable degree of action, during rather more than half an hour, after which the congregation dispersed. Of Schleiermacher I have already spoken. I obtained an introduction to him through Dr. Heimann, shortly before his death ; and I took part in the procession of students and others, on foot and in carriages, who formed an almost interminable *cortège* at his funeral, so that it seemed as if the whole city had joined to pay him that last tribute of respect. The professor of whom I saw most in private was Neander. I was admitted to the quiet tea parties given to a select number of his students on Sunday evenings, at which his sister presided. On one occasion my presence and something I had said led to a conversation in which the good professor expressed himself somewhat strongly in condemnation of what he considered the lax notions of literary morality prevalent in England. For instance, he could not understand how a man could venture to publish a book under the title of 'The Diary of a Late Physician,' who had never been a physician at all. And he thought the public mind must be in a very unhealthy condition which could tolerate such deception. I said what I could in justification of the practice, of which several other instances had then recently occurred, and had come to the professor's knowledge ; but it was evident that my defence made no impression.

At Berlin I followed up the interest, which already at Greifswald I had begun to take, in the subject of German education. In this connection I do not remember that anything struck or pleased me more than a visit I paid to one of the largest of the six public gymnasias, named Zum Grauen Closter, then under Dr. Köpke. It was on occasion of a musical entertainment in which the pupils, upwards

of 500, all took part, and, so far as I could judge, with great success. They had all been taught to sing as an essential element of a good education. I could not help saying to myself, ‘Why should not we in England do the same?’ And it will be seen, in the sequel of these Annals, that the impression then and there made upon my mind was not allowed to pass away without producing practical results.

Although the German Church is not in either of its branches, Lutheran or Reformed, episcopal in the ordinary sense of the term, it retains the use of the ordinance of Confirmation, and gives to it its due prominence. Indeed, it would be well if, in many instances, we Episcopalians would take a lesson from the thoroughness with which, as a rule, preparation for it is carried out. All boys in the public gymnasia at the age of fourteen are required by law to attend a *Prediger* for a year, once a week or oftener, to receive religious instruction, and the masters of the several gymnasia are bound to see that this is done by all the boys under their charge. The *Prediger* is chosen by the parents. I noticed that a similar system prevailed in Norway. There, Confirmation, which can only be obtained after a lengthened course of teaching, and strict examination by the clergy, is indispensable for admission into any public office, and even for marriage.

Besides our courteous reception by the English Ambassador, then Lord Minto, whose daughters also were pupils of Dr. Heimann, and a grand entertainment upon one occasion at the palace of the Crown Prince, afterwards King Frederick William IV., I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Canon Jelf (who had married a very agreeable German lady), and of his pupil Prince George, who afterwards became King of Hanover, and had some time before met with the sad accident which deprived him in great measure of his eyesight. He appeared to be a

very amiable youth, and his tutor spoke of him with great satisfaction.

When the time came for leaving Berlin, early in the spring of 1834, we moved to Dresden. It cannot be said that Berlin is a city ever to grow fond of. It had no commanding feature to excite interest; no grand river, no Tower of London, no Westminster Hall, no St. Paul's, no Westminster Abbey, no Houses of Parliament. But with Dresden I was charmed from the first. The Elbe alone, as it there flows, is sufficient to ennoble it. It has every advantage—social, natural, and artistic, and I may add, so far as my experience went, of climate—to make it a delightful place of residence. Seen at a little distance, when approached from the south, it reminded me of Oxford. Here we were again fortunate in our German master, and the German spoken is said to be as pure as is anywhere to be found. The man of most mark as a literary character was Tieck, the translator of Shakespeare. He was in the habit of receiving company in an evening, to whom he gave readings. I was present on one such occasion, when he read his own German translation of a comedy of Goldoni.

At Dresden I fell in with a Christ Church Student, Cyril Page, whom I mentioned before as one of our best skaters, and who had also been distinguished as a strong oar in our college boat. We had heard it stated that the current under the bridge over the Elbe was so strong that no boat had ever been known to surmount it. Our English pluck was at once aroused, and Page and I made up our minds that the thing was to be done, and that we would do it. We had a couple of oars made for the purpose, better than any that could be obtained on the spot, but we were forced to put up with the best boat we could find. Cantelupe undertook to act as our coxswain. The day came for the great exploit. We got our boat with its head

well against the stream, and rowed straight on till we were just within the mouth of the centre arch, and fully expected to be able to succeed. Meanwhile, a considerable crowd had collected on the bridge to see two foolish young Englishmen attempt to do what was known to be impossible. We pulled and pulled with all our might, for some ten minutes or more, at the point we had reached within the arch's mouth, without advancing an inch; and then there was nothing for it but to give in. Virgil has well described how the matter ended:

Haud aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigio subigit, *si brachia forte remisit*,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

It was sadly ignominious, but we had done our best. The truth is, the thing *was* impossible, but only, I believe, because our boat (like all others there used) had no proper keel, and so could not take hold of the stream, which passed under it at its own free will; ¹ whether the same experiment has ever been repeated since, and with greater knowledge of the problem to be solved than we had shown, I cannot say.

From Dresden we thought it right and proper to pay our respects to Leipzig; and we timed our visit so as to fall in with the famous bookselling fair. Here—it was, I think, on the evening of our arrival—I had the misfortune to commit a shocking enormity, though *in parvâ re*. I did what I suppose no man has ever done before or since—I sat down upon a lady's bonnet! It happened thus. Having gone for supper into the large *salle-à-manger*, laid out for some 200 guests, we made up to two chairs which appeared to be disengaged. A lady and a gentleman were sitting opposite.

¹ When the above was written, I was not aware that the inter-university race is now, and has been since 1857, rowed with *keel-less* boats; which leads me to fear that my theory, as stated in the text, may not hold good.

The lady imprudently had taken off her bonnet and placed it—not upon the chair beside her, but upon one on the opposite side of the table. That chair I had fixed on for myself, and without looking to see whether there was anything upon it, I sat down. The effect was instantaneous. I started up as if I had been sitting unawares on a bed of nettles or a nest of hornets. But who shall describe the face of that lady, or even the face of the gentleman, when, taking up the squashed bonnet—a smart new one, evidently bought to make a sensation at the fair—I presented it to the fair owner—an unsightly ruin! The fault was not altogether mine. The bonnet had no business to be where it was. Nevertheless the untoward accident so discomposed me, that it entirely took away my appetite, and I retired supperless to my own room. I ought perhaps to have offered to buy the lady another bonnet; but this, in my confusion, did not occur to me.

At Leipzig, I availed myself of a letter of introduction, given to me, I think, at Berlin, to call upon Professor Hermann, the Greek scholar, Porson's antagonist. He made his appearance in top-boots, as if prepared to go out hunting, to which (strange to tell of a German professor) he was said to be much addicted. Our conversation turned upon recent appointments to English bishoprics—including Blomfield and Monk. And he was much puzzled to understand how the editing of Greek plays could prove a fitting prelude or recommendation for promotion to the episcopate.

It was one of my greatest pleasures, while I was abroad, to keep up correspondence with my friends at Oxford, and to know that I was not forgotten by them. It would astonish young men—perhaps even young ladies—of the present day to see some of the letters which I received during my travels, and still preserve, occupying four closely

written pages of quarto paper, and some of them crossed on every page, from Walter Hamilton, Thomas Claughton, Roundell Palmer, William Palmer, Antony Grant, Eardley-Wilmot, and others. I do not remember that I was myself quite a match for my correspondents in point of prolixity ; but it appears that such was the case from a letter of Claughton's (April 3, 1838), in which he writes : 'I have still in my possession some of those *crossed* and *recrossed* specimens of classical epistles with which you used to favour your friends in good old *Baccalaurean times*.' Again, September 7, 1840, he writes from North Wales : 'I thought of you the other day at Tan-y-Bwlch, where I passed a night during a short tour I was taking. I remember receiving from you when you were there one of those *long* and beautiful letters you used to write when earth wore a different garb to us both from what she wears now.' I have never been in the habit of taking copies of my letters except upon important matters of business ; and, so far as I know (but I have made little inquiry), they have not been preserved, except by my brother Christopher. From Eardley-Wilmot, before setting out, I had received, besides other letters, two epistles in Latin Elegiac verse, written from Naples, which are now before me, and which I prize as not unworthy to be compared to those of Milton, when a young man, to his friend Charles Deodate. Sir Eardley-Wilmot still cultivates his elegant gift of composition in Latin verse, which gained for him the Latin verse prize at Oxford in 1829, the year after Claughton had won it. In 1887 he published a collection of short elegiac poems, entitled '*Mentoni Florilegium*,' which, in token of our old friendship, and still congenial tastes, he kindly dedicated to me.

I quote a few passages from the mass of correspondence to which I have referred. But, before doing so, let me

insert the following, which I find jotted down in an old memorandum book just after I had arrived in Sweden : 'Two great advantages of travel. (1) It quickens one's gratitude and affection towards absent friends, and piety and thankfulness towards God for the blessing of birth in a Christian country such as England. (2) Is the best school for acquiring a habit of observation.'

In a letter from ROUNDELL PALMER, dated Oxford, October 30, 1833, and addressed to me (prematurely) at Leipzig, the first beginnings of the Tractarian movement are thus alluded to :

Keble has been preaching and publishing an assize sermon against 'National Apostacy,' which I should like to send you, if it were possible. And he and other Orielites are exerting themselves very much to resist by all loyal and Christian means the expected attacks upon Church doctrine and discipline. They have printed and distributed a good many tracts upon these subjects, and wish a society to be formed of the friends of the Church for these purposes. For in truth, my dear friend, the political horizon does not look better than it did when you were last in England, and every one expects that the Church and the Universities will be almost the first subjects taken in hand in the coming session.

Again, from the same, December 14, to me at Berlin :

Another subject which excites much conversation and interest just now in the Common Rooms and donnish circles of Oxford is the bold and decided manner in which a party in the Church, of which Keble is a leading member, are exerting themselves to occupy a high ground against any expected attacks or innovations from the State. They have not met with much warm co-operation in Oxford, but have succeeded much better among the *Vinegar Tops*, as my Brother Porson [our *sobriquet* of William Palmer] used to call the country clergymen. Their first step is to be an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, embodying their sentiments and breathing their resolution. How far this is or

is not judicious remains to be seen. What do you think about it?

The following sentences of a letter from the same correspondent, though of a date two years later (September 14, 1835, when I had just settled at Winchester), are of so much interest and of such high value that I cannot refrain from inserting them here. He had finished his university course with extraordinary *éclat* the year before.

I go into a conveyancer's office early in November. I have been reading much more steadily all this summer than at any previous time which I can remember; both at law, classics, and divinity, besides modern miscellaneous books. My love of the classics is much increased, and I have formed a deliberate resolution to give them a certain portion of every day (except Sundays) hereafter; by which means I hope in the course of a few years to become master of the whole range of ancient literature—not critically, but substantially. Even in law I take considerable pleasure and interest; and I trust if God continues to give me grace, to make His glory the end and object of all my studies, by which a power is unquestionably gained for the right or wrong use of which all who possess it must be deeply responsible. May God grant, my dearest Wordsworth, that you may so use the . . . which He has given you, and the opportunities of your present situation, as to call down His blessing upon yourself and upon all within your influence!

WALTER HAMILTON to me at Berlin, under date January 13, 1834. He was then a Fellow of Merton, and preparing to become Tutor.

We are now in most anxious expectation about the measure of Church Reform to be introduced by her Majesty's Ministers. Of course any plan they may contemplate bringing forward will only affect the temporalities of the Church. They will not, I trust, touch the spiritualities. Should they attempt to do so, they will find that the clergy as a body are fully prepared to resist at all hazards such innovations. The claims of the Church of England as the true Church of Christ have been put forward

most strongly of late, and have excited great attention both among the clergy and society. Sinclair, the chaplain of the Bishop of Edinburgh, has written an admirable treatise on Episcopacy, and Newman and Keble &c. are constantly putting out small and well-written tracts on these subjects. The anticipated danger of any attempts to encroach on the rights of the clergy as ministers of Christ has caused a union of persons hitherto much separated, and I think all such distinctions as Evangelicals &c. are likely to die away. The general interest, and the vindication of our common principles, are uniting such men as the Wilberforces &c. and my cousin Hook for instance, or, I ought rather to instance to you, Hugh Rose. The result of these changes will be very advantageous to the true High Church party. Hitherto, they have been identified with hunting parsons [the *Vinegar Tops* of William Palmer] and cold, unaffectionate preachers. They will now be stripped of these adventitious auxiliaries, and will be known only as the unflinching asserters of the claims of the Church. I trust their zeal will not make them bigots, and that in their just reprobation of the popular principle of expediency they will not think it necessary to disregard prudence and sobriety; for though double-mindedness and instability be equally contemptible in the eyes of God and man, still foolhardiness and zeal without knowledge do not in consequence become virtues.

In another of his letters WALTER HAMILTON mentions that he had been reading the 'Excursion,' which I had given him, and he admired it so much that 'he valued it next to the Bible.'

THOMAS CLAUGHTON, who had become private tutor in Lord Ely's family, wrote to me at Berlin about the same date, January 10, from Ely Lodge, near Enniskillen in Ireland, a long letter, of which the following are extracts:

I must thank you for your descant on the Hardanger Fjeld. Oh, that I could have been with you! There is no deprivation which I would not have submitted to for the sake of seeing the glorious work of Nature uncontaminated, as it were, by man. Thirty miles without a single house! No tea, sugar, candles; no bread! A bed in a hayloft! I could have borne all this; one

hint you gave was the only thing which ‘blanched my cheek,’ but you introduced it only in the way of illustration. I mean the Corinthians ἐν τοῖς σπρώμασι [the reader of Aristophanes will recognise the allusion]. In all speculations I ever indulged of foreign travel, those little gentlemen arose to my imagination—an insuperable obstacle—giant spectres, with which I should never have courage to contend.

Elsewhere, in the same letter, there occurs a more serious strain.

I pray that we may live to realise our hopes; that we may strengthen and comfort one another; or again, in your own words (for you cannot think how closely they answer to my feelings), that those who first assembled together for the purpose of innocent festivities at Oxford [in allusion to the Bachelors’ Club] may be united into a Clerical Brotherhood to withstand the evil spirit of our time.¹ Such a lot is almost too much to hope for—too infinitely above our deserts—but I humbly look forward, under the blessing of a most merciful God. . . . While you have been reading Rose [Hugh Rose’s University sermons, mainly intended for undergraduates] to Cantelupe, I have been doing the same here [to Lord Loftus and his younger brothers.] These coincidences are what Tennyson calls *dualisms*. Farewell, dearest Wordsworth. Write again soon.

It has often been remarked that the beautiful combination of elegance of manners with virtuous living in the midst of affluence is nowhere to be seen in such perfection as in many of the families of the British nobility. From several passages in their letters about this period, I should infer that both Claughton and R. Palmer would be prepared

¹ The same sentiment is expressed more fully in a letter to me at Winchester four years later, October 1838: ‘It is a blessing—a great blessing—dear Wordsworth, that those who tasted the sweets of literary *leisure* together, and indulged the *innocent* levities of youth in each other’s society, are now linked together by a more endearing tie than ἡδονή; are brought by God’s good Spirit to a sense of His mercy and goodness towards them, and are being animated by this sense to a common zeal in His cause.’

to give the testimony of their own experience to the truth of that remark.

My engagement with Lord Cantelupe ended early in June, and we returned to England just in time to enable me to be present at Oxford for the Grand Commemoration when the Duke of Wellington was installed as Chancellor, and when he made his famous false quantities, 'Doctōres,' 'Jacōbus,' and 'Carōlus.'¹ The second, however, was not quite *so false* as his critics supposed. See Quicherat's *Thesaurus*, s.v.

Later on in the same summer I went abroad again on my own account, with William Palmer as my companion. Our first destination was Paris; where I remained, after Palmer had left me to go on to Tours, and where I soon after fell in with Phillips, mentioned above as one of our party at Bowness in 1827, who the year before had travelled with my brother Christopher in Italy, and to whom he had dedicated his 'Inscriptiones Pompeianæ.' Yes—and I fell in, also, with one the sight of whom was destined to have an all-powerful influence over my future life, as the following verses, composed at the time, will sufficiently explain. Phillips was with me in the gallery of the Louvre, and we were examining the pictures together, when the incident occurred.

Love at First Sight: an incident in the Louvre.

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

As You Like It, act iii. sc. v.

With slowly-pacing steps and gaze,
Still lost amidst the enchanting maze,
The pictured walls of Louvre,
I looked: when lo! in lovelier guise
A nobler study meets my eyes;
'Tis Nature's own *chef-d'œuvre*!

¹ See Frank Buckland's *Life*, p. 6.

A giddy traveller's wayward flights,
To run the gauntlet of strange sights,
Had brought me late to France,
Careless alike to stay or go,
When Cupid, smiling, ' Say you so ? '
Transfixed me with a glance.

One instant, and the heart so sound
Fell stricken by a mortal wound ;
(So short the fatal strife !)
One look, the affections captive ta'en
Received the indissoluble chain,
Close prisoners for life.

Entranced I stood upon the spot,
Nor saw the change come o'er my lot,
All wrought in that brief minute ;
Nor fancied, 'mid those gilded walls,
Once caught, a cage alike enthralls
The lover—and the linnet.

Palace of Art ! in richest stores
Thy still, still lengthening corridors
Unfold their choicest treasure :
No more upturned the inquiring eye
Is fixed their beauties to descry
With soul-absorbing pleasure.

No more arrest my vacant stare
Correggio's grace or David's glare ;
E'en Raphael pleads in vain :
Vainly great Titian spreads the lure
Of jovial Monk or Nun demure,
To ease the unwonted pain.

Fair damsels from their several nooks
Pursue me with imploring looks
To win a passing smile ;
Gay courtiers bow ; cavaliers bold
Shoulder their arms and bid me hold
Unheeded all the while.

Vain art ! what can thy skill avail ?
Old masters, your young mistress hail ;
 Bow down before your queen :
 Not Zeuxis dipped his magic brush
 In colours like that virgin blush,
 Or *dreamt* the form I've seen.

No borrowed grace, no mimic hue,
 Is pictured there to mock the true,
 No fancied light or shade :
 Fresh from the Almighty Artist's hands,
 Unique in native charms she stands,
 A modest, matchless maid.

What wonder then the connoisseur
 Became thenceforth an amateur ?
 So quickly doth improve
 The taste which living forms inspire ;
 Enough, Art's beauties we *admire* ;
 But Nature 'tis we *love*.

It was not long before I succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the lady, and the wished-for result soon followed. I was engaged to be married. She proved to be an orphan daughter of a Norfolk clergyman, of the name of Day, who and his wife had both died young, leaving rather a large family ill-provided for ; and she was then under the charge of an aunt, Mrs. Betson (the widow of an English officer), who had generously undertaken to provide for her education, and for that of a younger sister. For this purpose she had established herself in a comfortable house in the Champs-Élysées, where several other ladies also boarded with her *en pension*, partly for educational advantages and partly for companionship. The names of her two nieces were Charlotte and Mary, the former about eighteen, the latter two or three years younger ; and, as I soon discovered, almost equally charming, though

in quite different ways. There was nothing to regret in the acquaintance which I had thus formed somewhat blindly, and, it may be thought, too precipitately. Mrs. Betson herself had seen a good deal of the world, and was a lady to be thoroughly esteemed and liked on every account. And the inmates of her house, both the older and the younger, formed a select and agreeable society, into which, when my purpose became known, I was received upon familiar and friendly terms. Some evidence of this appears in two other copies of verses; which, together with a third and much shorter specimen, may be inserted here. It would seem as if love was bent upon making me a poetaster at that time.

To Mrs. Betson.

Lines written on being asked to apply to Mrs. B. to grant some additional holidays to certain young ladies under her charge, and intended to be introductory to a longer copy of verses written about the same time, and entitled, 'Lines on a Balloon which was to have ascended from the Champ de Mars.'

How oft, beneath thy cheerful roof,
 Thy kindness have I put to proof,
 Thy hospitalities enjoyed,
 And courtesies that never cloyed !
 Therefore, dear madam, I make free
 T' address to you this *jeu d'esprit*—
 Verse—doggerel, call it what you will,
 The offspring of my sportive quill,
 To read—just as you please—or burn it,
 Keep—if you'd rather—or return it.
 'Tis all about the grand balloon
 That planned a voyage to the moon,
 But having met with sad disaster,
 Went up too fast, and came down faster.
 And now that I've my pen in hand,
 A favour I would fain demand,
 Or rather (that you mayn't refuse).
 'Tis a petition from the Muse—

The Muse who looks with special favour
On all young ladies' good behaviour—
That to Miss Charlotte and Miss Polly Days
You'll please to grant some extra holidays.

To set my suit on firmer basis,
That said balloon a striking case is,
And proves (as I need scarcely mention)
The danger of too great *a tension* ;
For if 't had not been overloaded
The gas, 'tis clear, had ne'er exploded.
Nor deem it strange that I should class
Thus in one image girls and gas ;
Nor blame the parallel, if in it I
Can trace 'tween both a close affinity.
First, both are lighter far than air,
As all philosophers declare,
While learned and unlearn'd agree
That both alike begin with G ;
To both two magic powers belong,
Charms subtle and enchantments strong,
And hidden laws, and delicate ties,
With many a nicely-planned disguise,
And sympathies more exquisite
Than aught beheld by mortal sight,
In equal right to both are given
By special grant and grace of Heaven.
Then, mark ! what kindred spirit passes
'Tween laughing gas, and laughing lasses !
To freaks elastic both inclined,
Oft appear fickle as the wind ;
And sometimes too, as I've been told,
Like wind, they can blow hot and cold :
Each in their sphere surpassing bright,
Unfailing source of purest light,
On earth to girls and gas 'tis given
To shine like sun and moon in Heaven.
By them alike it is we rise
To nobler heights and clearer skies,
And spurn this coarser world of clay,
To soar where angels point the way ;

Aspire to reach (where fixed above
 Dwell bliss and ecstasy and love)
 By holier aims to brighter purity,
 And snatch a foretaste of futurity.
 Nor less of each the power withdrawn,
 We sink as fast, deprest, forlorn ;
 Beneath the blast of frowns azotic
 The fainting heart can scarcely go tick,
 Till vital smiles of sweetest oxygen
 Return, and all our bosom knocks again.
 Thus, duly trained, they both conduce
 Alike to ornament and use ;
 But let rash mortals still beware,
 And treat them with the nicest care ;
 Nor beat nor box empyreal essences,
 Nor harshly hold their spiritual presences ;
 For—seek too closely to compress—
 Or once apply them in excess,
 (Oh ! that excessive application
 'Tis shocking quite, 'tis ruination !)
 No more the same delightful creatures,
 They pout, and spoil their pretty features ;
 Nor force can curb, nor art assuage
 The terrors of their bursting rage,
 Till Heav'n convulsed proclaims, alas !
 The explosion of the ill-tempered gas.

But to return from this digression,
 And urge the point I lay most stress on,
 'Tis clear that nothing is more odious
 Than ladies when they're over-studious ;
 And yours are all so charming steady,
 'Tis plain they've learnt enough already ;
 Indeed, to silence all objection.
 I'll lay my life they're quite perfection ;
 Why now, for instance, there's Miss B——r,
 No one can meet and not remark her,
 Or fail (while others change) to find
 Her still the same—gay, good, and kind :
 And then, Miss H——d, all agree
 She's quite accomplished—*cap-à-pie* :

Pray tell me too has not Miss Y——g
 All lady-lore at tip o' tongue ?
 Then, school Miss Day ! 'twould be as silly
 To paint the rose or prune the lily,
 Perfume the violet, or set
 On daisy's crown a coronet,
 Instruct the nightingale to sing,
 Or chide the lark's sweet carolling,
 Direct the babbling brook to run,
 Or hold a taper to the sun.
 Or—talk of lessons for Miss Mary !—
 Teach wiles and gambols to a fairy !
 A spirit so serene and lively
 Learns ever best intuitively,
 As sweetest notes from Memnon's lyre
 Came, tho' no finger touched the wire.

And now, methinks, no more is wanted :
 The suit is gained, the boon is granted,
 Or, if not yet, I still have store
 Of arguments—full half a score ;
 Besides, what matters that or this day
 With girls so very good as Miss Day ?
 Or, if you're still so very stingy,
 I hope Queen Mab may come and pinch ye,
 And fairies dance their merriest romps
 All in the midst of your accompts,
 So that, enough to turn your stomach,
 You shan't know how much two and two make ;
 And when you sit in th' abbess' chair
 Find nought but pins and needles there !
 But stop, when fair persuasions fail,
 Foul words, methinks, will scarce prevail.

Enough ! In youth, the poets say,
 'Tis right that we should dance and play,
 Till old age comes to spoil our jolly days—
 And so, you'll grant some extra holidays !

*On Being Told that Miss Mary Day was Angry with me
for calling her 'Polly.'*

O ! naughty, naughty deed, Mary ;
For pardon let me plead, Mary ;
 To call thee ' Polly '
 'Twas worse than folly,
'Twas very rude indeed, Mary.

To slight thy own sweet name, Mary,
Fie on my muse for shame ! Mary,
 (A name more sweet,
 For thee more meet,
From human lips ne'er came, Mary.)

And not alone to slight, Mary,
But in its stead to write, Mary,
 (O ! fatal crime
 For one poor rhyme !)
A name that's shocking quite, Mary.

O ! say then, only say, Mary,
What penance I must pay, Mary,
 What course pursue
 My fault t' eschew,
And thy just wrath allay, Mary.

All prostrate—*tout à coup*—Mary,
Forgiveness must I sue, Mary ?
 Or would it please,
 Upon my knees,
Until they're black and blue, Mary ?

Or upright on a stool, Mary,
With cap yclept of Fool, Mary,
 Dost thou command
 That I should stand,
Like naughty boys at school, Mary ?

Or must I, every day, Mary,
Ave Marias say, Mary,
 A countless score
 Of thousands—more
Than pilgrims when they pray, Mary ?

Or (more poetic lot) Mary,
Must I teach grove and grot, Mary,
 Hill, dale, and all
 Sing 'Pretty Poll,'
Like Orpheus—did he not, Mary?

Then tell me, prithee tell, Mary,
How we may—by what spell—Mary,
 (To make amends)
 Be greater friends
Than if 't had ne'er befell, Mary.

I vow—nor think it vain—Mary,
I would not give thee pain, Mary,
 For all the gold,
 In heaps untold,
Of Peru, or of Spain, Mary.

And when you fain would shrink, Mary,
From me—I look and think, Mary,
 There's naught for you
 I would not do,
Should you but only wink, Mary.

And yet 'tis strange but true, Mary,
I know not what to do, Mary,
 No bashful maid
 Was e'er afraid
So much as I with you, Mary.

There's something dread, I own, Mary,
In Mrs. Betson's frown, Mary;
 But one fierce look
 I could not brook
From you: I should go drown, Mary.

O! happy all the day, Mary,
With thee to sport and play, Mary,
 With thee to dance—
 As, in a trance,
I've danced with many a fay, Mary.

Thy simple look meanwhile, Mary,
To soothe me, or beguile, Mary,
 More magic has
 Than laughing gas :—
To see thee is to smile, Mary.

I love to see the deer, Mary,
Prick the quick-startled ear, Mary,
 Look coyly round—
 Then softly bound,
Half smiles—and half in fear, Mary.

But e'en the Rylstone Doe, Mary,
So white and *comme il faut*, Mary,
 With thee compared,
 Would be declared
As black as any crow, Mary.

Sweetly the kittens play, Mary ;
But sweeter far than they, Mary,
 The cottage child
 That still runs wild
Yet never runs astray, Mary.

You know the 'Highland Girl,' Mary,
Whom, sportive as a squirr'l, Mary,
 The Bard espied,
 More overjoyed
Than if he'd found a pearl, Mary.

Nor less, where'er I turn, Mary,
Toward *thee my* fancies yearn, Mary,
 Thy figure haunts,
 Thy look enchants,
In every brake and bourn, Mary.

And oft beside the shore, Mary,
When on the waves I pore, Mary,
 Their dancing glee
 Brings thoughts of thee
To gladden and restore, Mary.

And where the willows bend, Mary,
 My course I often wend, Mary ;
 Their motions watch
 Until I catch
 The shapes that thee attend, Mary.

Or if my path I trace, Mary,
 Deep in some shady place, Mary,
 Thou and the Breeze
 Still wave the trees
 And dapple all my face, Mary.

And now that hours I've lain, Mary,
 Upon my bed in pain, Mary,
 While nothing cures,
 One smile of yours
 Would make me well again, Mary.

*Lines sent with the Gift of a French New Testament to
 Miss Charlotte Day.*

Farewell to my dear little volume ! nor fear :
 Though we part, 'tis a parting will make thee more dear :
 Henceforth other looks o'er thy pages will stray,
 Other fingers will touch, other eyes will survey ;—
 Then go, and I would that your fortune were mine,
 In the joy of her presence for ever to shine :
 Save—but this you may whisper apart to herself—
 That I never, like you, may be *laid on the shelf*.

When the long vacation was drawing to an end, I returned home, and Miss Day remained with her aunt. Early in the following spring my friend Claughton, happening to be in Paris, called, at my request, upon the ladies in the Champs-Élysées ; and it was no little pleasure to me, as may be supposed, to receive from him the following report, dated March 5, 1835, in commendation of my choice.

I need not say, dearest Wordsworth, that I availed myself of the permission you gave me to see *her* whom you have chosen, and I think I need scarcely tell you how very highly I approve your choice. Miss Day is exactly the person I should have expected to please you, and it is not difficult to read in her eyes that which pierced a heart now *proved* susceptible of the most purifying and ennobling of all passions. A child of Nature she seems, shy and retiring, as you said. . . . And now I will describe the interview. I went on Monday, and found Mrs. Betson in the room, a very nice old lady. . . . By-and-by the lady herself appeared, blushing to be presented to your representative, who was at once convinced of the happiness of his principal; but before much had passed an old Colonel Somebody called to take the ladies a drive. So I vanished.

Upon my return to Christ Church I was appointed to a public tutorship by Gaisford, who had succeeded my old patron Dr. Smith as Dean in 1831. I attended Burton's course of Divinity Lectures; and in the following December I was ordained Deacon by the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bagot. My first sermon was preached on the Whitsunday of the next year, June 8, 1835. Roundell Palmer begged me to supply his father's duty at Fimmere, a village about eighteen miles from Oxford. We drove over together in a gig on the Sunday morning, and returned in the evening. My text was from the first words of the Gospel for the day, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments'; and as an instance of the pains which, in distrust of myself, I was wont to take upon any matter about which I was anxious, I may mention that in the course of preparing the sermon I read over the whole of the four Gospels in order to impress upon my own mind as fully as I could the all-important lesson of love to Christ which I was to endeavour to teach to others. I also remember that my constitutional nervousness on the occasion caused so much exhaustion that I was obliged to go to bed between the services.

About the same time—*i.e.* in the spring of 1835—Dean Gaisford did me the further honour of designating me for the office of Prælector Græcus, in succession to Robert Hussey. That lectureship, after a suspension of many years, had been revived by Gaisford, and Hussey had been the first to hold it. My duties in it were to commence after the long vacation. But the good providence of God in my behalf determined otherwise.

My main desire and object now was, as may be supposed, to attain some position which would enable me to marry. And in this I succeeded almost beyond what it was possible to hope for. The Second Mastership of Winchester was to become vacant at Midsummer, by the resignation of Ridding, and my Wykehamist friends—especially Roundell Palmer, Edward Twisleton, and Eardley-Wilmot—persuaded me to try for it. The appointment, worth some 1,400*l.* a year, with a house and other perquisites, was a most desirable one;¹ in some respects, indeed, more desirable than the head mastership, as it did not involve the taking of boarders, or any but the slightest personal superintendence out of school hours; and, upon the whole, I doubt whether there was any educational position in England which possessed so many recommendations with so few drawbacks. But it had never been held by any one but a Wykehamist, and the prejudice on that account would be strong against me; the election being in the hands of the Warden and Fellows, all, of course, Wykehamists themselves. However, '*Nil desperandum*' has always been my motto; and at least I could try what testimonials would do to overcome the prejudice. I had already the advantage of having made acquaintance with the Warden, Barter, as a tennis player, when he was at

¹ Since my time the circumstances of the office have been much altered, and the stipend greatly reduced.

New College, and I had reason to believe that he would regard my candidature without disapproval, perhaps even with favour. And so it turned out. Friends and acquaintances rallied round me most kindly, so that I was enabled to send in an array of testimonials—not less than a hundred—such as I suppose was rarely, if ever, seen before upon any occasion. They comprised, among other recommendations of my claims, letters from men of whom

one	became	Archbishop of Canterbury,
ten	„	Bishops,
eleven	„	Deans,
one	„	Roman Catholic Archbishop and Cardinal,
one	„	Prime Minister,
two	„	Governor-Generals of India,
four	„	Cabinet Ministers,
one	„	Lord Chancellor.

The result was that I was elected.

DEO GRATIAS, QUAM PLURIMAS, QUAM MAXIMAS !

Among letters of congratulation received upon the event, I insert the following to my father from my uncle, the poet; without omitting the passages concerning my aunt Dorothy, because she is now so well known to fame, and there are many who will feel an interest in reading even the painful details which tell of her sad malady.

Lowther Castle :
Saturday, Sept. 26, 1835.

My dear Brother,—I have this moment received your letter forwarded from Rydal, and should answer it at length but for a severe sprain in my right arm which makes it painful and injurious for me to write.

As dear Charles seemed so much set upon marrying, there seems upon the whole good reason for congratulation that he has obtained the appointment at Winchester; but I cannot but hold

to the opinion that his abilities would have rendered him useful, and eminently so, in a less restricted line of occupation. Pray present him my best wishes and kind congratulations. I would have written to him from this place but for the cause I have mentioned.

I know not whether thanks have been sent to Chris for his valuable present and the copies of his ode, which arrived just before I left home ; if not he must excuse his friends. Writing is injurious to Dora—and poor Mrs. W. has so much to do, and is, besides, secretary to the whole family. Pray present this apology to him with my best love, and also to John, thanking him for his letter. Tell him also that I have altered the passages which he found obscure ; all but the last, in *The power of sound*. ‘ Ever she ’ [stanza v.]—that is obscure solely on account of the omission of a note of interrogation immediately preceding the words, ‘ Ever she,’ viz. the Power of Sound, or, in this place, of harmony.

Our dear sister is in bodily health undoubtedly much better. We have been able without injury to reduce the opiates more than one half, and she is gathering flesh ; but her mind received a shock upon the death of Miss Hutchinson from which it has never recovered. It is as sound as ever with regard to events past long ago, and also as to judgments and opinions, but her memory of passing events has greatly failed, and her judgment also in all that respects her disease, though not at all in other things. Indeed I think upon points of morals, character, literature, &c., she expresses herself as well or better than ever she did ; but in regard to her own bodily powers, and to space and time as connected with these, she is almost childish. When, however, I consider how that she is not yet sixty-four years of age, I cannot but hope that if her strength should return, and her health go on improving, her faculties of mind may be considerably restored. I have always thought that this weakening of the mind has been caused by the opium which was thought necessary on account of her great bodily sufferings. This has been as I have said much reduced, and will, I trust, be still more so ; but there is yet no restoration of the mental powers of recollection &c.

Affectionately yours,

W. W.

I must not omit to mention the present of books which, upon leaving Oxford, I received from my friends there. It consisted of eighty-six vols. octavo, handsomely and uniformly bound, and containing the works of Cranmer, Hooker, Pearson, Baxter, Bull, Beveridge, Barrow, Leslie, Bingham, and Waterland—a theological library in itself; and in each volume was a printed label, ‘Carolo Wordsworth *dederunt* Thomas Leigh Claughton, Franciscus Doyle, Antonius Grant, Gualterus Kerr Hamilton, Henricus Liddell, Gulielmus Palmer, Roundell Palmer, Thomas Tancred, Travers Twiss—AMICO AMICI.’ This generous and magnificent gift was due, I believe, pre-eminently to the enthusiastic friendliness of Walter Hamilton and Roundell Palmer. The former—always an enthusiast in everything kind and good—had previously presented me with Heber’s edition of Jeremy Taylor’s works, 15 vols., Pearson’s edition of Leighton’s works, 4 vols., and Casaubon’s edition of Athenæus.

CHAPTER III

FROM MY ELECTION AS SECOND MASTER AT WINCHESTER TO MY
SETTLEMENT IN SCOTLAND—1834-47¹

‘Quod munus reipublicæ afferre majus meliusve possumus quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem?’—CICERO.

Τῇς τέχνης ταύτης οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη μείζων· τί γὰρ ἴσον τοῦ ῥυθμίσαι ψυχὴν, καὶ διαπλάσαι νέου διάνοιαν;—S. CHRYS. *Hom.* lix. *in Matth.* vii.

I ENTERED upon my duties at Winchester after the Midsummer holidays of 1835. It was amusing to see the curiosity which the college boys showed to become acquainted with their new master, and I felt no less interest in becoming acquainted with them—an interest which did not diminish, but rather went on increasing during the whole time of my mastership. I have said ‘the college boys,’ because

¹ *Publications during this period:*

Greek Grammar (Accidence). 1839.

Sermon on 1 John v. part of v. 18. 1840.

Sermon on Evangelical Repentance. 1841.

Appendix to ditto. 1842.

Catechesis, or Christian Instruction preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion. 1842.

Three Sermons on Communion in Prayer. 1843.

Greek Grammar (Syntax). 1843.

Latin Translations of Ken and Keble. 1845.

Family Prayers. 1845.

Christian Boyhood at a Public School: a collection of Sermons and Lectures delivered at Winchester College. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.

College of St. Mary, Winton. Small 4to. Illustrated. 1846.

with 'the commoners' I had comparatively little to do, except during school hours. My residence was in college, and such domestic superintendence as I was expected to exercise was confined to them—the boys on the foundation : they were my special charge, as 'the commoners' were the special charge of the head master. Thus, in a certain sense, my sphere of duty was an independent one, only under the general control of the Warden. With him from the first my relations were upon the happiest footing. He was a man who might be truly described as one of a thousand ; and, being a bachelor, he soon admitted me to an intimacy which was like that of a son, or rather of a younger brother. During that which was called 'the short half-year,' between Midsummer and Christmas, Dr. Williams was to continue on as head master to prevent the inconvenience of both new masters entering upon their offices at once), and then to be succeeded by Moberly, whose election had taken place at the same time as mine, and whom I had known at Oxford as a Fellow of Balliol and a cricketer ; he and I having been at one time two of the three annually chosen so-called 'Treasurers,' but really managers of 'the Magdalen,' then the principal University club. Thus it happened, as I have before remarked in reference to the Warden and tennis, that my athletic associations proved not only a pleasure at the time, but also a pleasure, and sometimes even a benefit, afterwards. Dr. Williams had been already made a Canon of Winchester Cathedral by the Bishop, in token of the esteem in which he was universally held ; and his merits and services were soon to be still further recognised and rewarded by his election to the Wardenship of New College, in succession to Shuttleworth, appointed Bishop of Chichester.

It may well be supposed that my first 'short half-year' appeared to me a very long one, when I tell that the moment

it was over I hastened into Norfolk, and there, on December 29, in Norwich Cathedral, was united to the dear *affiancée* whom I had met with in Paris the year before ; the marriage ceremony being performed by her uncle, Mr. Sandby, of Denton Lodge, and the wedding entertainment given by her principal guardian, Mr. George Morse, of Catton Park, who had also a house in the Close. After spending a few days in London, we proceeded to our home at Winchester, where I was proud to introduce her to the Warden and other friends, and afterwards paid a visit to Mr. Hoare at Hampstead.

The following letter of congratulation came from my uncle, the poet :

Rydal Mount : Jan. 15, 1836.

My dear Charles,—Your marriage was kindly announced to me by Chris, and I now write to congratulate you upon it, and to assure you how heartily we all wish for your happiness. I ought to have written sooner ; but there is little courage in this house for writing to anyone : in fact, your aunt, Mrs. W., is the only one of us who can write at all without inconvenience, and she is engaged from morning to night. It gives us all much pleasure to learn that your situation at Winchester is so much to your mind, and I rejoice to find that you will have so much of the week at your disposal : *that* will leave you at liberty to add to your knowledge ; for it must be a most melancholy thing for a young man to be perpetually going over the same ground with little or no means of advancing in any direction. This, most happily, will not be your case, and I doubt not you will profit by your privilege.

You are now with your bride, I understand, at Mrs. Hoare's. Pray give my love, and that of this family to her, and our sincere and ardent wishes for every earthly comfort that may further, and not stand in the way of, her eternal happiness.

If I go to town in the spring, as not improbably I may, I shall certainly visit you at Winchester.

Your affectionate uncle,
W. WORDSWORTH.

My life, during the ten years I spent at Winchester as second master, will be best described by reference to the main objects to which, over and above my ordinary school duties, I paid most attention ; and of these there are four which, on looking back, appear to me to stand out as most prominent, and to require to be spoken of in some detail.

1. REFORM IN GREEK GRAMMAR.

Half a century ago, the elementary teaching of Greek in English schools was in a condition most unsatisfactory. The old Eton Grammar, so called, was in more general use than any other, but it had come to be regarded, not without abundant reason, as faulty and defective. The upgrowth of more accurate scholarship, mainly through the influence of critics such as Porson and Blomfield and Monk, at Cambridge, and of Elmsley at Oxford, had created a desire for something better—something at once more full and more correct. This had led to the introduction of a variety of Grammars compiled upon different systems, especially in regard to the number and arrangement of declensions of substantives and adjectives, and of conjugations of verbs. Several public schools, such as Charterhouse, had discarded the old Eton book in favour of a Grammar of their own, and not a few private and preparatory schools had naturally followed their example. The confusion which thence arose when a class of boys brought together from those latter schools, in which they had been learning not only different rules, but different systems of rules of perhaps not less than half a dozen various and discordant kinds, had to be taught by us at Winchester, where the Eton Grammar was still in use, may be easily conceived ; the absence of a common standard to refer to causing equal perplexity to the master and to the boys themselves. This

was a state of things which, for their sake still more than for my own, I could not brook ; not to speak of the consciousness which I felt of something like dishonesty in continuing to teach from a book which I knew to be in many respects faulty and unsound. Moreover, the entire evil was one which, as I was more concerned with the elementary teaching of the boys, naturally pressed itself upon my notice more than it would be likely to do upon the notice of the head master, and I determined to endeavour to provide a remedy. The best course appeared to be ¹ not to attempt to introduce any of the more novel systems then prevalent in Germany, and already partially taken up in some of our English schools—a course which, if even desirable in itself (in my opinion a very doubtful point), would virtually amount to a revolution in our existing methods of instruction, and as such would be little likely to be acceptable to the practical English mind—but to retain the old Eton Grammar as, for the most part, in present possession, and subject it to a searching and thorough revision. I had no desire to undertake such a work myself, and moreover I wished it to be undertaken by an Etonian ; if possible by an Eton master, because I was apprehensive that if it were to proceed from any other quarter, especially from any other public school, Eton would be jealous, and would never be induced to welcome the result, however competently and judiciously performed. Under this persuasion (only too well justified, as will be seen in the sequel), I entered into communication with the then head master of Eton—Dr. Hawtrey—and afterwards at his invitation went to Eton to pay him a visit, in order to talk over my scheme, and to urge upon him (which I failed not to do) the expediency of his inducing some Eton man to undertake the work, because from no other quarter would it be likely to meet with so

¹ See the Preface to the first edition of my Greek Grammar.

ready and so general an acceptance. He received my representations very kindly and courteously ; considered my projected 'reform' quite a desirable one ; but—promised nothing. In short, I soon perceived that if I wished to make sure of the work being done at all, I must do it myself. And in coming to this conclusion I could not but see that I had some advantages for the undertaking, which gave me more than ordinary ground for hope that it might eventually succeed. I could depend upon Moberly, our own head master, I could depend upon my brother Christopher, appointed head master of Harrow, in succession to Longley, in 1836, as ready to encourage me in the work and to accept it when performed. Add to this, that in the then head master of Charterhouse (Saunders) I had a kind friend and former private tutor at Oxford. In the then head master of Westminster (Williamson)—who had been appointed by my father as Master of Trinity—I had good hope of at least a considerate hearing, and a hope, which was amply realised, of something more from the then head master of Rugby (Arnold), who had been a Wykehamist, and who, when I was younger, had invited me to become one of his assistants. Moreover, I was on terms of intimacy with both Liddell and Scott, my fellow-students at Christ Church, who were then at work upon their Lexicon, and whose noble example stimulated me to endeavour to perform a service, far inferior indeed, but such as might prove not altogether unworthy or unsuitable to range with theirs ; and another old Christ Church fellow student and esteemed acquaintance, Herbert Kynaston, had been not long before appointed to the head mastership of St. Paul's. But, more than all, I had in my brother John, then a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, a friend and counsellor to whom I could refer in all cases of doubt, and who was not only one of the most accurate Greek scholars that England has

produced (as was shown by his review of Scholfield's *Æschylus* in the 'Philological Museum'), but equally judicious and amiable in communicating what he knew.

With those more than ordinary advantages, then, I set to work; and in January 1839, little more than three years after I had gone as a master to Winchester, appeared the first edition of my Grammar, which contained the *Accidence* only. It was at once received into use at Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby, besides other schools of less prominence; and the acceptance which it met with from competent judges was gratifying in the extreme, infinitely more so than I had ventured to expect. To quote but a few of the compliments with which it was greeted, and first of those from my own old school:

The second master of HARROW,—under my brother Christopher,—HARRY DRURY, a name memorable to all Harrovians during the former half of the present century, the tutor and friend of Byron, and also, as will presently appear, a friend of Hallam, the historian, wrote to me as follows: 'Your Grammar, as it deserves to be, is in general use among us. The old Eton one was quite worn out. I find yours most *distinct*, easy of conception for the boys, and lucidly arranged.'

He had previously written to my brother: 'I have completed a survey of the Greek Grammar, which I think admirably adapted to schools; and,' he added, giving the precise testimony which I most valued, especially as coming from an old Etonian, to the *conservative* and yet *efficient* character of the *reform* which I had introduced, 'I like it for the very reason Hallam disapproves, that it *looks* like my old horn book of Eton, while it has expunged its errors, and added all that is neoteric and useful.'

But Harry Drury had done for the book more than this. He had gone over to Eton on purpose to endeavour

to prevail upon the authorities to introduce it into that school ; but his mission had been unsuccessful. Thus he wrote to my brother, on his return : ‘Hawtrey says, he *individually* would most gladly make the change ; but . . . Of the Grammar itself he spoke in the highest possible terms, and thought it perfection. I was at Eton only an hour and a half, and returned to town with the Provost.’ The objection was stated in the sentence I have omitted. It is so little creditable that I am unwilling to place it upon record ; further than this, that it proved to be very much of the nature which I had anticipated from the first, while at the same time it took the definite shape that Dr. Hawtrey did not consider it consistent with his position to accept of any book for use at Eton over which he, as head master, could not exercise *absolute and entire control* ; and this he did not think it reasonable to claim or expect in the case of my Grammar.

In regard to WINCHESTER, it was not to be expected that I should be able to produce any written testimony from MOBERLY, as I was in the habit of constant personal intercourse with him ; but it so happens that in the Christmas holidays 1839–40 he had occasion to write to me at Cambridge, and his letter contains a strong reiteration of what I had known to be his opinion in favour of the course which I had adopted concerning the language in which the Grammar had been composed, viz. Latin, and not English. He writes :

I have this morning held a long argument with —— and —— on the point of Grammars written in Latin or English. They are strong in their opinion with that peculiar sort of firmness which is proper to people who have little to say in defence of it. They tell me that ——, a thorough-paced intellectarian, a man who would convulse the globe for the sake of correcting a mis-spelling, has drawn up an English Introduction to your Grammar, which is already in the press. I urged in vain my strong conviction (with

the reasons for it) that explanations *vivâ voce* should be in English, for apprehension's sake, and *formulæ* or rules should be in Latin for exactness' and recollection's sake, and that an *introductory* English Greek Grammar is equivalent to an *entire* and *final* Greek Grammar. Yield, however, all these people must, and will, if we—I mean, at Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby (Eton following when it may¹)—are clear, strong, and satisfactory in our opinion on the point.

And this proved to be the case. RUGBY was as strong upon the point as the other two. ARNOLD, at first, had been inclined to English, and had made an experiment with an abridged *Matthiæ* which Blomfield (I think) had drawn up some years before. But he had been dissatisfied with the result in both respects—that is, in regard to the language (English) and the system (German) of that abridgment—and he had cordially welcomed my undertaking from the first. He himself carefully went over the proof sheets, and he induced his assistant masters to send me any remarks or suggestions that had occurred to them in the use of the book, with the view to a second edition.

I pass on to WESTMINSTER, which had long been using a Grammar of its own, with a history of which I shall have occasion to speak presently. Dr. WILLIAMSON received the proof sheets which I had sent to him (as I did to each of the head masters of our other public schools) very kindly; favoured me with criticisms which showed the attention he

¹ Later on, in one of his many letters to me, Dr. Hawtrey wrote: 'I am in favour of the vernacular as the language in which a Greek Grammar for boys should be written. However, as *I can find no one to agree with me, I suppose I must be wrong*; and if I should now, which I very much doubt, ever print a Grammar for boys, *I should follow the established course*.' And in a subsequent letter: 'I should be very ready,' he writes, 'to allow that, in regard to all which may fairly be imposed as a task on the memory, Latin is the best for the purpose.' Before my Grammar was published, my brother had written to me from Harrow, November 7, 1836: 'The more I see of boys and Grammars the more I am convinced that a bad Grammar written in Latin is infinitely better for them than a good one in English. Yours will be a good one in Latin, and that is what we want.'

had paid to them ; and ultimately ‘ begged to congratulate ’ me ‘ on the distinguished success which had attended my labours, in introducing into the old Grammar the more accurate knowledge of our late critics.’ It will be seen, in the sequel, that the Grammar was introduced at Westminster by Dr. Williamson’s successor.

I must not omit to mention SHREWSBURY, whose scholastic fame, which had been rapidly outstripping that of the more distinguished public schools, was now at its height under KENNEDY, who afterwards became Greek Professor at Cambridge. Unfortunately, the first letter which I addressed to him appears to have miscarried ; otherwise I might have received still more assistance from that eminent and accomplished scholar. As it was, however, I had to thank him for two kind and suggestive communications ; and, whilst in the former he frankly confesses that he would have preferred a reform more extensive than that which I had ventured on, in the latter he writes : ‘ I have introduced your Grammar into my junior forms, deeming it an immense improvement upon the old Eton Grammar.’

A letter which I received from WILLIAM SEWELL, then acting as the future first Warden of the new COLLEGE OF ST. COLUMBA IN IRELAND, contained the following very gratifying announcement : ‘ We have already pledged ourselves to use your Grammar, and hope to introduce it into the other schools of Ireland.’

To add one more auxiliary of my work—one with whom I had much pleasant and friendly correspondence though we never met—JAMES TATE, the well-known ex-Orbilius of RICHMOND SCHOOL, YORKSHIRE, editor of ‘ Horatius Restitutus,’ and then Prebendary of St. Paul’s. Hearing of the task which I had undertaken, he wrote : ‘ I hope that in recasting the Eton Greek Grammar you will use freedom

enough. It must not be touched with a delicate hand. . . . It is so full of old and bad matter, that I know not how any one is to set about the task of correcting it ; ' and then when my book appeared he kindly took the trouble to send me an ' exact revision ' of it, with abundant tokens of encouragement and approval, notwithstanding that he must have felt a *quasi* parental interest in another Greek Grammar—that of Professor Moor of Glasgow—which he had edited with emendations and additions (' emendavit, auxitque ') for the use of his own school.

I now pass on to circumstances which will tend, I hope, at once to enliven my narrative and enlarge its interest.

After the publication of the second edition of the Grammar (early in 1840), and its acceptance by at least three of our most considerable public schools, I was anxious that one or two good notices of it should appear, in order to justify the course which had been taken, and to explain the principles on which the work had been performed. Two of the ablest and most distinguished scholars who have ever adorned either University, and both Wykehamists, were kindly willing to undertake the task, viz. my brother Christopher, of Cambridge, and my intimate friend, Roundell Palmer, of Oxford, then rapidly rising in his profession of the law. My brother's article was to be written for the ' Quarterly ; ' Roundell Palmer's for the ' British Critic,' then in high repute. The former, with characteristic energy, set himself in the first instance to inquire into the origin of the old Grammar. No one at Eton, no one at Harrow, no one anywhere, could tell him what was its history, or who was its author. At last, after ransacking the Public Libraries at both Universities, the British Museum, &c., &c., he discovered an old copy of the book which revealed the anxiously sought secret, and showed that the supposed and so-called ' Eton Greek

Grammar' was after all not the production of Eton, but of Westminster; just as the so-called 'Eton Latin Grammar' is known to have been the work of the famous Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School (aided by his friend Erasmus, and by William Lilye, first head master of the same school), and to have been subsequently augmented and improved by Thomas Robertson, Dean of Durham, and one of the framers of the Liturgy. The author of the Greek Grammar proved to be Camden, the famous antiquary, who was, when it first appeared, in 1595, head master of Westminster; and Westminster in those days being the most celebrated of the public schools, the Grammar introduced there soon passed into general use, and was adopted at Eton as well as elsewhere. However, when the famous Dr. Busby succeeded to the head mastership—a post which he held for fifty-seven years!—becoming, as we may conclude, dissatisfied with the performance of his predecessor, Camden, he displaced it from Westminster by a Grammar of his own; but, nevertheless, it maintained its hold at other schools, including Eton, and from Eton, in course of time, it received its name. In short, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the 'Eton Greek Grammar' was really one for which Westminster had been responsible, but had cast off more than two centuries back, some fifty years after it had been first introduced.

The article which was to make known this discovery was, as I have said, to be written for the 'Quarterly.' It was accepted by Lockhart, the then editor, printed, corrected, and all ready to appear, when my brother was informed that *the publication would give offence, and therefore it must be abandoned!* The review had evidently been shown to Hawtrey, and not improbably to other Etonians, who might feel as he did, such as Hallam (who in his 'Introduction to Literature,' published three years before,

viz. in 1837, speaks of the ‘Eton Greek Grammar,’ and of ‘A Grammar by Camden, for the use of Westminster School,’ as though they were different and distinct works, see vol. i. p. 457, and vol. ii. p. 59) ; and their influence with Lockhart was such that the said review, of which a printed proof copy is now before me, was not permitted to see the light. Altogether, as a piece of literary history, the narrative is a curious one ; curious more especially to us in Scotland because we have still a living parallel to it in the jealous national interest which Presbyterians feel for the *Westminster Catechism and Confession*, as though they had been their own ; whereas they were really the production of England, and in England were cast off very soon after they had been produced at Westminster.

It is much to be regretted that my brother’s article did not appear. It would have been interesting and valuable on several accounts. He lays stress upon the close connection between grammar and theology ; quoting Luther, and Melancthon, and Joseph Scaliger to that effect. He states that his ‘main object’ in writing the article was ‘to plead the cause of *grammatical uniformity*, to urge the necessity for the general adoption of one and the same *National Elementary Greek Grammar*.’ And he goes on to argue the point in terms which, as they can be never out of date, I shall quote at length.

This, it has been said, would be a difficult matter ; perhaps it might be ; *χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά*. Still when we consider the great benefits which would thence accrue ; when we count the advantages of concert and harmony in such a serious undertaking as that of instruction ; when we bear in mind the saving of expense, and above all, the saving of time, the *πολυτελέστατον ἀνάλωμα* both to teachers and learners ; when we regard the remedy which would thus be applied to the evils now arising to schools from the change of masters, and to boys from the change of schools ; when we reflect above all that *uniformity in grammar is no in-*

considerable step towards uniformity in Religion . . . when we weigh all these things, we feel that we should be ill discharging the duty we have undertaken did we not raise our voice in behalf of grammatical uniformity in teaching the Greek Grammar, and, having done so, did we despair of the result.

And, after stating his approval of the principles upon which my reformed Grammar had been constructed, and after mentioning some advantages which both the book and its compiler appeared to him to possess, he thus concludes :

From this happy concurrence of circumstances we hope we may safely augur that the work now before us, which is constructed upon the principles of a common regard to *Uniformity*, *Antiquity*, and *Truth*, will ere long be received in all our schools as the National Elementary Greek Grammar of this country.

Roundell Palmer's article had so far, at least, the advantage over my brother's, that it was not strangled in its birth. It appeared in the 'British Critic' for October 1840. And the truth probably is that, having the precedence in time of publication, it was itself a main cause of that which was intended to be its companion article being so treated as I have described. For, on the 18th of that month Dr. Hawtrey wrote to me a letter in which, *inter alia*, he alluded to 'two reviews' he had been reading of my book, and complains of them as 'written in a spirit of hostility to Eton.' One of those reviews had appeared in the 'Educational Magazine;' I do not remember that I ever saw it, and I certainly did not know who was its author; the other was the article of the 'British Critic.' I need scarcely say that the said article was in all respects an admirable one, saving only that it spoke far too highly of my labours, while certainly it did not spare the errors and shortcomings of the old book. This was not to be wondered at, and should not, one would have thought, have given offence in any quarter, considering what even such a staunch Etonian as Hallam

had already said of it (see 'History of Literature,' vol. i. p. 457, note), and still more what the 'Quarterly' itself had said fifteen years before (June 1825, p. 907), viz. that 'its many errors and defects may well excite a foreigner's astonishment;' adding in a note, 'it is decidedly behind the present age,' and suggesting for its improvement the course which I had taken. I shall not go into any detail respecting the contents of R. Palmer's article, as it may be found and read by any who care to do so; but besides the memorable and suggestive facts that it bore at its head the names, and undertook to give an account of the merits, of *twelve other Greek Grammars then in use at different schools* in addition to my own, there are two or three passages in it which for various special reasons I think it right to quote. The first will show that the evils arising out of the *diversity of teaching* then prevalent had impressed themselves upon the lay mind no less than upon the clerical.

We are in a fair way to have, in place of one Greek Grammar for all the kingdom, as many Greek Grammars as there are schools. To us, it appears that this extreme want of uniformity is a serious evil. It threatens not only to deprive us of the whole conventional language of scholarship, but also to introduce among careless thinkers a general scepticism as to the certainty of anything in grammar. . . . We are quite at a loss to imagine how four gentlemen of moderate abilities, transferred respectively to Christ Church from Eton, Westminster, Charterhouse, and Bromsgrove, and meeting for the first time in the lecture-room over a Greek play, could make themselves intelligible either to their Tutor or to each other. . . . For all these reasons, it is most desirable that a standard Greek Grammar should be found which may be received into universal use.

And, proceeding with his examination of the *thirteen* candidates before him, he eventually fixed upon mine, and pronounced it to be 'such a book as we want,' and again, 'as a school book worthy of universal adoption, and fitted in

every respect to become the standard of elementary Greek teaching in England.' A second passage of the same article notices my attempt to make the Grammar a complete repertory of grammatical facts.

The hope which Mr. Wordsworth has expressed in the Preface that his labours may not be without their use to *veteran* as well as *tyro* students is amply justified by the performance; and his work, short as it is, may be safely described as a more complete magazine of the facts of the language than can be found even in the elaborate volumes of the best among the German Grammarians.

Such praise as this will be thought excessive, as indeed it is: and yet I may be excused perhaps if I say that it reminds me how I was told by Gaisford himself that he 'kept my Grammar always at his side' (where indeed I saw it), and how he—the great Grecian—added, unless my memory deceives me, who am scarcely willing to trust it for so great a compliment, 'I find no occasion for any other.'¹

In a third passage our critic argues the question of Latin or English as the language more proper for the Grammar to be written in, and gives his judgment very decidedly in favour of the former, upon grounds similar to those which I have quoted above as alleged by Moberly. Once more, the main principle upon which, in the reconstruction of the book, I had taken my stand, is thus approved of:

For all the purposes of elementary instruction we prefer the complex Eton method, which is contented with analysing and arranging under their ultimate divisions the actual phenomena of language, to the more philosophical and generalising systems, first introduced by Vervey, and now universally adopted in the

¹ Scarcely less valuable was the compliment paid to the book by that scrupulously exact and judicious scholar and divine, Professor Hussey, who, in sending me his work on *Ancient Weights and Measures*, wrote upon the title-page this quotation from Juvenal:

'Quis offert
Quantum grammaticus meruit labor?'

schools of Germany, as more congenial to the metaphysical spirit of that nation.

So much of those two reviews. Meanwhile the Grammar continued to make its way, and, what may appear strange, my correspondence with Hawtrey did not cease to be kept up at intervals, and kept up in much kindness on his part (in all his conduct he was a model of courtesy), and with a real desire, as it seemed, to cultivate a good understanding with me in every way, except by frank concession of the point at which he must have known I was all along aiming, viz. the adoption of the book at Eton. Even in that letter of October 18, 1840, above referred to, in which he intimated his annoyance and displeasure at the 'two reviews' which he had seen, he wrote: 'Your Grammar has already taken a position from which it would be unwise to remove it for any rival. I have strongly recommended its use to my elder scholars, and have found my advice attended to.' He repeats the same statement in terms still more complimentary in a subsequent letter, dated February 5, 1843, and again, writing on February 10, 1844. Under those circumstances, being happily of a sanguine temperament, and feeling that I ought not to despair of the ultimate accomplishment of my aim, I had recourse, in different communications with Dr. Hawtrey, to two separate proposals. One was a renewal of my original offer in regard to what still remained to be done to complete the Grammar, viz. that *the Syntax* should be compiled, not by me, but by any Eton man whom Dr. Hawtrey might choose to name. To this he replied, 'I am quite sure the work could be by no hands more efficiently executed than yours.' The other proposal, which I have called mine, ought rather, perhaps, to be considered Dr. Hawtrey's, for (so far as I can now make out, not having my own share of any part of the correspondence to

refer to, except in one or two instances where I took copies of my letters) it appears to have arisen out of some words of his in a letter dated January 20, 1843: 'I am more and more convinced that absolute uniformity is out of the question unless *the two Universities would combine*. If they would either edit or adopt a Grammar I would receive it without alteration, however I might differ about details.' In consequence of the avowal thus made, I at once put myself into communication with my old patron, the then Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Gaisford, who entered cordially into the matter, and was willing to attempt all that could be done with the view of meeting Dr. Hawtrey's implied suggestion. The communication with Gaisford was first made through the intervention of my old friend Liddell, then a Tutor at Christ Church, who eventually became Gaisford's successor, and who thus informed me of the result: 'He was gracious *ὕπὲρ μέτρον* . . . At the mention of the proposal he immediately brightened up, said *at length* what I will repeat *in brief*: that the suggestion was admirable, that uniformity in grammar teaching was a national concern, was of the greatest consequence to the Universities, and so forth. . . . He wished you to come and dine with him either on Wednesday or Thursday.'

Accordingly, I went to Oxford, and had several conversations with the Dean. He pointed out what seemed to be the only feasible plan for the accomplishment of the proposed arrangement, viz. that the book should be printed by the Clarendon Press (for it would be idle and a useless expense to print it at two places), but that it should bear the *imprimatur* and recommendation of the Greek Professors of both Oxford and Cambridge. This, to my grievous disappointment, did not satisfy Dr. Hawtrey, and negotiations were again dropped.

This last attempt, however, futile though it proved in

itself, led at least to one important result. I refer to the subsequent publication of the Grammar at Oxford by the University Press, under Gaisford's auspices—not from any dissatisfaction with Mr. Murray, who had materially assisted the first launching of the book, and from whom, both on this and other accounts, I was sorry to part company, but because it was urged upon me by the Dean and others as an indispensable step towards the accomplishment of the great end which I had in view. Accordingly, the *fifth* edition of the Grammar bore upon its title-page *Oxonii e typographeo Clarendoniano*, 1843.

In the summer holidays of that year I had the pleasure of travelling into Switzerland with Liddell, and it was with him for a companion and invaluable referee that the greater portion of my Syntax, which had been so long due, was at length composed while we were staying together at Thun and Interlachen—of all places in the world the least suitable, it will be thought, for such an employment; but my conscience troubled me with the reflection that my work had already been allowed to remain too long incomplete; and, except in vacation time, with my health beginning to give way, I could scarcely hope to find strength or leisure to enable me to finish it. When at last the work was completed and set up for press, the proof sheets were sent to Dr. Hawtrey, whose kind sympathy and interest in the undertaking at once revived with all their former friendliness and warmth. 'I have seen,' he wrote (Nov. 24 of the same year), 'nothing of the same kind which has given me more pleasure than the perusal of your Syntax. It contains more valuable information in less compass than anything I have seen in English or German.'¹

¹ This favourable opinion was shared by my old head master of Harrow, Dr. Butler, who wrote to me, October 21, 1843: 'Accept, dear friend, my best thanks for your learned, and much wanted, and most ably executed *Syntaxis Vocum*, which will, no doubt, place you at the head of school Greek grammarians.'

This complimentary language was followed by other letters in the same strain, dated Nov. 24, Dec. 1, and Jan. 2, 1844; while a fourth letter, of Jan. 23, brought me the gratifying intelligence that my correspondent 'had no doubt with regard to the Syntax,' meaning its adoption as an Eton school book. Thus the sole principle for which he had been so long contending appeared to be surrendered. This, in a letter of the following year, Jan. 10, 1845, he was half—but only half—inclined to admit. His explanation must be given in his own words. 'I have no doubt whatever about the Syntax, which will remain, as it is at present, the only established Grammar at Eton. I see nothing in it which I would wish otherwise in principle; and should a few trifling details occur from time to time, which might require change or addition, I do not think we should ever disagree about them.' And after thus expressing his concurrence *so far* in my scheme, he adds: 'I feel that I have been consistent throughout in my declaration that I could admit nothing at Eton over which I had not an unlimited control. I gladly make an exception to the Syntax, which is a step towards unity made without the least regret or reserve, nay, rather with a sentiment of very pleasing obligation.' The letter concludes with a still more gratifying expression of friendship which I forbear to quote.

Once, and only once more, my kind and indefatigable¹ correspondent reappears, writing on Christmas Day, 1846, a year after I had resigned my office at Winchester, and when I had set out for Italy, whither the letter followed me, reaching me at Rome, Jan. 8, 1847. The object of it was to ask permission to make use of certain portions of my

¹ I received from him not less than twenty-four letters, which I have preserved, all upon the subject of the Grammar, and many of them extending to several sheets. They range from February 24, 1839, to December 25, 1846. I mention this as a proof of the continued interest which he took in my work; for previously I had not been known to him.

Accidence, with a view to their being incorporated or rather bound up with the (Eton) *Rudimenta Minora*, which Hawtrey himself had drawn up and introduced, as a sort of *Primer* for junior boys; ‘always intending,’ as he said, ‘to use your larger *Rudimenta* as a book of reference for those who are in the upper part of the school.’ To this request I readily gave my consent, only stipulating that a *Lectori monitum* should state the source whence the portions of my Grammar which it was proposed to adopt *verbatim* had been derived; in order that the world might know *how far* the catholic cause of one single Grammar had at last, even at Eton, made its way. That the book itself had made its way so far as to Rome, I happened to have, while staying there, ocular evidence. When I went into Monaldini’s shop to ask for an Italian New Testament, the first book which I saw, to my great surprise, lying on the counter, was my own Greek Grammar. I could have bought my own Grammar; but the New Testament was not to be obtained! I had indeed been told that the Bible, except in an edition with notes, and consequently in a large and expensive form,¹ was forbidden to be sold in Rome. But this I could scarcely allow myself to believe. Upon application, however, to other booksellers, I found it to be only too true.

It is due to other Eton masters who were Hawtrey’s assistants to mention that some of them at least did not agree or sympathise with the objections which he raised. The names of Okes (then lower-master and afterwards Provost of King’s), of Cookesley, of Abraham (afterwards Bishop of Wellington), of Pickering, and of Harry Dupuis will be remembered by many. All of them wrote to me more or less kindly and encouragingly about the Grammar; while the ablest scholar, perhaps, of them

¹ I bought Martini’s N. T. in royal 8vo, as the most compendious I could find.

all made no secret of his regret that it had not been adopted at Eton from the first. 'The non-adoption of your Grammar,' he wrote, 'seems to me downright infatuation'; and so, so far from seeing any cause to take offence at R. Palmer's article in the 'British Critic,' he gave the following laudatory and very just description of it: 'Roundell Palmer's review was to me a rich treat. The true Elmsleian vivacity and fun, independent of its sound scholarship, are worthy of all praise.' I need scarcely add, what everyone who knew my brother will readily believe, that his article for the 'Quarterly' was not only equally free from all reasonable objection, but entitled in a high degree to similar commendation.

And now I have arrived at the culmination of this long history. Since my last communication to Hawtrey from Rome, twenty years save one had elapsed when, in January 1866, a letter received from Moberly, still head master of Winchester, informed me that the head masters of the nine Public Schools¹ had met and concurred in a resolution, which he had been requested to communicate to me, to the effect that Kennedy's Grammar for Latin and mine for Greek (after certain minor modifications which they trusted I would consent to make) were to be used in all their schools. Thus at length the object for which, during my life at Winchester, I had laboured so assiduously, appeared to be accomplished. What was done at the time to give effect to that resolution by the several head masters who were parties to it, and how far it had since been acted on in their respective schools, I am unable to say; for I was not

¹ The nine Public Schools into which the Commission appointed in 1862 was to inquire were Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury. The Commissioners were Lords Clarendon, Devon, and Lyttelton, Messrs. Twisleton, W. Hepworth Thompson, H. Halford Vaughan, and Sir Stafford Northcote. Their Report was issued in 1864.

informed, and I have never made inquiry. Head masters are busy people, and no doubt each of them thought that he had done more than enough for me in undertaking to use my book ; while, for my own part, other interests, arising out of my settlement in Scotland, which led me on to labours of a cognate character in an infinitely higher and more important sphere, disinclined me to renew communications upon matters over which I could no longer reasonably hope to be able to exercise any control. But, to judge from the fact that for some years the sale of the Grammar has not been increasing, but rather the contrary,¹ I am afraid it must be inferred that not only has the resolution in question not been faithfully adhered to and put into practice, but that, in a word, there has been *backsliding*. Nor is this greatly to be wondered at. In an age like the present, of universal change and unsettlement of opinion upon so many points, it was scarcely to be expected that an exception would be made in favour of a settled and generally accepted method of teaching Greek. And so it may come to pass ere long that the same work at which I laboured may have to be done again, when the evils which I sought to remedy shall have again made themselves felt as painfully as I had only too much occasion to feel them, between fifty and sixty years ago.

The success which had attended my endeavour after reform in Greek grammar encouraged me to devise a scheme upon a larger scale, the nature of which will be seen from the following draft, and from the letters which it elicited. It never came into operation ; but the framework of it has since been adopted in the annual meetings of the masters of the larger English schools.

¹ A Primer, in English, which, against my own judgment, I was prevailed upon to put out in 1870 has greatly tended to check its circulation.

Suggestions for the formation of a society, to consist of the Head and Assistant Masters of Public Schools—with a view to the improvement and cheap publication of classical school books &c.

Under the conviction that much might be done, by means of co-operation among the masters of our several public schools, to raise the standard of books employed in classical education ; to furnish them to the public at a cheaper rate, with a fuller security at the same time for the due remuneration of competent editors ; and moreover to produce a greater degree of uniformity among the different systems pursued, and books adopted, in *private* schools, whereby great and *daily increasing* evils and confusion are entailed, not merely upon those schools themselves, but upon our own and other large institutions, to which they generally are, and profess to be, *preparatory* ;

We, the undersigned, desire to form ourselves into a society upon some such scheme as the following :

1. The society to consist, in the first instance, of such head and assistant masters of the schools of Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, Charterhouse, and Rugby, as are willing to join it.

2. The business of the society to be conducted by a committee, to consist of all the head masters who belong to the society—together with half the same number of assistant masters, to be elected annually.

3. The committee to meet not less than four times annually—and not less than three members present to form a quorum. Those absent to have the power of voting and expressing their opinion either by writing or by deputing any other member to act as their proxy.

4. The committee to appoint a secretary and a treasurer of their own body : their duties to be relieved by the assistance of a paid official, if thought necessary.

5. The office of the committee to consist (*a*) in receiving and deciding upon all proposals for the publication of new books upon subjects of education—editions of classics, works of history, geography, &c. ; (*b*) in approving of such books, when prepared for publication—suggesting alterations and corrections—or, if necessary, rejecting them altogether ; (*c*) in fixing the price of

such works, and the mode or amount of remuneration for the author or editor.

6. All members of the society bind themselves to employ the books which come out under its auspices, *except where pre-existing vested interests* are concerned : in which case they whose interests, collective or individual, are affected, are left to act on their own discretion.

7. Proposals for the authorship or publication of books admissible from all persons, whether members or not ; *upon the distinct understanding* that any work *when* finished is liable to rejection, if not approved of by the committee.

8. In new editions of the classics, the text and notes to be printed separately in different volumes of the same size (so as to admit at will of being bound together), except where the committee see good cause for the contrary. The committee to decide whether the notes shall be written in Latin or English, according to the nature and objects of each particular work.

9. Preliminaries to be considered by the committee, or by the society at large, as may be thought most expedient :

(1) To settle the amount of subscription payable by each member.

(2) To fix upon a publisher, printer, &c.

(3) To fix the place and days of meeting for the committee.

From Dr. Moberly.

Dear Wordsworth,—In reading over your paper carefully it occurs to me that your sixth proposed rule is too strong a good deal. It would, I think, be wrong for any head master to bind himself to use the books prescribed by the majority of a committee, he himself having *perhaps been absent* (or perhaps in the minority) at the decision. And I am not sure whether my feeling of the impropriety of establishing this rule is not equivalent to a feeling of the impropriety of establishing so distinct and formal a society as is proposed. For, if it becomes optional for the masters of the separate schools to adopt or decline the books edited under the direction of the committee, the constitution of the society is at once broken into a mere agreement to put out particular books which all equally approve. And indeed I cannot but think that this would be the most feasible

and advantageous plan. Instead of foregoing our independent discretion, and formally uniting into a sort of federal union, we might communicate together, and resolve, if we pleased, to employ some particular person upon some particular book—it remaining with individual schoolmasters to use it, or decline the use of it, as they think proper.

I therefore am disposed to doubt the prudence of so formal a society, with its apparatus of treasurer, secretary, paid assistant, &c.

The *objects* which your paper holds forth are all, I think, very desirable; and I should be much pleased if *we* and any one or two other schools could agree to employ competent persons to undertake one or two books which are much wanted. I should, however, suppose that *our* sale, and that of Harrow and the Charterhouse (for example), would be sufficient to enable us to effect our purpose. For instance, I *very much* want a book of Greek prose extracts, of sufficient length—done in a scholarlike way—with not too much, nor too little, of help; and should be extremely pleased to see some competent person employed upon it.

Believe me, dear Wordsworth,

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE MOBERLY.

From Rev. T. H. Steel.

The Grove, Harrow: Thursday.

My dear Wordsworth,—As it seems very unlikely you will wade hither through the snow, I return your prospectus.

In the list of the schools I would also insert Shrewsbury and S. Paul's, both of them too important to be omitted.

With respect to article (6) I should propose that no exception should be made to the uniform use of the same books (on the same subjects) in every school; but to avoid the loss likely to be incurred in certain cases I should propose the paying off the value of books thus disused by the profits obtained in the publication of the new books. But this is a subject open to consideration.

The other several articles seem to be just such as one would desire. The society itself, however, when once formed, will of course put everything into a more definite shape than is

possible at present. Your statement, however, embodies fully every object. . . .

I write in haste, that this may reach you at Hampstead. Mrs. Steel is quite recovered, and desires her kind remembrances.

Ever yours very truly,

THOS. HENRY STEEL.

2. REGULATION FOR PRIVATE PRAYERS IN COLLEGE CHAMBERS.

The most anxious of the duties which appertained to my office as second master was that, when the Holy Communion was to be administered in the College Chapel, I had to deliver a lecture on the evening before to the College prefects, as the head master was expected to do for those in Commoners. The circumstances under which this duty was to be performed were far from satisfactory.¹ To receive the Communion was a matter of virtual compulsion to the boys of a certain standing in the school—that is, to the twenty-eight seniors,² or so-called ‘prefects,’ and only they were in the habit of communicating; the times of administration were few and far between—viz. only thrice in the scholastic year;³ at such intervals the delivery of a single lecture, and so close upon the Celebration as the

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 149.

² Compare *ibid.* p. 369. Lecture on Easter Eve, 1842; and p. 423, Lecture on Palm Sunday Evening, 1845, my last year. It is a remarkable fact that Charles Simeon traced the origin of his religious earnestness to the regulation at King’s College, Cambridge, which *required* all undergraduates, fit or unfit, to receive the Holy Communion at Easter. He represents that previously Satan himself was not more unfit than he had been; but he had timely notice to *prepare*, and he did so. (*Carus’ Memoirs*, p. 501.) The ‘compulsion’ with us was gradually relaxed as communicating became more frequent, and the Communicants more numerous. It may be mentioned that of the eighteen prefects the ten seniors had more power than the rest. See *ibid.* ii. 224.

³ See *ibid.* p. 413 and p. 416.

night before, could scarcely be expected to produce any very real or lasting effect ; and at no other times was there any opportunity for intercourse upon religious matters between me and the said Communicants, who in all school business were entirely under the instruction and superintendence of the head master. I soon began to feel a desire to bring about some improvement in this state of things. The first step in the right direction had been already taken by the good Warden, very soon after his accession to the office in 1832.¹ Before his time there had been no special preaching addressed to the boys. On Sundays they had been used to attend the College Chapel for morning prayer at 8 ; the Cathedral for Litany, Ante-Communion, and Sermon at 10:30 ; and the College Chapel again for evening service at 5 ; but at the latter there had been no sermon. Warden Barter was the first to undertake the responsibility of providing a sermon for the boys, and he generally preached himself, but was always glad to receive assistance, and when Moberly became head master, in 1836, such assistance of the most valuable kind was rendered by him not unfrequently. The same permission to address occasionally the whole body of the school was extended to me ;² and, though as yet without experience as a preacher, and only in Deacon's orders, I was thankful to avail myself of it as often as I could. By this means I was led to feel more interest in the spiritual welfare of my College Communicants, and was enabled by degrees to acquire more influence over them than could have been the case had I been still shut up merely to the rare occurrence of the delivery of my Sacrament lecture. At the same time, the more frequent recurrence of Confirmations which began with Moberly's head mastership, and the admission to them of boys of a

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 381. The sermons were begun in 1833.

² See Preface to *Christian Boyhood*, i. 7.

younger age and lower in the school, naturally produced a considerable increase in the number of Communicants,¹ so that my pastoral charge in College was no longer confined to ‘prefects,’ but extended to many of the ‘inferiors’ also.

It was under those circumstances, and previous to the Easter Communion of 1838, that I felt emboldened by my closer relations with the college boys, to endeavour to introduce among them in their several chambers the regular organised practice of private prayer. My first step was to deliver my usual Sacrament lecture, not on Easter Eve, but a week earlier, on the evening of Palm Sunday. In that lecture I set myself first to expose as thoroughly as I could the fallacy which I did not doubt would be lurking in the minds of some of my young hearers, viz. that inasmuch as they were *obliged* to communicate, they were not responsible for receiving unworthily; that the *onus*—the guilt—of their being unfit to receive was removed, so to speak, from their own shoulders to the shoulders of the authority by which the duty was imposed.² Next, I took occasion to point out how idle it was to expect that a single lecture could suffice to enable them to prepare themselves for so solemn an ordinance unless they were really living, or intending to live, in the practice of duty and piety towards God.

My words were these: ‘All that I have said, or can say—all that you may hear or read elsewhere—will be to no

¹ In 1844, the year before I resigned my office, the number had increased so as to comprehend ‘two-thirds or one-half’ of *the whole body of the boys*, then about 200—70 college boys and 130 commoners. (See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 163, also *ibid.* p. 409, ‘On the Introduction of more frequent Communion,’ lecture delivered July 3, 1841, and p. 436 *note.*) ‘The largest number of Communicants which the author has known at one time *among the 70 college boys* was 51. The average number of late years has been between 30 and 40.’ (Lecture on ‘Encouragement from Increase of Communicants,’ delivered on the evening of Palm Sunday, 1845.)

² See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 301–308.

purpose for those among you who have hitherto lived in a thoughtless and ungodly course, unless they shall come prepared not only to flee and abandon their youthful lusts, but to present and dedicate themselves from henceforth to God's service ; to begin now in good earnest the work of their reformation ; to remember now their Creator in the days of their youth ; remember him by holier motives, by dutiful obedience, by purity of thought, word, and deed, by reverence of His holy name and word, *above all by prayer* ; and this not as the result of a transient and occasional impulse, but as the first fruits of a rising and growing habit of piety and devotion. Extraordinary calls and particular seasons, like the present, for the practice of religious duty, produce no real good, but rather great evil, if they lead only to the assumption of an ephemeral seriousness that blossoms and fades with the occasion that gave it birth.' After pursuing this train of exhortation at some length,¹ in the course of which I assured my hearers that 'I knew well, and could not attempt to disguise, the difficulties of the undertaking which I required them to perform, but that salvation was a prize too great indeed to be gained by *any efforts* of our own, but which none of us must expect to gain without an effort,' I intimated that the remainder of what I had to say would be reserved to the conclusion of the week, when I hoped to have an opportunity of addressing them again.

Thus the way was cleared, and the foundation laid for the proposal which I desired to make. When Saturday night came, and I was to meet my young friends again, I felt, it will easily be believed, no common anxiety. The argument of the lecture² which I then delivered scarcely bears compression ; but the following extracts may suffice to give the substance of it.

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 311 sq.

² *Ibid.* i. 115-138.

After dwelling upon the duty of the *right employment of time*, whether in secular or sacred things, I proceeded thus :

‘ I come now to the second topic which I proposed to speak of in this lecture, viz. *the practice of private prayer* : a duty no less precise and particular than the one we have been considering is general and comprehensive. But, before I go on to express my own opinion, I am willing freely to anticipate yours, not only upon what is to follow, but also in reference to several particulars of what has been already said. I fancy, then, I hear an answer whispered in some such language as this : “ We only take things as we found them. It has never been the practice to consider these trifling matters in such a serious light. There is as much study now and as little fagging as ever there was. The Juniors can have no reason to complain ; on the contrary, they are treated in almost every instance with kindness and consideration. You cannot expect us to say our private prayers in the noise and confusion of a public chamber ; ¹ but no one can deny that the attendance at Chapel is more regular, and the attention to the service more orderly and devout, than it was formerly.” I assure you, my young friends, I believe all this of you and more than this. Indeed, I should not address you as I now do, if I did not believe it. But surely no boy who is truly zealous for his own or his schoolfellows’ improvement would give me such an answer as that which I have imagined. Where are the characteristics of that noble and Christian spirit with which I am so anxious to see you quickened and adorned, if you are content to stand still and be no worse than others ? . . . Let it be confessed, if necessary, that your predecessors—I confess it with deep concern of my own contemporaries at another school ²—were not so zealous as they

¹ There were seven chambers for the seventy college boys, so that there was an average of ten in each chamber.

² See above, p. 20.

should have been in the great cause of their own and of others' salvation. They did not set God always before them. They regarded the praise of men rather than the praise of God and of their own conscience. And *if this were so*, then this is the very reason why I call upon you, and upon your contemporaries, *to stay the plague*; . . . to say valiantly, but firmly and resolutely, to the spirit of ungodliness, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further;" to snatch, as it were from God's altar, the torch of a good example, and, like the youths of the ancient Festival, to pass it down from hand to hand, and from generation to generation. Let it be *granted* even that other public schools *may* be deficient in the same all-important points of a Christian education to which I have alluded. From whence, but from this ancient and religious foundation—the first of all in the honoured precedence of time, and second to none in every accomplishment of worldly wisdom—from whence, I say, but from among us¹ should this holy flame be kindled, and passing as it were like a beacon fire from hill to hill throughout the land, announce the glad tidings that this, our stronghold, had been wrested from the power of the adversary, and become a citadel of the most High God?

‘But I should wrong this noble institution if I were to lead you to imagine that the adoption even of stricter views and practices than such as I could now venture to recommend would be anything novel or unprecedented in its annals. There was a time when that good and saintly man,

¹ It is due to the memory of Dr. Arnold, himself a Wykehamist, to mention here that the above was written in entire ignorance of the great things which he was doing, and had already done, at Rugby School. It may seem strange—and indeed it is felt to be so by the author himself now that he has read Dr. Arnold's *Life*—that up to this time (Easter 1838) he had certainly not seen nor, so far as he believes, heard of Dr. Arnold's *Sermons Preached at Rugby*, the first volume of which appeared in 1832.' (Note in *Christian Boyhood*, i. 124. See also below, p. 277).

Thomas (afterwards Bishop) Ken, who had been himself a scholar, and was then a Fellow of this College, could find within these walls, perhaps in this very chamber, an attentive and willing audience for lessons of a purer and more devout piety than either I am competent to offer, or you able to receive.' I went on to prove this by reference to his 'Manual of Prayers for the use of Winchester Scholars,' and by details derived from it, for which I must be content to refer to the lecture itself (pp. 125-128)—details which, I might have added, were the more remarkable because the moral condition of society in England, or at least in the metropolis, was at that time—in the reign of Charles II.—sunk to a lower ebb than perhaps it has ever reached either before or since. 'But,' I continued, 'not to dwell with unavailing regret upon the blessings we have forfeited, we have still more than enough in those that remain, at the same time to excite our gratitude and to enhance our responsibility. I will venture to say that no similar institution can boast of such a blessing and benefit as we possess in the distinction of our ranks, and especially in the just influence and authority, the superior privileges and duties, of the "order" which I am now addressing.¹ "IS ORDO VITIO CARETO; CÆTERIS SPECIMEN ESTO."² Noble words! How should they incite in us emotions of thankfulness to Almighty God for that large portion of his Spirit which presided over the birth of this charitable and munificent foundation, and especially for the wisdom which penned and enacted that golden rule! . . . And this leads me to explain more distinctly the point at which I am aiming. It is never my

¹ The 'Order' of prefects was instituted by the founder, and is prescribed in the college statutes. (See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 483.)

² From the 'Tabula Legum' emblazoned on the east wall of the large schoolroom. (See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 481 sq.) Besides the general authority of the 'prefects' over the 'inferiors,' each junior boy had a prefect whose duty it was to act as his 'tutor,' to 'promote his improvement and prevent his idleness.' (See *ibid.* p. 348 sq. and pp. 494-6)

desire or intention to recommend what I cannot fairly expect you to perform ; still less to press upon your obedience any command which I myself believe to be impracticable. And as regards the practice of private prayer, in the present state of things I am ready to confess that (much as I wish it) I dare not hope to be able to persuade the generality of you—perhaps not one individual—to kneel down singly by his bedside and say his prayers. All I can now hope is that many of you are in the habit of praying secretly as you lie down in your beds ; and, though I consider this as unsatisfactory, if not insufficient, on many accounts, still any method of prayer, provided it be regularly and devoutly performed, will prove, I doubt not, an acceptable service in the sight of God. Unhappily, in the method I have mentioned, the occasion and attitude are themselves temptations to irregularity and irreverence. You are content by degrees to think over your prayers instead of saying them. You fall asleep again and again in the performance, and are gradually led to break off the habit. What I *do* wish, then, is, to put it to you as prefects *whether the present state of things in this respect might not be improved ?* I wish you to consider whether by some simple regulation among yourselves the practice of this unquestionable duty, which is now so full of difficulty and temptation, might not be rendered easy and delightful ? The proposal which I have to make to you is in strict accordance with your position as prefects. It will not expose you to any just imputation of affecting an extraordinary piety which you do not feel. I take it indeed for granted that after the preparation of the past week, and on the eve of coming to the Holy Sacrament, whatever you may have been formerly, you are *now* at least sincere and firm in your resolutions to live henceforth as becomes good Christians. But, resolve as firmly as you may, you know already—and let me repeat it again and again—

to make the attempt in your own strength, and without calling to God at all times, by diligent prayer, for His special grace and the assistance of His Holy Spirit, is worse than useless. *Here*, then, is the test of your sincerity. Say your own prayers *openly and at a stated time on your knees*, and require those who are committed to your charge to do the same. Let the prefect in course in each chamber preserve the same quiet and order before you retire to rest for the short space of five or ten minutes of *prayer time* as he is accustomed to do during the longer period of 'toy time.' But I do not wish to enter into the details of such a proposal. Having said enough to explain the nature of what I would recommend, I had rather leave its adoption entirely in your own hands. Or if, after due and serious deliberation, you conscientiously feel that *this saying is too hard for you*; if you find *with regret* that you cannot carry it into execution; if you truly believe that it would produce more mischief than good; if you fear that if attempted for a time it could not be maintained and persevered in—come openly and tell me so. But I put it to yourselves as a distinct trial of your Christian principle to weigh the matter fairly, and to decide it honestly. I propose it as a test of your good faith before God and your own conscience, by which you may show at once the reality of your repentance and the sincerity of your solemn promise and pledge—which you will renew *to-morrow*—to become henceforth God's faithful soldiers and servants unto your lives' end.'

The remainder of the lecture was devoted to the suggestion of a 'few considerations' which might assist those whom I was addressing to come to a right conclusion. First, I dwelt upon their duty as prefects to the younger boys, and upon their influence over them, as of greater moment than any instruction which a superior authority could impart. I gave them to understand that my

proposal, for the present at least, was not intended to apply to the morning, as I had no wish to hazard its fate by pressing it to an extent beyond what I myself could venture to expect, and which would appear to others altogether hopeless and impracticable ; but that eventually perhaps it might be so extended, if not in their own time, in that of their successors.¹ I touched upon the many benefits and blessings which could not fail to result to them all from the course which I had recommended. It would tend to Christianise their intercourse with each other. It would gradually put a stop to many bad practices, such as profane or indecent language, which are derogatory to the dignity of a man, much more of a Christian. It would enlist in God's service those natural feelings of regard to the conduct and opinions of others which had thitherto been the greatest allies in the cause of Satan. The very shame which they would before have felt in saying their prayers, they would thenceforth feel in omitting them. Instead of weakening and undermining each other's religious habits and principles, they would mutually help to strengthen and confirm them. They would show that the offering of themselves was a free-will offering, such as the Lord loveth, and not one of grudging or of necessity. Every other act of their devotion was imposed by the discipline of the place ; this would be the inward self-regulating discipline of their own hearts. They would experience no difficulty in doing simultaneously that which singly they might have almost despaired to attempt. Nor was there any reason to fear that by thus improving upon their own past habits and upon those of their immediate predecessors, their existence would be less happy, their career less distinguished. On the contrary, their religious improvement would serve to impart new energy to

¹ This was done, partially at least, if not fully, within five years afterwards. See below, p. 213.

their studies, new pleasure to their amusements. They would be the more happy, the more honoured, in proportion as they realised such improvement. They must not, indeed, suppose that I expected them all to become at once good Christians by the adoption of that or any other practice: good habits were not so easily formed, nor bad ones, alas! so speedily laid aside. But what I did hope and trust was that not one of them would still persist in the open contempt of God's commands, in the wilful deliberate practice of acknowledged sin. Finally, having exhorted them to take sweet counsel together, and to walk in the service of God as friends, I summed up the lecture with these words:

‘The scholars for whose use the Manual of Prayers of which I have spoken was composed were once buoyant with the hopes of life and all the animation and enjoyment of youth. They, no less than the holy man who instructed them, have long since gone to their account, where they will have to answer for the use of the talent he had put into their hand. You and I, my young friends, must follow them ere long, to make way for another generation of masters and scholars. May God of His infinite mercy grant that when we shall meet again before His Judgment Seat on the last day, it may be with the happy consciousness of having performed our duties towards each other, and with the joyous recognition of blessed spirits, thenceforth to be *taught*, to *learn*, and to *taste* together those good things which pass man's understanding, and to become schoolfellows in one blissful, never-ending holiday, which He has prepared for them that love Him in the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.’

While the boys were engaged in deliberating upon the answer they should give to the proposal which I had thus submitted to them, I was praying that they might be rightly guided; and my prayer was heard. I had left them

upon the understanding that as soon as they had made up their minds, the 'officers'—that is, the five senior prefects—were to come and let me know the result.

'After a few minutes' consultation the officers came. They expressed on behalf of the whole body their full concurrence in what I had said, and at the same time thanked me for having brought the matter before them as I had done. It was at once arranged to establish the following regulation in all the chambers. Upon retiring at night, after Chapel,¹ when the clock struck, prayer-time was to be called, and the prefect in course in each chamber was to hold himself responsible for keeping order during a short interval, sufficient for each boy to say his prayers without fear of disturbance or of interruption. The prefects bound themselves to say their prayers openly either at the same time with the rest, or at their own proper time for going to bed.'

Such were the words in which in my Sacrament lecture delivered 1843,² on the anniversary of that memorable Easter Eve of 1838, I reminded the prefects whom I was then addressing, of what their predecessors had done five years before. And I went on to say :

'I shall never cease, I trust, as long as I live, to thank God for the events of that evening. I shall never cease to remember with especial interest and regard the behaviour of the prefects, who acted in that instance with a spirit and

¹ This refers to a short form of prayer read at 8.45 p.m. by the Second Master in the ante-chapel, at which all the college boys were required to be present : and after which they returned to their respective chambers—the juniors to go to bed, while the prefects were allowed to sit up, if they pleased, an hour longer. The form of prayer was the same as that used in Commoners. It consisted of short portions taken from the Prayer Book, with a special prayer (composed by Moberly) for each evening in the week. In my last year I added short Scriptural readings, mainly from the Epistles.

² See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 145–158. The same lecture contains a short summary of the arguments I had used when the regulation for Private Prayer was first proposed, in 1838.

a zeal truly noble, truly Christian. And probably there will be no act, no occurrence in their lives, to which they will look back with greater satisfaction when they come to die than the adoption of that regulation by which they emancipated themselves, their younger schoolfellows, and I trust all their posterity in this place, from the thralldom of an habitual impiety and neglect of God, and of the means appointed for obtaining His grace and favour. . . . Many a name has been emblazoned on the roll of fame for deeds less worthy than that which they achieved, and we, at least, are bound from time to time to commemorate them as our benefactors. . . . Surely their success must be a great encouragement to you all, in case you should ever be called upon to act in similar circumstances; and above all things you will be careful lest under your administration one jot or one tittle of the good which they effected fall to the ground. Little is required on your part but to reap diligently and thankfully what they have sown. . . . Let me add that I hope none of you who have more recently been made prefects will omit to join your names to theirs in the place provided for that purpose.¹ I should be sorry to think of any prefect having gone from amongst us without his name appearing as a fellow worker in that holy cause. . . . Having said so much in this lecture upon the subject of your private prayers, you will naturally expect me to make some allusion to the attempt which, I have understood, many of you have made—and made successfully—to extend the practice, before

¹ 'A copy of Bishop Ken's Prose Works, handsomely bound and with an appropriate inscription, was placed by me in the school library to commemorate the first establishment of the practice spoken of, and blank leaves were inserted to receive the names of the then prefects, and of their successors from time to time who should be willing to maintain the practice, and who, by enrolling their names on the same list, were understood to bind themselves to do so. I am not aware that any omissions have occurred in the enrolment since the beginning.'—Note in *Christian Boyhood*, i. 154. See also *ibid.* p. 177, lecture on the evening of Palm Sunday, 1844.

observed only in the evening, to the morning also. I need not tell you how truly delighted I was when I first heard of that attempt, how sincerely I rejoice over what has been already done, and how heartily I wish you God-speed in carrying out the same (if it be not yet wholly and universally established) still more effectually.'

I have quoted *in extenso* the foregoing extract¹ because it exhibits in the most authentic shape what had been the immediate issue of my appeal. But it must not be supposed that I had waited for *five* years without giving public expression to the satisfaction I had felt at that result. In my Sacrament lecture for Easter Eve, 1839—that is, on the *first* anniversary after the appeal had been made²—I spoke as follows: 'I cannot conclude this lecture without expressing the sincere gratitude which I feel at the absence among you, for some time past, of anything like notorious or flagrant offences that might call for censure, and at the observance, for the most part, of such regular discipline and good order—I might add, of zealous application to study—as reflects the greatest credit upon yourselves, and leaves me little to perform in any remarks that I might make upon your conduct generally but the agreeable duty of commendation. But there is one point upon which I am more particularly anxious to pay to you, one and all, the just tribute of my warmest praise. A year has now elapsed since the prefects, as a body, undertook to introduce and establish in their respective chambers, so far as their own example and legitimate authority could effect it, a regular

¹ See also the third sermon on 'Communion in Prayer,' in *Christian Boyhood*, i. 274, and p. 275, note 2, and lecture delivered in the latter part of 1844. 'You have attained to daily prayer in private, I hope, *twice* a day.' (*Ibid.* p. 364.)

² I had referred to it also still earlier—viz. in a lecture given on October 27 of the previous year. See *ibid.* p. 349 sq., also lecture delivered July 3, 1841, *ibid.* p. 412.

practice of private prayer. Obstacles, no doubt, must have occurred, and doubts arisen, both then and since, in the minds of several of you, to thwart the performance of such a plan, to aggravate its difficulties, or to question its expediency, in addition to the numerous temptations which Satan never fails to suggest, in every case, to obstruct the formation of a virtuous habit ; but, thanks be to God, I have the best authority for believing that by your firm and honest adherence to the engagement into which you had entered, those doubts and difficulties and temptations have been all withstood and surmounted, and that your regulation of private devotion has been uniformly observed, and continues to be maintained in all the order and efficiency in which it was first established. Again, therefore, I repeat, let me praise you for this. . . . I have before thanked you for the cheerful and ready willingness with which you acceded to my proposal ; I now thank you still more cordially for the firmness and constancy with which you have adhered to it. And this I do not only in my own name, and in the names of higher authorities (who, as they have proved their anxiety to increase your temporal comfort, so they are still more anxious to promote your spiritual welfare), but also, and especially, in the names of the parents of the younger boys, who owe it mainly to you that their sons are now enabled to persist in the pious course which they had learned to practise at home, it may be under a mother's eye, instead of contracting a habit of impiety and forgetfulness of God, which, after its rank growth and long continuance here,¹ they might never in after life have regained the grace or summoned the resolution to eradicate. And

¹ It must be borne in mind that expressions such as this are to be understood only of the *personal* and *spontaneous* habit of prayer. Not only were the boys all required to attend the chapel services on Sundays and in the morning on week-days, but a short prayer was said in school at the close of the work of every day. See also above, p. 211, note 1.

here I cannot refrain from mentioning an occurrence which corroborates what I am now saying, and at the same time redounds most highly to your honour. It came to my knowledge quite accidentally, and I shall relate it as nearly as I can in the words in which I myself heard it. A parent of a boy who has lately come into college, who, in the anxious moments of parting with his son, who was now to leave his home for the first time, had strongly impressed upon him the duty of continuing to say his prayers, warning him, however, at the same time of the almost insuperable difficulties he must expect to encounter in its performance. . . . What was his pleasure and surprise, when on receiving the first letter from his son he read words to this effect. "I continue, as you bade me, to say my prayers; but I have found none of the difficulties you told me of. On the contrary, if I had not said them of my own accord, the prefect in my chamber would have required me to do so." The incident itself is a simple and trivial one, but it speaks to a fact which I would rather have recorded for the honour of you all, which will do you all, and will do this college, more honour in the sight of both God and men, than the greatest feats of learning and genius it has ever witnessed, or the proudest trophies of academical distinction it has ever won. . . . And that prefect, whoever he was, who thus secured for an anxious parent that which probably no influence of parental care or authority would have been able to effect, will one day experience more heartfelt joy at this simple testimony to his piety and zeal, than at the remembrance of the loudest praise or the most complete success that can ever crown his cultivation of mere earthly accomplishments.'¹

¹ *Christian Boyhood*, i. 141 sq. In my Sacrament lecture on the Easter Eve of the subsequent year (1844) the subject of Private Prayer was again taken up, and particular directions were given for its use. See *ibid.* pp. 161-176. Also p. 358 sq.

Thus I have spoken fully of the duty which devolved upon me, as second master, to prepare the boys in college for the reception of Holy Communion. It was also my duty, as may indeed be inferred from what has been already said, to prepare them for Confirmation. In order to discharge my responsibility in this latter respect as thoroughly as I could, I was led to draw up my small volume entitled ‘Catechesis, or Christian Instruction Preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion,’ which appeared in 1842. Previously I had used as my text book with the boys Bishop Ken’s ‘Exposition of the Catechism, or Practice of Divine Love,’ which, like everything else in prose that has come to us from his pen—it is much to be regretted that we have not more¹—is admirable. I say ‘in prose’ because, with the exception of the three hymns, for morning, evening, and midnight, which were originally published at the end of his ‘Manual of Prayers for the Use of Winchester Scholars,’ when the author was a Fellow of the College, and of which the two former (or rather portions of them) are universally known, there is little in the four volumes of his poetical works that can stand the test of modern criticism, notwithstanding that the late Dean Plumptre, in his recent most interesting and valuable life of Ken, has done his best to rescue them from oblivion.² But I soon found that I required for my catechumens something more than Ken’s treatise—something at once more comprehensive and more

¹ Macaulay, with the inaccuracy into which he is apt to fall in writing about Ecclesiastical matters, speaks of the ‘Folio’ volumes of Bishop Ken; whereas all that has been ever published of his in Prose scarcely suffices to fill one thin Octavo.

² Their fate in this respect—*i.e.* the oblivion into which they have fallen—may be compared to that of Keble’s *Psalter*, which, notwithstanding the pains spent upon it, both by himself and by Dr. Pusey, in order to secure its fidelity to the original Hebrew, and notwithstanding also the universal popularity of the *Christian Year*, fell almost still-born from the press, and is now never heard of.

close in its application—to meet the wants and the duties, the trials and the temptations of boys at a public school. And, no such manual being then in existence, I determined to set to work to compile one, with the hope and intention (as in the case of my Greek Grammar) of making it not only as accurate but as complete as possible. For this purpose I examined carefully, in addition to Ken's, all previous works upon the Catechism of any merit, including those of Dean Nowell, Hammond, Bishop Nicholson (one of the best), Bishop Beveridge, the so-called Oxford Catechism, Bishop Wilson, &c. &c. ; and while using the book with my class I went on improving and enlarging it in the second and third editions. I had rather hoped, that being adapted, as it is, specially for their use, it might have found its way into other public schools ; but, though this was not to be—and I took no step to effect it—I have had abundant reason to be satisfied with the favourable testimonies which the book has received from highly competent judges at various times during the long interval—now nearly half a century—that has elapsed since its publication.¹

Among others, Canon Jelf, Principal of King's College, London, wrote to me as follows:

¹ Including Dean Burgon and Chancellor Leeke ; of whom the former told me how useful it had been during the whole of his ministry at St. Mary's, *Oxford*, and the latter the same in his intercourse with young men at *Cambridge*. Nothing could be kinder than the letters which I received in acknowledgment of it from Dr. Williams, then Warden of New College, and from Francis Martin, my old Bowness tutor, Fellow and Bursar of Trinity, Cambridge. It has also been required as a text book for Deacon's Orders by some of the English Bishops. And my brother (late Bishop of Lincoln), in his *Theophilus Anglicanus*, speaks of it as 'specially to be commended among manuals preparatory for Confirmation.' It is now in the fifth edition. 'This is now an old book ; but it is an uncommonly good one, as we can personally testify, having had it in more or less constant use for some sixteen years.'—*Literary Churchman*. 'The whole work is a masterly one.'—*English Churchman*. 'Should be in the hands of every teacher.'—*Scottish Standard Bearer*, November, 1890 ; from which I may infer that it has not been superseded by more recent works.

I have read your 'Catechetical Questions' ¹ attentively, as they came to hand just as I was seeking for some manual for the Confirmand of King's College, London. I am happy to say that the work is entirely satisfactory to me, and that it appears to me to fill up a gap which has been more sensibly felt since the publication of your brother's admirable *Theophilus Anglicanus*. I have given the best proof of my satisfaction by recommending this manual of yours to the candidates for Confirmation.

Dr. Williamson, head master of Westminster, also wrote to me that he should use it with his boys for the same purpose.

It has indeed one advantage which, so far as I know, no other Manual of the kind possesses, viz. that it contains in an Appendix, besides the Catechism itself, the Baptismal, Confirmation, and Communion Offices, upon which all catechetical instruction, in order to be sound and trustworthy, ought to be based.²

3. INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.

The statutes of the founder of Winchester College require that every boy admitted on his foundation shall be, *inter alia*, 'in plano cantu competenter instructus'—that is, *able to sing*; doubtless in order that he might be *competent* to take his part in the frequent services, always choral, of the College Chapel.³ Since the Reformation this wise requirement had been gradually relaxed more and more till at length it had dwindled to the *farce*—almost incredible, but still actually enacted, when I became second master—that

¹ The title of my 'Catechesis' in its first two editions.

² See my charge for 1886 on 'The Study, Uses, and Value of the Book of Common Prayer,' p. 8.

³ See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 278 sq. note, and the passage from St. Augustin's *Confessions* (x. 33) there quoted: 'Cantandi consuetudinem approbavit in Ecclesiâ, ut per oblectamenta aurium *infirmior animus* in affectum pietatis assurgat.'

every boy who was *nominated*¹ a candidate for admission, before he went into the election chamber to be examined, was told that when the acting examiner asked him whether he could sing, all he had to do was to say, ‘All people that on earth do dwell’—that is, recite the first verse of the Old Hundredth metrical Psalm—and that when he had so done, the examiner would say to him, ‘That will do!’ It appeared to me that, in order to rectify this shocking abuse, the least that was necessary was to require, by an *ex post facto* regulation, that every boy in college, having been admitted upon the understanding that he was able to sing, should be taught to do so. And in this I had the full sympathy of the good Warden. Those were the days in which Mr. John Hullah was carrying everything with his new system of musical instruction in large classes. I put myself into communication with him, and invited him to come and stay with me. He came, and we set to work to organise singing classes for all the college boys. He had already done this at Charterhouse, and partially at Eton. And afterwards from time to time he repeated his visits to me—always a welcome and agreeable guest—in order to superintend the progress of the experiment as it was being carried on by an assistant whom he appointed. At first the lessons were attractive from their novelty, and, it must be added, from the remarkable skill and tact which Hullah himself exhibited as a teacher, as well as from his zeal and confidence in the cause which he had in hand.

A letter of his to me, dated December 26, 1844, contains the following passage: ‘I do not believe there lives a human being who could not be taught to sing if he wished to learn. That there may be persons to whom the result would not

¹ The *nominations* were in the hands of the ‘Electors’—viz. the Wardens of New College and Winchester, the Head Master, the Sub-warden of Winchester, and the two ‘Posers’ appointed by New College. There was then no *bonâ fide* examination.

repay the effort they were making to attain it, I most fully believe. But these are people in advanced life, not children. If a premium be put upon incapacity, either in the form of indulgence or admiration, doubtless there will be abundance of incapables. But if it were once considered a settled thing—a thing not admitting of discussion—that every boy in the kingdom under (say) twelve years of age, was able to sing, and was to learn, *learn he would.*¹

I quite concur in that view of the case. Supposed musical inability, like any other defect, as of memory, or indistinct utterance, is to be amended, if not altogether removed, by cultivation. Unless this were so, the precepts of St. Paul upon the duty of our joining in ‘psalms and hymns and spiritual songs’ would be unreasonable. I remember that when I was at Ems, and had a boy for a guide to one of the Castles on the Rhine, in the course of conversation which I had with him on the way, I inquired whether in the school which he attended all the boys were taught to sing; and when he had answered in the affirmative, and I had further asked, ‘But what if a boy has no voice?’ he archly replied, ‘Er muss eine finden.’

I was always present in person at the lesson given to the upper boys, and took my place in the class, partly to learn and partly *pour encourager les autres*; but it was not long before it became no easy matter to keep the boys in good humour with the scheme,² especially as the time given to it had to be taken almost entirely out of the hours, not of school business, but of play. And Moberly, though he did not oppose it, gave it little or no encouragement. He was content that any of the commoners should attend the classes

¹ Since the above was written, I observe that my friend, the Dean of Salisbury, gives a similar testimony in a lecture delivered on December 8, 1890: ‘When I was a boy at Charterhouse, my old music master, Mr. Hullah, used to contend that *almost everybody* could sing.’

² See *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 288.

who wished to do so ; but he himself was too advanced and accomplished a musician, both in theory and in practice, vocal and instrumental, to show much favour to a mode of instruction which he was secretly inclined to look down upon as little removed from a species of quackery. Happily, I in my ignorance had no such misgivings. I was satisfied to look no further than to what was *possible*, and to make the best of it.

Restat ut his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis.
 Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
 Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi ;
 Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
 Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
 Est quadam prodire tenus si non datur ultra.

Such was my view of the matter, and it was justified by the results. Our services in Chapel were immensely improved—at least in the sense of being more congregational, more hearty. The boys learnt to take more interest, more pleasure in them. In short, we had begun fairly to realise what our founder wished and intended, and the scene I had witnessed in the gymnasium at Berlin had not been thrown away upon me.¹

I have preserved several compositions written at this time, which show how keen was the interest I felt in the attempt I have now recorded—how pleased I was when everything went well, and how much I took to heart the contrary tendencies which manifested themselves from time to time. The following is a specimen of the former quality.²

¹ See above, p. 148 sq.

² Compare *Christian Boyhood*, i. 398, Lecture given December 3, 1843 : ‘I desire to commend you for the marked improvement which I think has latterly taken place in . . . the increased attention paid by most of you to the singing lessons, even though they may be contrary to your own natural tastes and inclinations.’

Teaching against Time.

‘Take time by the forelock,’ said one to another ;
 ‘Take time by the key,’ said his musical brother :
 ‘Take time by the *lock*, and take time by the *key*,
 And *keep* time, and *beat* time!’—‘Nice tidings for me,’
 Quoth Time ; ‘I had better be off on the wing,
 Or those urchins will catch me as sure as they sing :
Up, down, right, and left ;¹ ’tis poor fun, I tell ye,
 For me all the while to be *beat* to a jelly ;
 So I’ll leave Johnny Hullah in Wykeham’s old hall
 To teach the boys singing *in no time at all*.’

But here is another specimen, which tells a different tale.²

On a Singing Lesson in the College Hall.

‘Tempora mutantur, nos et,’ &c. &c.

Time was when Thracian Orpheus sung,
 The stocks and stones could find a tongue,
 The unlettered brutes, a motley throng,
 Erect and vocal marched along
 Beneath gay Music’s banners.

But now, alas ! at Music’s call,
 Another scene in Wykeham’s hall :
 The classic youth, erect before,
 Drooping their heads retain no more
 Their voices or—good manners.

Orphea cantantem silvæ (sic fama) sequentes,
 Duraque inassuetos saxa dedere modos ;
 Vocales ipsæ capita erexere, rudesque
 Ad numerum mores dediticere feræ.
 At species diversa tibi nunc, Musica, surgit,
 (Proh ! pudor) in nostrâ conspicienda domo ;
 Demittens caput, et mores benè culta Juventus
 Dissimulans, mutum se gerit ecce ! pecus.

¹ The constant movements required under Hullah’s system in the class exercises.

² See *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 204, and note, Sermon preached in the long half-year 1844.

A translation, which I made at Mr. Hullah's request, of the Latin Wykehamical song, 'Dulce Domum,' in the metre of the original, to be sung by his classes in London, will be found in the Appendix.

Before I quit the subject of this section, it may be proper to mention that in the latter half of 1842 I preached to the boys in Chapel three sermons on 'Communion in Prayer,' in which my object was to prevail upon them not to omit, but carefully and regularly to fulfil, the part which the Rubrics of the Prayer Book assign and prescribe to every member of the congregation in public worship. The sermons were published at the time in a small, neatly-printed volume, with an elegant cover, bearing the arms of William of Wykeham emblazoned on the front—a design for which I was indebted to my artistic friend, Henry Liddell, now Dean of Christ Church—and subsequently incorporated in 'Christian Boyhood' (see vol. i. pp. 207–280). I notice this in connection with the foregoing narrative because it will be obvious that I could not reasonably have insisted upon the performance of the duty referred to on the part of *all* the boys in the case of choral services, unless they had *all* previously been taught to sing.

The letters which I received from various quarters in acknowledgment of that little volume of sermons were highly gratifying to me; but I should not have thought it necessary or proper to print the samples of them which I am about to produce merely on that account. I am led to do so mainly because they tend to show that the interest already felt in the improvement of the religious training in our public schools was more or less generally diffused, and not confined, as I think has been too commonly supposed, to the work and influence of Arnold at Rugby, great and admirable as that work undoubtedly was—a subject on

which I shall have occasion to say more in a subsequent part of this chapter.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley.

Lambeth: February 6, 1843.

My dear Sir,—I have read your discourses on Communion in Prayer with more than ordinary satisfaction. The points you insist on are of the greatest importance; and if you succeed in prevailing on the young persons addressed to attend to what is passing in the Chapel, and to lift up their hearts as well as their voices in confession and prayer, in praise and thanksgiving, when they are assembled in the holy place, the effect, I cannot but think, would be visible on their dispositions and conduct, both at school and in after life.

It gives me great pleasure to find that religious instruction forms so considerable a part in the system now adopted at Winchester. I have heard very favourable reports of the influences of a similar proceeding at Eton; and I trust that all our great schools, pursuing the same course, will, with the blessing of God, prove to be nurseries of sound religion and virtue, supplying the Church and the State with a succession of pious and well-principled men, to the unspeakable benefit of the country.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

W. CANTUAR.

Rev. C. Wordsworth.

From Dr. Hook, late Dean of Chichester.

Vicarage, Leeds: March 1, 1843.

My dear Sir,—As an old and attached Wykehamist, I thank God that I have lived to see the day when three such Sermons as those you have so kindly sent me have been preached in the dear old Chapel. But no words can express the deep feeling of gratitude with which I have read the note at p. 52. It was very different in my time. I wish you had given us the whole of that Latin Poem; it would be very interesting to Wykehamists.¹

I do very often think of Winchester when I am in my own

¹ It is given in my illustrated work, *College of St. Mary Winton*, 1846.

Church, where we have adopted completely the choral service. I have, unfortunately, no ear for music, and therefore I am attached to that kind of service entirely by sentiment and by my feeling that it is a humble imitation of what is going on in the triumphant Church. And this is one of the many things I owe to Winton. . . .

Remember me most kindly to the Warden and Dr. Moberly, and believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Your truly obliged

W. F. HOOK.

*From Dr. Butler, my old master at Harrow, then
Dean of Peterborough.*

The Deanery, Peterborough :

March 7, 1843.

My dear friend 'The Author,'—Most truly and heartily do I thank you for your delightful little volume on Communion in Prayer, which greeted me on my arrival here. I have read it with extreme gratification,—and it is the only book that I have as yet found leisure to read. How great must have been your satisfaction on witnessing the effect, the blessed effect, which, by the mercy of God, your appeal to the unsophisticated minds of the young Wykehamists has produced ! . . .

There is now another topic upon which I would gain your attention. Your brother and you have done and are doing great things for us in the way of classical learning by your new Grammars : they are adopted, I understand, at several of our most distinguished schools. But they *ought to be adopted at all*. Would it not be possible for you, by communication with heads of houses and tutors at our two Universities to obtain such a sanction, such an expression of approval, as should at once *throw overboard* all other Grammars ?

I am now comfortably settled here with my wife and daughters : the male progeny are at school or college. Were it possible that business or amusement should bring you to Peterborough, it would give me very great delight to welcome you to the Deanery.

Believe me,

Ever yours faithfully and affectionately,

GEORGE BUTLER.

From Dr. Hawtrey, Head Master of Eton.

Sunday Evening,
Eton College: Feb. 4, 1843.

My dear Mr. Wordsworth,—I have to thank you for your Sermons, which I have read with unmixed pleasure.

I never met with any more admirably suited to the purpose for which they were intended. The result of one of your Exhortations must have been very gratifying to you. I remember hearing of it at the time, and, as it reached me through the parent of a Wykehamist, there can be no doubt of it. It is a great moral advantage to all public schools—except Eton—that the masters are permitted to appear before their scholars in the clerical character—an advantage not to the scholars only, but to the master. At Eton—though the Statutes allow it—the custom long established by the authorities does *not* allow any master admission to the pulpits, and in any case which may occur of a Fellow's indisposition one of the conducts, who may be a very young man unacquainted with the place or its habits, is always preferred.

I had not finished your volume when I sealed my note—and it is my rule never to thank for a book which I feel pretty certain I shall like before I have read it.

I remain,

My dear Mr. Wordsworth,

Yours sincerely,

E. C. HAWTREY.

Rev. C. Wordsworth.

From Robert Scott, late Dean of Rochester.

Duloe: Feb. 6, '43.

My dear Wordsworth,—I hope that Liddell thanked you properly from me for your former kindness in sending me your Sermon on Repentance. I begged him to do it, because it was lying in his rooms for me; and, alas, lay there until a few months ago.

I have now, besides, to acknowledge another mark of your kindness, in your little 'Communion in Prayer'; which reached me a few evenings since. Outside and in, I have seldom seen so

pleasing a volume; and I thank you most warmly for thinking of sending it to me. The first of the three Sermons I shall certainly preach here some day or other, with the needful adaptations to my own congregation.

I am ashamed to offer the brazen armour after you have given me the golden: but I hope that you will take the enclosed as 'all I have'; and as a sample of what we have to contend against here.

Ever yours,
ROBERT SCOTT.

From Rev. H. H. Norris, of Hackney.

Grove Street: Feb. 2, 1843.

My dear Wordsworth,—I have made no delay in the perusal of your little volume, which enters so fully and so impressively into that department of rubrical conformity which has respect to the congregation, and is enforced in a manner so peculiarly adapted to your own pastoral charge. Nothing could be better conceived than the building your argument upon the Dialogue between Socrates and Alcibiades, and you have pressed it home upon your auditory in a manner that cannot fail to carry powerful conviction along with it, and to give free course to their hearts. I was much pleased to see a recognition of this effect, which I trust will be permanent, and then the generation coming after us may have their hearts gladdened by having the destinies of the nation administered by statesmen of a higher order than the Gallios who are conducting our affairs. The notes are a complete commonplace book for those who wish to find out where the subject is best treated of, and the only thing to be desired is that it may obtain an extensive circulation. Pray accept my best thanks, and believe me to be

Your affectionate friend,
H. H. NORRIS.

I am anxiously expecting to receive from Mr. Watson the news from Cambridge; but the reports received yesterday were of a lowering character.

From Edward Coleridge, of Eton.

Eton : Feb. 11.

My dear Wordsworth,—In the midst of many cares which have pressed very heavily on my mind and body of late, I have omitted thanking you as quickly as I desired for the little volume of Sermons which you sent me, and which I think so excellent, right-hearted, and calculated to do real good in the best way, that I shall at once place a copy in every one of my pupils' hands. You did well to send such a memento hither, as our boys are sadly deficient in the duty of *expressing* orally those feelings of devotion which a great majority of them do, I really believe, entertain, and according to which they do in a great measure act. May God bless this and all your other endeavours to do good.

I have seen your note to Pickering *de re grammaticæ*, and I beg to assure you that I for one firmly believe you to have acted throughout in that matter in a single-hearted desire to do good and to serve the cause of classical education.

Will you thank Dr. Moberly very heartily for his letter, and bid him expect an answer from me shortly? Also give my kindest remembrances to the Warden, in whose friendship I rejoice, for he is ἀπλότης, in its best sense, personified.

Ever yours heartily,

EDWARD COLERIDGE.

From Rev. C. J. Heathcote.

Upper Clapton, Middlesex.

Rev. Sir,—I have read with the greatest pleasure the three Sermons on Communion in Prayer put into my hands by Mr. Joshua Watson. Will you pardon my asking whether it would not be possible to have them thrown into a cheap form for circulation? I would willingly have distributed them largely among my people had the price permitted it, and I know no book that I should better like to put into the hands of every young person whom I send up for Confirmation; but it must be in another shape and price before this could be done by some of us '*overpaid Clergy of the Establishment.*'

Excuse my thus intruding myself upon you. My name may be a little known to you through a quondam coadjutor of mine,

Mr. Robertson ; but I must make the importance of the object to be attained by the Sermons (and *most* important it is) my excuse for thus addressing you, and subscribe myself,

Rev. Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

C. J. HEATHCOTE.

4. PARTICIPATION IN GAMES.

The system of fagging was organised and carried on at Winchester in a more thorough manner perhaps than at any other public school. It had its advantages, and anyone who wishes to see these discussed and balanced with the disadvantages may consult the Preface prefixed by Moberly to the second volume of his Winchester Sermons.¹ There can be no doubt that in former times, whatever may be the case now, it had pressed harshly and severely upon the junior boys in many respects, and especially in connection with games. My habit of mixing with the boys in play-time and of taking part in at least some of their games, such as cricket and bat-fives,² not unfrequently enabled me to acquire over them in such matters an influence which I could not otherwise have gained, and which I endeavoured to employ so as to correct whatever I observed of undue harshness and want of consideration toward those whose position in the school made them liable to be fagged. The prefects would know that in my Sacrament lectures addressed to

¹ See also *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 222, 225, for a defence of the system.

² I might add rowing. I bought an Oxford four-oar and had it conveyed to Winchester, in order that I might teach some of the boys to row on 'leave-out' days, the part of the river (Itchen) available for that purpose being at a short distance above the town, and out of bounds. I also hired a part of the river below the college which was preserved for fishing, so that, by paying a small sum for a ticket of leave, any 'contemplative' boy who wished might follow his own 'recreation,' no less than those whom nature had formed for more active sports. The Itchen is one of the most beautiful trout streams in England. Frank Buckland, a boy *sui generis*, had also sufficient scope for the indulgence of his peculiar tastes, as the readers of his interesting *Life* will be well aware.

them there was no point upon which I was wont to lay greater stress than the duty of their setting a good example to the inferiors, and *a fortiori* of abstaining in their own persons from all acts of tyranny and *bullying* towards them.¹ They would also know that, much as I enjoyed associating with them in ‘Meads,’ and witnessing their games even when I did not join in them, I had always an ulterior object in view, viz. to check anything amiss that I might see or hear, and especially to prevent any inconsiderate or excessive exercise of power on the part of the seniors over the juniors, or of the strong over the weak.² It was in this way that I succeeded in putting a stop to the practice of ‘kicking in,’³ which consisted in a number of the juniors being required to stand, often shivering with cold, for an hour or more at a time, on the confines of a game of football in which the seniors were engaged, in order merely to *kick in* the ball when it had passed beyond the limits prescribed for the combatants.

The following compositions will scarcely be intelligible except to Wykehamists; but I am led to insert them as serving to show even to the uninitiated, at least in some degree, how thoroughly I delighted to identify myself with the boys on all occasions, to sympathise with them in their sports not less than in their studies, and in their performance of duty of all kinds; and how earnestly I desired to train them up more especially in the practice of that grace upon which their Founder has laid in his Statutes such peculiar stress—*peace and unity and brotherly love one towards another*.⁴

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, i. 344, 371, 376, 398, 485, 491, 501; ii. 50, 220, 223, 257 sq., 400–402, 414, 416–419.

² See *ibid.* pp. 120–122, and 348.

³ See *ibid.* p. 449.

⁴ See the concluding words of my Farewell Sermon, preached on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1846; incorporated in *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 439–489.

Lines in imitation of a 'Vulgus'—a short exercise so called, generally in four or six Latin Elegiac verses—which the boys under me were required to compose upon a subject set overnight, and to show up the first thing in school the next morning.

Laudant aliena sequentes.

Corda hominum variis usque indulgentia votis

Ut juvat ex animo fingere fata suo !

Hic sibi divitias, magnos ille optat honores,

Rure alius modicos, otia tuta, lares.

Me quoque (quid prohibet quod sensi mente fateri ?)

Sæpius instabilem sors aliena movet.

O ! si præteritam liceat revocare juventam,

In sextâ ¹ camerâ Junior esse velim !

Vimine quadrifido posito, petasoque severo, ²

Ligna addam veteri dimidiata ³ foco :

Ostia ⁴ doctrinæ qui vult mihi grandia servet ;

Ipse sed ante fores stans puer ' hora ' ⁵ vocem !

What follows refers to a peculiar custom of the college boys, who, after the short evening prayer in the ante-chapel said by the second master, and before separating for the night to their respective chambers, were wont to shake hands each with his neighbour all round as they stood in their respective places—much in the same way as I have seen in St. Peter's at Rome on special occasions the Cardinals ranged on each side of the Pope pass on to one another the kiss which the first in order has received from him.

¹ The 'sixth chamber' was considered of most dignity, being the one in which 'the prefect of hall'—the senior boy of the school—had his bed.

² Flogging was administered by the master with a rod of four twigs, and with his trencher cap on.

³ Faggots were placed in the chambers, and, to keep up the fire on the open hearth, it was the junior's duty to put on 'a half faggot' when required.

⁴ The statutable name of the second master was 'Ostiarus,' as if to represent the keeper of the door of the house of learning.

⁵ The junior was required to stand outside the chamber door and to call 'hour' when the chapel clock struck in an evening.

‘Oremus . . . et dextas tendamus.’—VIRG. *Æn.* xi. 414.

Ut procul umbroso Pastor resupinus in antro
 Circum pascentes cernere gaudet oves,
 Et cujusque notans faciem, moresque, modosque,
 Spectando totum discit amare gregem ;
 Sic mea vos, cari, quoties contemplor, alumni,
 Pectora lætitiâ tangitis usque novâ :
 Lætor, gramineæ seu scena decora palæstræ
 Et ludo fervens area tonsa ¹ patet ;
 Seu matutini parvas ascendimus Alpes,
 Et duco Pœnos Hannibal ipse meos.²
 Sed longè ante alias oculis pulcherrima nostris
 Miranti species illa placere solet,
 Ad sacras spectanda fores, temploque sub ipso,
 Cùm vespertinæ contiguere preces :—
 Mixti inter sese pueri amplectuntur in orbem,
 Et nulla est manui non benè juncta manus.
 O ! ego Pastorum turbâ felicior omni,
 O ! fortunatum terque quaterque pecus,
 Si qualis dextas jungit pia copula, talis
 Nectat amor certâ pectora vestra fide !

*On hearing the Chapel funeral bell at a time of unkind
 words among the boys.*

Campanæ mœrens non est sonus iste quod angit ;
 Angit, si qua sonat vox inimica, pios.

Another copy of Latin Verses, addressed to a young friend who had lately gone up to Oxford from Winchester, may be inserted here. It shows that the affectionate interest which I felt in the boys while they were under my charge continued to follow them after they had left.

¹ The cricket ground in ‘Meads.’

² It was part of the duty of both the masters occasionally to see that all the boys were present ‘at Hills,’ by requiring the prefect in course to call over their names, either on the way, or when they had reached their destination, about half a mile from the college. It fell to me more especially to do this in the early morning, and I often walked with them the whole way.

*Ad Amicum adolescentem, nuper Wintoniensem nunc
Oxoniensem.*

Quò tendis æstu fervido desiderî
 Impulsa, Musa, non levis ?
 Quò, carmen auspicata desuetum diu,
 Me jam senescentem rapis ?
 Quem mente puerum prosequabar anxîâ
 Oculoque plus-septennium,
 Quem junxit ejusdem usus hospiti laris,
 Junxere communes preces,
 Juvat remotum nunc ab aspectu procul
 Sic voce (quod possum) sequi,
 Quà, doctiori ascriptus Academi choro,
 Ripam Isidis sacram colit.
 Juvat, togatum nuper, aggredi virum,
 Juvat loquente colloqui,
 Et (si qua forsan parva consolatio
 Adsit vel huic munusculo)
 Miscere fletum, si licet, fletu juvat,
 Et vota votis addere.¹
 Morimur, amice, Morimur et dum vivimus ;
 Nec quid relictum jam manet
 Vitæ prioris, sive jucundos dies,
 Seu mæstiores egimus.
 At non piget vixisse : Quid ? quod in locis,
 Quos læta quondam noverat,
 Mens hæret ultro, pristinæ dulcedinis
 Indocta sensum ponere.
 Quoties imago, cùm scholâ convenimus,
 Carissima assurgit tui
 Etiam sedentis, ut sedebas antea,
 Adversus adverso mihi
 Discens docenti, parietem ad notissimum :
 En ! ora querneam super
 Pendentis arcam : En ! lumina, et fixum caput ;
 En ! diligentem dexteram
 Nunc calamum agentis, nunc revolventis libros
 Hinc unum, et illinc alterum ;

¹ A younger brother, whom I had attended during his illness, had lately died at 'Sick House'—the college sanatorium.

Non sine loquelis circiter mussantibus
 Sociorum idem discentium.
 Hæc me tuentem quale tacito pectore
 Credis fovere gaudium ?
 Quid? quod labores fallere hinc disco graves,
 Quot quot magistrum distrahunt ;
 Et nescio quid fronte contractâ minax
 Externus, intus rideo.
 Tuque, interim, dilecte, nutricis domûs
 Non prorsus oblivisceris ;
 Quin nos amore motus interdum pio
 Ventamque respectas tuam ;
 Tu rite ludorum, et memor sodalium,
 Tu literarum et artium ;
 Nec aure purâ quicquid hausisti puer
 Servare te piget virum.
 Piget—pigebit—si quid aut deliquimus,
 Aut segnius perfecimus :
 Nec sat pigere :—rectiora in posterum
 Summis sequemur viribus.
 Cetera, perenni laude tollentes Deum,
 Omnis Datorem muneris,
 Animo et quod actum est recolimus gratissimo,
 Et spe futurum non malâ.

Jan. 1, 1844.

Since the foregoing pages were written there has appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* (for Nov. 1890) an article entitled 'Winchester College.' The author, Frederick Gale, is now well known as an authority among athletes, especially upon cricket. He was a boy in college during 1836-41 inclusive, which were the first six years of my mastership. If I remember right, we were not always upon the best of terms as teacher and disciple ; but this only proves the amiableness of his disposition, for he is so good as to speak of his old master in the kindest manner—so kind, indeed, that I should be ashamed to quote the passage were it not that it mentions several particulars which had quite escaped my memory.

‘And now I should like to say a word about the Bishop of St. Andrews when second master. No finer athlete ever entered a school, and no master ever did more to promote all that was noble and manly amongst boys; and no man had more tact in proposing changes. In my time during my later years at Winchester, Mr. Wordsworth, as he then was, took an immense interest in cricket and all manly sports, and played a great deal both in practice and in matches, and brought elevens against us. In 1836 he was mainly instrumental in getting the college to form a new ground in “Meads” by digging out the peat soil over an area of eighty yards square, and filling it up with a substratum of chalk, faggots, new soil, and down turf; and the work was so well done under his eye that it is as firm to-day as it was over fifty years ago. He also laid out a small ground for the junior boys, and in my later days he always gave leave from every roll-call for fellows playing in matches. He took great interest in his old pupils when they went into the upper school, and if he thought that any of them were too much devoted to amusement, he would try and enlist them as candidates for a prize which he gave to any boy in the Upper Fifth who would learn in play hours four hundred lines of Cicero by heart: “*propter operam in exercendâ memoriâ horis subsecivis optime positam.*” He was the originator of making all boys in Middle Part the Fifth learn thirty lines of Cicero by heart every morning; and I believe he was as fond of Cicero as he was of cricket, and he certainly made many boys like *both* and understand *both*. He never meddled with old-established customs; but his suggestions were generally accepted; and when he suggested to prefects that quiet should be kept in chambers at nine o’clock P.M. for ten minutes, to enable boys who wished to do so to say their prayers (in 1838), it was carried out at once; as was another suggestion that on half-holidays, when leave from roll-calls was given from two o’clock till eight for matches, prefects should discontinue the twelve o’clock practice and give the fags a rest.’

I had quite forgotten the improvement of the cricket ground in ‘Meads;’ but I can now recall the circumstances. The ground required a thorough draining. The turf on the surface was good; but (the subsoil being of a marshy character, and having never been drained) it could not be

lively, or fair to the bowler, even in a hot season. Its character was much the same as that of the Oxford ground at Cowley Marsh, which I had taken in hand, and subjected to much the same process as that described in Gale's article (in imitation of what had been done not long before for Lord's ground at London), and thereby a very great improvement had been effected at a cost of 200*l.*, subscribed by members of our then (so-called) Magdalen club. At Winchester the expense was undertaken by the college, through the influence of the good Warden. I had also forgotten the fact of the prize which my old pupil mentions; but I can easily recognise it—indeed the words of the Latin inscription inserted in the prize books are enough to recall it to my recollection; and I know I desired to introduce among the boys the learning by heart of Latin *Prose*. The repetition of *Verse*, both Greek and Latin, had always been a strong point at Winchester. As to Cicero, I still retain my fondness for the works of that author, especially his *De Officiis*, *De Amicitia*, and most of all his *De Senectute*; to which, in my opinion, we have nothing of the kind at all equal in our own language.

It was, I believe, owing in no small degree to my intercourse with the boys in their play hours that our school discipline, meanwhile, underwent a great change for the better. In an article on 'Eton College' in the 'Quarterly Review' for the present month (July 1890) we are told that 'Keate's propensity for flogging boys sixty years ago was scarcely less common at other schools. Gabell of Winchester flogged boys daily; so did Butler of Shrewsbury and Butler of Harrow. The urbane Longley flogged fifty boys one morning for going to see a steeple-chase. It was the recognised method of dealing with boyish offences.' And no doubt my predecessor Ridding was equally 'plagossus' with his superior 'Orbilius,' Williams, who succeeded Gabell: for the second master equally with the head master had the power of the rod. It was not, I believe, unusual for

him, after morning school, to castigate in that manner not less than four or five boys at a time who had been 'tardy chapel.' But I can remember when, in replying to the toast of my health in the Warden's Gallery at a Domum Festival, I had the satisfaction of stating that not a single boy had been flogged by me during the whole of the long half-year which was then ended. And certainly there had been no relaxation—but quite the contrary—in the needful discipline of the school.

Having thus disposed of the four prominent topics which, as I have said, marked the administration of my office at Winchester, I may now proceed to others of a more general character, taking them for the most part in their natural order—that is, the course of time.

So long as my dear wife was spared to me our mid-summer holidays were spent abroad: in 1836, in a tour through Holland and Belgium, accompanied by my brother John; in 1837 at Spa, and afterwards at various places on the Rhine; in 1838, chiefly at Schwalbach, for the benefit of the waters, on my account: while our Christmas holidays were varied by visits to my dear friend Mrs. Hoare at Hampstead, and to my father at Cambridge. Of my foreign travels during those years what I remember with most interest was the journey which we took from Spa to Treves, and thence down the Moselle to Coblenz; and our various excursions on the banks of the Rhine, always in a private vehicle, the only satisfactory way of making acquaintance with those delightful scenes. Treves, I think, is less known to tourists than it deserves to be. It is a most interesting town, both from its historical associations and from the abundance and variety of its Roman remains. But its glory is now quite departed, and it appeared almost to have forgotten that it had a history. Among other proofs of this, I was much disappointed at not being able to find a single

copy of Ansonius in any of the booksellers' shops, as I had hoped to have renewed my acquaintance with his poem of the *Mosella* as we were descending that beautiful river during two days in a barque.

In May 1839 came the sudden blow—so sudden that I had no apprehension of it an hour before—which deprived me of my dearest Charlotte, in giving birth to our only child, a daughter, who still lives. All that human sympathy could do for me in my overwhelming affliction was done by the kindness of the good Warden and other friends upon the spot, but especially of Mrs. Hoare, who came at once to Winchester (bringing carriage and servants with her) to minister consolation in person in the first agonies of my bereavement, and remained with me for a fortnight; and every topic of condolence which the truest affection could suggest was poured into my wound by the letters which I received from absent friends, and which I still preserve—especially from Hamilton, Claughton, Roundell Palmer, William Palmer, and Liddell. Altogether they form a complete manual for a mourner on such an occasion. My Charlotte was buried within the Cloisters of the College, and a marble tablet to her memory on the south-east wall of the Ante-chapel (as it then was) bears the following inscription:

M. S.

Conjugis dulcissimæ
Carolettæ Wordsworth,

quæ,

vixdum facta mater,

ex amplexu mariti

sublata est

nocte Ascensionis Domini,

Maiæ X. MDCCCXXXIX.

Ætat. xxii.

I, nimiùm dilecta, vocat Deus; I, bona nostræ
Pars animæ: mærens altera, disce sequi.

Attention has been drawn to the Latin couplet by various attempts made to translate it ; among the rest, by one of the late Lord Derby, which appeared in the ' Guardian ' newspaper on May 1, 1867, and is as follows :

Too dearly loved, thy God hath called thee ; go,
Go, thou best portion of this widowed heart :
And thou, poor remnant lingering here in woe,
So learn to follow as no more to part.

It has also been rendered into couplets, both English and Greek, by Professor Lewis Campbell.¹

Let me humbly recognise the Will and Wisdom of God in ordering that a union, however happy, which had begun, I feel, precipitately should be abruptly ended.

The infant who thus came into the world was baptised in the College Chapel under the name of Charlotte Emmeline by my father on May 26 (Trinity Sunday) ; the sponsors being my sister-in-law Mrs. Abbot Upcher, my cousin Mrs. Fisher of Salisbury, Mrs. Hoare, and the Warden.

The stroke which had smitten me so sorely in the spring of that year was followed in the winter by another, less sudden but also deeply afflictive—the death of my elder brother John, on Dec. 31. He was naturally of a delicate constitution, and for some years had rarely, if ever, been in the enjoyment of robust health. Both bereavements are referred to in the Preface to the second edition of my Greek Grammar, which came out at the beginning of 1840 ; and the following Greek epigram composed by my brother Christopher will show the affecting circumstances in which my experience of the latter visitation was combined with that

¹ Three years ago I received a letter from a gentleman living in Glasgow, a stranger to me personally, and a Presbyterian, requesting me to allow him to make use of that inscription for a monument he was erecting to the memory of his wife. I gave my consent.

of the former. My motherless babe arrived at Trinity Lodge the very day of my brother John's death.

ἦλθες ἀδακρίτῳ φαιδρὸν γελάουσα προσώπῳ
 ἄψανστός τ' ὀδύναις δώματ' ἐς ἡμέτερα.
 ἦλθες ὅθ' ἡμετέρου θάνατον πενθοῦμεν ἀδελφοῦ
 σήμερον ἐκ τούτων οἰχομένου μελάθρων.
 ὦ βρέφος, ἀλλὰ σὺ χαῖρε, φίλον· κείνουδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
 ὥστε ῥόδον θάλλοις ἄνθεσι πορφυρέοις.

My brother John, when at Winchester, had been the favourite pupil of Dr. Gabell, then head master. He had a distaste for mathematics which, of course, placed him at a disadvantage in the ordinary course of Cambridge examinations, and, being of a modest and retiring disposition, he had not ambition enough to induce him to endeavour to surmount it. But his acquaintance with general literature, modern as well as ancient, was varied and extensive; and his excellence as a classical scholar was so pre-eminent that he succeeded in obtaining a Trinity Fellowship—a feat very rarely, if ever, achieved without some assistance from mathematical attainments. The esteem and affection in which he was held by all who knew him, including those who had enjoyed the benefit of instruction from him as a college lecturer, may be gathered from the inscription on the marble bust, executed by Mr. Weekes under Chantrey's superintendence, at the cost of a public subscription, and placed over his monument in the Ante-chapel of Trinity College, between the busts of the two most celebrated Greek Professors whom Cambridge, perhaps, has ever known—Porson and Dobree. The inscription in full may be seen in my brother Christopher's 'Memoirs of Wordsworth,' vol. ii. p. 361. It may suffice to quote here the following portion of it:

Cum Bentleio illo, Porsono, Dobræo,
 Ut vitæ et sepulturæ loco
 Ita similitudine studiorum conjunctus
 Eruditionem sibi magno labore
 Comparavit accuratissimam,
 Quam egregiè commendabant
 Forma, vultus, incessus, sermo
 Omnes compositi,
 Indolis suavitas, Christiana Humilitas.

My home at Winchester was gradually rendered less cheerless by the presence of Miss Day, an aunt of my deceased wife, and at the same time, of one, and afterwards of another, of my wife's younger sisters, who came to stay with me and help me to keep house. It was the latter whose appearance at her bedroom window to look at the boys going into early Morning Chapel—always a scene of some hurry and excitement, gave occasion to the following.

*Lines on Miss K—— D—— Looking through a Window in her Nightcap to See the Boys go into Morning Chapel.*¹

Hail, 'lovely apparition sent
 To be a moment's ornament !'
 Still from the corner of the pane
 It peeps, and peeps, and peeps again.
 Is it a beaming blushing face,
 And all the nightcap's matchless grace,
 Or *eyes alone* that we can trace ?
 With eager looks the gateway² swarms
 To catch a glimpse of such new charms.
 The awful master pacing *Sands*³
 No more his due respect commands :
 No more is heard the wonted din
 Of *watcher* shouting ' Wordsworth in.'

¹ Chapel was at 6 A.M. in summer, and at 6.45 in winter. This incident was in summer.

² The passage by which 'commoners' came into the college quadrangle to enter the Chapel, which was close at hand.

³ A space so called, alongside the Chapel, on which the master, before going in, would sometimes take a turn until the bell had ceased to ring.

Seniors and juniors in amaze
 Instead of running, stand to gaze ;—
 With such enchantment who can grapple ?—
 And the whole school is *tardè chapel*.¹

And now that I am on the subject of *women's attraction*, I must allow myself to add the following Greek Anacreontics, sent to Dr. Moberly after he had been preaching an impressive sermon on 'Divine Grace.' All who knew Mrs. Moberly and her young family at that time will recognise the justice of the epithets therein applied.

χαριεστάτης γυναικὸς,
 χαριεστάτων σε παίδων,
 χάριτος (τί θαῦμα ;) θείας
 χαριέστατον προφήτην,
 φίλ', ἐγὼ μάλ' ὀλβιάζω,
 μάλα δ' εἴχομαι πλέων σοὶ
 χάρις εἰς αἰὲ γένοιτο !

Also the following :

*Lines to Mrs. M—— on Receiving from her the Gift
 of a Silken thread Pen-wiper.*

Methinks embodied in this gift of thine
 The virtues of thy sex, fair lady, shine :
 The form itself, the waist, the ribboned head
 Recall the artist of the silken thread :
 The silken threads receive the inky stain,
 Cleanse the foul pen, yet pure themselves remain.
 Even so 'tis woman's first, divinest, charm,
 To mix with evil and receive no harm ;
 The gross world still to cleanse, refine, and cure,
 While to her own pure bosom all is pure.

To this may be added a longer composition of a similar character, addressed to Miss I—— L——, and sent to accompany a looking-glass as a present on her marriage in 1845 with my friend Walter Hamilton.

¹ The expression used when a boy was too late to be admitted.

To Miss I—— L——.

Dear for another's sake while yet unknown,
 Dear to become, for virtues all thine own,
 Accept, fair lady, what thy Walter's friend,
 Though stranger yet to thee, presumes to send—
 This bridal glass ; ¹—nor deem the gift betrays
 A worldling's offering or a flatterer's praise :—
Such might it prove to *some*—thy purer mind,
 Still bent in all their proper good to find,
 Shall seek e'en here, where vain ones meet 'offence,'
 Fresh guards, and types of lovelier innocence.
 Yes, hence instructed, while thy features pass
 In quick review before the truthful glass,
 Be thine the grace, in frank sincerity,
 To see—and judge—thyself as others see ;
 Call up the faithful monitor within,
 Unveil each lurking taint, each secret sin ;
 Be mirror to thyself ! thy conscience clear
 Direct thee what to follow, what to fear ;
 Nor, when thy foot from out thy chamber goes,
 Forget ² the image that before thee rose.

To thee, O fair, intent on thoughts like these,
 Not bent to charm, nor negligent to please,
 Oft shall the comely vest, the plaited hair,
 Suggest a costlier tire, a nobler care ;
 Teach, by the Glass of Wisdom,³ to adorn
 'The hidden man' with garments ne'er outworn,
 In goodly deeds to clothe th' immortal soul,
 To gird the will with sterner self-control ;
 Meekly to 'keep' whom *fairly* thou hast won,
 Reflect *his* will, and prove that Two are One.⁴
 Then, hovering round to guard thy mystic state,
 Good angels' wings shall on thy bidding wait,
 Deck thee in Mary's 'part,' with Martha's care,
 And task celestial skill to grace Salvation's heir,

¹ On my inquiring what present they would like, Hamilton had told me that a large looking-glass would be acceptable : they already had everything else in the way of furniture which they desired.

² See Jam. i. 23, 24.

³ 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.

⁴ Eph. v. 31.

Nor fear that he,¹ thy 'Lord,' shall e'er upbraid;
 But bear thee witness, howsoe'er arrayed,
 Clad or in bridal robes, or sable weed,
 She who is 'fair² to God' is fair indeed!

Then look, securely look: thyself behold;
 Mark each becoming, each disordered fold;
 Smile on each flower, each lawless ringlet chide,
 Display each native charm, each blemish hide;
 In each expression of the changing brow,
 Of eye, or lip — now playful, pensive now —
 Mark how the short-lived colours come and go,
 Frail as the rose or lily; — mark and know,
 Like as thine eyes thine own reflexion scan,
 There *is* who sees, and marks, thine inner man;
 Know there is ONE, to whose all-searching eye,
 Thoughts, motives, wishes, all transparent lie;
 Who scans the naked heart; who waits to bless
 Each budding grace of Faith and Holiness; —
 The same who hears thy supplicating voice,
 The same whose blessing crowns thy nuptial choice,
 The same whom now thy fondest visions trace
 In Nature³ darkly seen, more bright in grace,
 Hereafter to be seen, and see thee, face to face.

During my residence at Winchester, besides my intimacy with Walter Hamilton, I had another attraction to Salisbury. A daughter of my great-uncle Dr. Cookson (Canon of Windsor) had married Mr. Fisher, one of the Sarum Canons. They had a young family of boys and girls, and among them was a girl named Emmeline, who early attained a most remarkable celebrity. When about sixteen she was invited to Rydal Mount, and from what he then saw of her compositions in verse my uncle pronounced her to be the most extraordinary instance of the precociousness of poetical talent he had ever known or heard of, surpassing even Pope and Chatterton and Byron in their youthful performances. The

¹ 1 Pet. iii. 6.

² Acts vii. 20; and see margin. Allusion to name *Isabel*. ³ 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

Queen had heard of her, and sent her a handsome present of a writing desk. Bowles the poet, then still alive and a Canon of the Cathedral, and E. Denison, the Bishop, an able and most excellent man, but little given to enthusiasm of any kind, joined in paying her marked attention. And, more than all, an article appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' for September 1840, when she was only fifteen, on 'Modern English Poetesses,' in which she was described as 'our Infant Sappho,' and a poem of hers, of twenty-eight lines, written in her tenth year, was quoted at length. On one occasion when I had gone over to pay my cousin Mrs. Fisher a visit, she showed me some of Emmeline's poems, with which I was greatly struck; and, moreover, told me that for the amusement of their friends, she would sometimes write a copy of verses, with the rhymes dictated to her beforehand, and with the subject left to her own choice; and that, if I wished, I might make a trial of her skill in a composition of that kind. We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner and Emmeline was present. I at once closed with the proposal; a sheet of paper, which is now before me, was put into my hand; and after jotting down rhymes (printed below in italics) enough to make three stanzas of eight lines each in the Beppo metre, I handed it to her. Retiring to a side table, without leaving the room, in about ten minutes she brought me the following, which I print as a literary, or (as the 'Quarterly' speaks of the lines it published) a 'psychological' curiosity. I think it will be felt that the conception of the subject alone—a pauper child admitted *for once* to the enjoyment of a treat with other and more fortunate children—is not a little remarkable in a girl so young.

Poor child of poverty, and heavy *sorrow*,
The laugh, the song, the festive dance *between*,
Some thought of the too-swiftly coming *morrow*
Casts o'er thy soul a blighting shade, *I ween*

Oh! hapless being, whither ¹ couldst thou *borrow*
 The eye, the brow, joyous, if not *serene*,
 Or how the memory of thy mournful *lot*
 From thy sad spirit couldst thou seem to *blot*?

Gaze on that boy, that fair and happy *boy*,
 With eyes of brightest hue, and brow of *snow*;
 His is a genuine, a natural *joy*,
 His youthful cheeks with peaceful pleasure *glow* :
 What though, like thine, derived from many a *toy*,
 Delight he finds in all, above, *below* ?
 He finds gay music in the slightest *sounds*,
 As o'er the earth with cheerful heart he *bounds*.

Not so with thee ; of a long wearing *sadness*
 This mirth seems in thy spirit to be *born* ;
 It is a strange, a wild and feverish *gladness*
 Like the hot radiance of a tropic *morn*,
 A mirth alas ! which borders upon *madness*,
 And makes thee seem more mournfully *forlorn*.
 No longer spend thy time, thy powers *misuse*,
 In wasting joys, light feast, and trifling *muse*.

Miss Fisher wrote a poem of some length, on 'the Exodus,' in three parts, which struck me as so remarkably good, that I borrowed it from her mother in order that I might read it (which I did) to our college prefects, to let them see what a girl who was younger than the youngest of them all could do in poetical composition.

In Advent 1840 I received ordination as Priest, at the hands of the Bishop of Winchester.

My first published Sermon, on 1 John v. 8, which had been addressed to the boys in Chapel, elicited from Samuel Wilberforce, then just made Archdeacon of Surrey and Canon of the Cathedral, a letter which I print not so much on account of the kindly encouragement which it gave me as for the sake of the reference which it makes to a far more

¹ Evidently a slip for 'whence.'

important matter. He had preached a most impressive sermon on the duty of not turning away from the reception of the Holy Communion ; and, in writing to thank him for it, I could not but express how much I felt that some of our young Communicants, after hearing such an appeal, must have wished to remain, if they had been at liberty to do so, and how earnestly I hoped that, sooner or later, some arrangement might be made whereby those who desired it might avail themselves of the opportunity for communicating offered by the weekly administration of the Sacrament at the Cathedral. At the same time I requested his acceptance of the Sermon which I had recently published. The point in the Sermon which appeared to justify its publication was the mischief that might be done, especially to the young, by the reading of low story books, then much in vogue, such as ‘ Jack Sheppard,’ which, as appeared by a trial reported the week before, had prompted a young man (Courvoisier) to the commission of the murder, for which he was condemned to death.¹

The Close : Sept. 27, 1840.

My dear Wordsworth,—I am truly obliged to you by your very warm and friendly reception of my Sermon, and by the gift of yours. I did not write to you instantly in reply, because I wished to read your Sermon first, and could not do so at the moment. I have now read it with very great interest, and, I trust, some profit. I am sure it is my fault if I do not profit. I can easily conceive that many difficulties lie in the way of the arrangements you desire, but I trust some may be made. Would it be impossible to allow those who like to stay each Sunday with one master, another conducting the rest home ? Then some

¹ In my anxiety to check the reading of worthless novels and other books of a debasing tendency, I formed a small library at ‘ Sick House,’ which consisted of a selection of 114 entertaining and instructive volumes, placed in a book-case which bore the inscription (from Euripides)—

Ψυχῆς νοσοῖσθης εἰσὶν ἰατροὶ λόγοι.

I also formed the nucleus of a small library in each of the seven chambers, and chose for their receptacles appropriate legends.

would probably stay at one time and some at another. But I only venture to throw this out.

Will you kindly accept the little book ¹ I enclose as a token of friendly regard ?

Believe me to be,
Ever most truly yours,
SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

Towards the close of the following year, I was invited to preach in the Cathedral at Winchester on occasion of the annual collection for the two great Church Societies, the S.P.C.K. and the S.P.G. The sermon, afterwards published under the title of 'Evangelical Repentance,' created considerable sensation; the praise and the blame being both, perhaps almost equally, in extreme. Its history is rather curious. As originally composed for the Winchester boys, it so much struck my father, well known as a thoroughly sound and deeply read divine, that he borrowed it from me in order to preach it himself to his young men in the College Chapel at Trinity, Cambridge; and when he had done so Archdeacon Thorp, one of the senior Fellows, who had heard it, thought it of so much value that he wrote ² requesting him to publish it. As rewritten and enlarged for the occasion above mentioned, it was again submitted to my father (who came to visit me at that time) before I delivered it, and it again received his approval; so much so that after it was preached he remarked, in my hearing, to Archdeacon Hoare—with a degree of parental unreserve and partiality quite unusual for him (but provoked by some

¹ A copy of his *Eucharistica*, published the year before.

² The letter was preserved by my father, and is now in my possession. It contains the following passage: 'Your request reminds me of one which I have had in my mind ever since the Sacrament day. I will simply state my wish and there leave it, not expecting an answer. I should like, very much like, to see your Sermon, preached last Thursday, again: I hope to see it in print. I do not know that I was ever more impressed with any; and it is a subject deserving great consideration.'

word of disparagement on the Archdeacon's part)—that he did not believe there was any Bishop then on the bench who could have preached such a sermon, or preached it so well! On the other hand, it was subject to much antagonism. One of the most learned of the Irish Bishops devoted a portion of his Charge to its refutation; and a highly esteemed clergyman, of the Evangelical school (Rev. W. Nicholson, editor of Archbishop Grindal's 'Remains'), who held the largest parochial charge at Winchester, published a pamphlet in which the discourse and its author were handled rather severely. Having no inclination to enter into a public controversy, I proposed to Mr. Nicholson that we should endeavour to settle our differences by private discussion upon the following terms: that I should read a paper in self-defence to a Theological Society of which I was a member; that a copy of my reply¹ should be placed in his hands, and that he should be at liberty to produce an answer to it, or not, as he might think best, at any future time, under similar circumstances; that each member of the society should be allowed to bring to the meeting two friends, and he and I as many as we pleased; and that the Archdeacon of Winchester (Dr. Hoare, an Evangelical) should be requested to preside. To this he consented; but he did not pledge himself to do more than *listen* to my remarks. Accordingly, the meeting was held in the Warden's house;—the Warden himself, Moberly, Keble, S. Wilberforce, Wilson (then Keble's curate), and Canon Vaux, among others, being present. When the reading was over no reply was attempted, either then or afterwards. A few remarks were made by Wilberforce and others; and then Keble moved that no pronouncement of

¹ As transcribed by my friend Hickley, one of our assistant masters, it fills not less than 200 small 4to pages! Whether it was all read, I do not remember. It has never since seen the light. Keble, writing to me, May 13, 1842, expressed a wish that copies should be printed for private circulation.

opinion be made on the part of the meeting, but that they should all go home and think over the grave subject which had been submitted to their consideration. And this was agreed to; so the company dispersed. I was told that Moberly, on leaving the room, was heard to mutter, in reference to my opponent, '*Impar congressus Achilli.*' The truth, however, is that, having then had no experience as a preacher, except in addressing the Winchester boys, I soon became conscious of a want of balance in the argument of my Sermon,¹ which, though doubtless to be regretted, was not much to be wondered at, considering the delicate and difficult nature of the subject; so that, when it ran out of print, as it speedily did (though the edition, I think, had consisted of 1,000 copies), and the price was 2s. 6d. for the Sermon (pp. 70, and 3s. 6d. for the Appendix, pp. 138), I refused—and have ever since persisted in refusing—to republish it (though urged to do so from several quarters) under the impression that it would require thorough revision, which I have never had either time or inclination to undertake.

But, though I am bound to confess so much as this, I feel that the matter ought not to be passed over without some explanation of the circumstances which led me at the time to take up the subject with which the Sermon, whether wisely or unwisely, professed to deal in a more than usually precise and elaborate manner.

It had struck me that the doctrine of repentance was too often treated, especially by clergy of the Evangelical school, which was then in the ascendant at Winchester, not as involving a veritable *change of mind*, which the original word implies, but rather as a simple and easy thing to be taken up at any time when it might suit our

¹ See *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 296—a sermon written more than two years afterwards.

convenience ; and that, consequently, it led to much careless and vicious living, especially in the young—much as the doctrine and the practice of Penance do with many in the Roman Catholic Church. And, after careful examination, I did not consider that such laxity was warranted by a thorough and intelligent study of the New Testament. The same impression was deepened by my happening to fall in with the work of Nathaniel Marshall (the translator of S. Cyprian) 'On the Penitential Discipline of the Primitive Church,' which appeared to show that the early Christians had a standard of duty different from, and higher than that which existed among ourselves. The fact that the Epistles in which St. Paul (Rom. vi. 19, 1 Cor. vi. 11, Eph. ii. 2, Col. iii. 7, Tit. iii. 3) and St. Peter (I. iv. 3) speak of previous vicious living as universal, and a matter of course, were addressed to converts who had been brought up under heathenism, or at best as Jews, who had not received our Christian gift of the Holy Spirit, seemed to me to be too much kept out of view, or too little insisted on. In short, my aim in the Sermon was identically the same as that which, I long afterwards discovered, Charles Kingsley had proposed to himself (see his Memoirs, vol. i. p. 78). 'Intend to preach repentance in a different form from what is generally done. The Evangelicals preach to sinners as if they were heathen. . . . See, by this view, what an argument to repentance they omit. I would say, "You have had the grace of God given you ; you *are* a Christian, whether you like it or not. You have taken vows upon you, and your guilt is the greater because you have thereby," &c. &c. Dangerous or not, as it may appear, I will preach it. Three-and-twenty years have I seen truth made practically null by modifying it to suit circumstances.' So far Charles Kingsley. And now for a witness no less remarkable as to the other branch of my treatment of the subject—the question of Church

Discipline—viz. Dr. Arnold. In vol. iv. of his Sermons, p. 116, we read: ‘What has become of Church discipline? That it has perished, we all well know; but its loss is the consequence of that fatal error which makes the clergy alone constitute the Church. . . . And yet the absence of discipline is a most grievous evil; and there is no doubt that although it must be vain when opposed to public opinion, yet, when it is the expression of that opinion, there is nothing which it cannot achieve.’ The coincidence of opinions similar to my own being held by two such men as Charles Kingsley and Dr. Arnold is a sufficient proof that the preaching of such a Sermon as mine (though described in one quarter as ‘full-blown Tractarianism’) was no real indication of a tendency to become an adherent of the Tractarian party, as was too hastily assumed by many—among others, as may be seen in the next volume of these ‘Annals,’ by Dr. Pusey himself.¹

The following letters may serve to show, without further explanation, what there was in the Sermon to account for the interest and excitement which it created.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley.

Lambeth: July 11, 1842.

My dear Sir,—You were so good as to send me a Sermon some months ago, which I should have acknowledged at once, but meant to trouble you with some observations, which, owing to my constant occupation, I have never found time to make. But, as the time is now arrived when you will probably avail yourself of the vacation to leave Winchester for a season, I must no longer delay my thanks; and will only add that I think your discourse excellent as far as it regards the necessity of sincere repentance; but I can hardly go so far as to admit the expediency of restoring the ancient discipline of public penance. To explain my reasons would require more leisure than at present

¹ Pusey, in his *Letter to the Archbishop*, 1842, commends the Sermon, p. 92.

I can command, and probably more than I can hope to have at any period of the year.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

W. CANTUAR.

From W. E. Gladstone.

13, Carlton H. Terrace : Feb. 7, 1842.

My dear Wordsworth,—I have received to-day a most welcome memorial of a suspended, but, I hope, not exhausted, friendship, in a copy of your Sermon on Evangelical Repentance, with the Appendix. The former I had already read on its appearance with much interest and instruction, little as I should be qualified to pronounce any judgment upon it. The path of thought you tread in it is difficult, dubious, and formidable from its novelty, but it ought not to be novel, and it must again become thoroughly explored and will be beaten, we must hope, by the feet of the ordinary Christian. It is weakness and desuetude that make us shrink, and the evil will increase if it be indulged.

You would think it most rash in me even to write so much as these meagre sentences if you saw me as I am at this moment, not so much surrounded with as drowned in business. How I should like to pay you a visit—and, next best if, when you come through London, you will remember me.

Believe me always,

Most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

From H. E. Manning.

Lavington : Feb. 28, 1842.

My dear Wordsworth,—I must thank you for your Sermon, which I read last night with very great interest. I believe you are on a solid foundation, and one which needs to be laid over again among us. I have evidence that people are not satisfied with the so-called Evangelical scheme of reconciliation. It puts words for realities. I feel most thankful to you for the broad and Catholic tone you have taken, and rejoice to feel that to all our other bonds of fellowship this greatest of all is added.

Now, I am going to set you to work. I had intended to

reprint Marshall's book, and my copy has been for that purpose in a bookseller's hands the last three months. I meant to write a Preface. But I am resolved not to do so. You must—or you must do something better. I mean write a book which to our priesthood shall be what Morinus is to the foreign. I mean a dogmatic, scholastic work, taking up the matter of your Appendix into the *text*, and leaving little to the notes but the references. You have matter for a large work, which only wants analysis, and *context*.

Have you got my Charge, and a Sermon or two printed last year? If not, I will send them.

Believe me,

My dear Wordsworth,

Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

The following letter, from Manning to my father, was written previously, and before he had read the Sermon, which it only alludes to; but it speaks so kindly, especially about my father (who had preserved several other letters from him of the same kind), that I cannot resist the temptation to insert it.

Lavington: Jan. 31, 1842.

My dear Dr. Wordsworth,—Your letter reached me this morning, and I cannot refrain myself from expressing to you what real comfort it is to me to have the encouragement and confirmation of your favourable opinion. These are days in which the sympathy of a long-trying and ripe judgment is of exceeding value, and I know few who so truly and adequately represent the mind of the English Church before the storm and confusion of modern theologies broke in upon it as yourself. I feel it, therefore, as a pledge that I am not out of contact with the teaching of our elder schools. This is a danger which besets young men at this moment. They are compelled to work out by investigation and system—making what they ought to have inherited from the living Church. But somehow, with all our preachings, our oral traditions are shallow and ambiguous; and our only hope is to withdraw into the seventeenth century, in which, I know, you have ‘had your conversation.’

I fear my Book on Unity will be both dry and thin ; so do not expect anything. Charles's Sermon I have not read ; but I saw it took a line which I believe to be in the right direction. I shall rejoice to read it. I wish I could oftener meet him. He has been my friend, playfellow, schoolfellow, fellow-student, and private tutor ; and the changes of after life have made me draw even more to him.

I hope you are well. It will give me great pleasure to come to Buxted, and when I am at Brighton or Kippington I shall hope to do so.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Wordsworth,
Yours most sincerely,
H. E. MANNING.

From R. W. Church, late Dean of St. Paul's.

My dear Wordsworth,—I must send you a line to thank you for thinking of me, and sending me your Sermon, which is not new to me, however. It is a great thing to have so clear and definite and well-considered a treatise on a subject which the old Church system made its most prominent point, and which is almost like a dream to us.

Ever yours,
R. W. CHURCH.

Oriel : Quinquagesima Sunday.

From H. H. Norris, of Hackney.¹

My dear Wordsworth,—I thank you very much for your kind present of your Sermon on Repentance and its Appendix. I have read the one twice over, as an excellent Lent exercise, and do not complain of the rigid representation, as it is a very profitable counterpoise to the prevailing laxity, and is calculated to excite

¹ It appears from Newman's *Letters* (i. 433 sqq.) that Mr. Norris and Archdeacon Bayley (see next letter) were among the first consulted by the authors of the Tractarian Movement at its beginning in October, 1823. See also p. 469 sq. where the latter is described as especially useful and prominent ; and p. 483, where both the Archdeacon and Norris are mentioned as 'leaders' and their names placed first in the list, between those of Rose and Keble, in November 1833. At p. 485, Keble speaks of Mr. Norris as 'a weighty person.' But, like Rose, they both drew back when symptoms of a Romanising tendency appeared.

consideration on a most momentous subject on which there is a great proneness in all of us to deceive ourselves, whilst self-deception may occasion our falling away by little and little, and lull us into security till the delusion is irretrievable. I do not, however, wonder at some of your clerical brethren being offended; for the occasion was of a festal character, and when their appetites were all on edge to eat the fat and drink the sweet you opened suddenly upon them a nauseous repast of bitter herbs and dust and ashes, and set about you in good earnest, without any regard to the *disciplina arcani*, to physic all who would not voluntarily feed upon it, calling to your aid an overwhelming array of authorities to force it down their throats. Now, is this consistent with the 'reserve' upon which the Tracts have so largely descanted, and which your excellent Warden's brother so far approves as to cite a passage from the Life of Cecil to show that that chief pillar of Evangelism practised it? He, it is stated, began by 'forming a lodgment in the minds of his hearers, and thus preparing them for the full display of all the doctrines of the Gospel,' and I greatly fear that the Tractarians, by not ruling themselves by this their own principle, have given a repulse to the progress of the reformation they were steadily advancing which it will not soon recover. You will perhaps meet this observation with your extract from Bishop Wilson; but the Isle of Man and the period in which he lived are very different from the kingdom at large in the present day, and I beg of you to call to mind not merely the imprisonment he underwent for carrying out his discipline, but the very onerous expenses he had to bear to get the Governor's sentence set aside, though there was every disposition in the Privy Council to quash the proceedings. I write this from recollection of long standing, and so may have a little overstated it.¹ One omission surprises me in your catena of authorities—that, viz., of Bishop Lake [of Bath and Wells], Scholar, Fellow, and Warden of Winchester in succession, and also Master of St. Cross. Had you looked into his folio² you would have found nine sermons delivered in Wells Cathedral on the occasions of persons doing penance for schism, blasphemy, bigamy, and incest. But the time warns me that I

¹ The statement is sufficiently correct. All the particulars will be found fully given in Keble's *Life of Bishop Wilson*, chap. xvi.

² 1629. He died in 1626—the same year as Bishop Andrewes.

must have done, and so, repeating my thanks, I remain, with the united regards of Mrs. Norris and myself,

Your affectionate friend,

H. H. NORRIS.

Grove Street : Feb. 22, 1842.

From H. V. Bayley, late Archdeacon of Stow.

Westmeon, near Bishop's Waltham :

March 21, 1842.

My dear Charley,—I ought long since to have thanked you for your Sermon and Appendix, which rather reverse the order of Falstaff and his page.¹ Of course, you will pass by in decorous silence the epistle of Mr. Dallas. I heartily hope that you may not find it your *duty* to enter into controversy. I, for my part, do not esteem or admire or love you less because I do not feel 'addictus jurare in verba magistri.' Nor have I so obtuse a breast as not to delight in the learning, the cleverness, the eloquence, and, above all, in the deep and intense piety of your Sermon. Had I more of this latter quality, I believe, I should like it still better.

Peradventure I may peep at you on Thursday. I luxuriate in the hope of the ex-Master and Chris coming among us. Most truly and affectionately thine,

H. V. BAYLEY.

Give a kiss from me to your little girl.

From Antony Grant, late Archdeacon of St. Albans.

Romford : May 9, 1842.

My dear Wordsworth,—If I have delayed writing to thank you very heartily for the copy of your Sermon and Appendix which you have had sent me, it has been that I have not had the time to examine it as I wished, and to express what I felt.

First let me say how truly I feel the kindness of being numbered among the friends who, you knew, would appreciate such a recollection of them ; for I assure you it is among the very foremost of the blessings I have to look back upon—and in many

¹ The Sermon occupying 70 pages, and the Appendix, in smaller type, 138.

cases to lament as unimproved—that I have enjoyed the friendship of such as yourself.

Your sermon is a most masterly one, and is to me unanswerable. What your opponents will have to say to the noble army of confessors whose testimony you have marshalled so effectively I know not. Certainly such is the doctrine that can alone recover to the Church the true vigorous piety that will overcome the world. I say this feeling it most deeply; for indeed the solemn truths which you have so powerfully urged have made me feel that I must be reckoned among the very penitents of the Porch.

Jer. Taylor brought this home to me some years back; and you have revived all the humbling, but I trust wholesome thoughts, that make me mourn more and more the loss of that discipline which might, perhaps, have prevented much, and have recovered more. Alas! that each one must do penance secretly in the chamber of his own heart—with all the dreadful fears of its being imperfect, perhaps ineffective—and, as poor Froude said, of the golden keys that are held out day by day turning iron to oneself.

Be assured of the true and lasting affection of your sincere friend,

A. GRANT.

From Rev. E. James, Canon of Winchester.

My dear Sir,—I have to return you my best thanks for your Sermon and the Appendix, which have just reached me together in a parcel from the Close. The Appendix I have at present barely looked into; but the Sermon I had sent for, and read with eagerness as soon as it was announced to be published. I assure you I am much impressed with its power as a composition, and with the extensiveness of reading of which it affords evidence; though at the same time, as I am sure you would wish me to speak candidly, I will not conceal from you that I think it sets forth a somewhat *harsh* view of the Evangelical doctrine.

With every kind wish, I remain, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD JAMES.

Alton: March 9, 1842.

From Isaac Williams, in sending me a printed announcement that he had withdrawn from the contest with Garbett for the Poetry Professorship.

Trinity College : Jan. 20, 1842.

My dear Wordsworth,—This affords me an opportunity of sending you a line ; and I feel I have to thank you for something very much better than anything with regard to this contest ; and that is for the publication of your Sermon. I have not yet read it all, but have to thank you very much as far as I have read ; it seems to me so very seasonable.

Yours ever very sincerely,
ISAAC WILLIAMS.

In a subsequent letter, upon a different matter, he wrote as follows :

I am glad to hear from Keble that your Sermon is creating some stir : for such bitter medicine never does good without creating some little disturbance in the patient.

A sermon of Keble's on Isaiah xxxiii. 14, which I heard him preach at Hursley, is in my possession. I asked him to let me have it, because I thought it would be useful if I should ever revise and republish my Sermon on Repentance. Austen Leigh, who was staying at the Vicarage, also heard it, but did not approve. He thought it savoured too little of the mercies of the Gospel. Doubtless he would have said the same of my Sermon.

It only remains to add that my sermon was printed at the Clarendon Press, and dedicated to the Warden.

And here it may be well to say something of the close and intimate relations which, through his kindness and condescension, it was my privilege to hold with that good man, who, as I have already said, during the whole of my life at Winchester, was to me as a second father, or rather as an elder brother. The Latin distich which he himself

composed concerning me will indicate this better than any words of mine.

Custodis partes geris, atque utriusque Magistri,
Wordsworthe : imperium sit sine fine tuum !

Doubtless there is implied in the words a touch of mild and gentle satire at the restless and over-busy disposition which I sometimes showed in exercising the influence I possessed, and which led me beyond my proper sphere in urging schemes of reform or improvement which I considered necessary or desirable for the good and comfort of the boys, either moral or physical ; so that, I am afraid it must be confessed, I was not only what Plato would have called *πολυπράγμων*, but what Martial would have called ‘ardelio,’ and what perhaps St. Peter might have called *ἀλλοτριο-επίσκοπος*. The circumstance which suggested the composition of the distich was this. In the Warden’s study there was a small volume, handed down from time immemorial, which contained in *MS.* Latin couplets descriptive of the characters, or merely perhaps with some allusion to the names, of each of the wardens and head masters from the foundation of the college. (The second masters were not included.) I myself contributed one on Warden Barter, as follows :

Aurea ¹ qui ferreis *mutavit* sæcula nobis,
Ille quidem haud ficto nomine *Barter* erat.

And the following, upon the two head masters whom I had known :

(1) Totus Wykehamicus tu totius ordine vitæ
Wilhelmi ² manceps jure vocandus eras.

¹ In allusion to the many changes and improvements introduced into the College in his time.

² William’s—i.e. *belonging to* (manceps) *William* of Wykeham. Dr. Williams had been in continual succession (1) Scholar of Winchester,

(2) *Prodidit ingenium subtile argentea lingua*¹
 Moberly, te pueros instituyente tuos.

But to return to the Warden. At the close of my 'Chapter of Autobiography' in the 'Fortnightly Review' (July 1883) are these words: 'I cannot refrain from recording here my affectionate remembrance of Warden Barter. A nobler man, both in bodily presence² and in qualities of heart and mind, or more deservedly beloved by all classes, never lived; so that Mr. Keble said of him, "If the Government of England were an elective monarchy, Barter would be the choice of the people."' He had a loving disposition not only for all of his own species, but for the lower animals of all kinds. And all that belonged to himself were of the best—at least in his own estimation; as his intimate friend Andrew Quicke (one of the Fellows) used to remark of him—'All the Warden's geese are swans.' Among the rest he was particularly proud of his pigs. They were great favourites; and every now and then he would take me with him to look at them in their sty, which was at the corner of a meadow outside his garden wall. His cows, which were also favourites, occupied the same meadow, and occasionally came in for a share of his caresses. These particulars have been mentioned in order to account for what follows.

(2) Fellow of New College, (3) Second Master of Winchester, (4) Head Master, and ended by being (5) Warden of New College and a Canon of Winchester.

¹ It was reported that when Moberly himself was a youth in commoners, and had offered some excuse to Gabell, then head master, which the latter distrusted, he said to him, with a significant accent, 'Ah, ye silvery-tongued boy!' Keble, in his *Life of Bishop Wilson*, attributes to him a 'silver tongue,' but, of course, altogether in a good sense, ii. 776.

² In Mr. F. Gale's article on 'Winchester College,' in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for November 1890, he is described as 'a giant standing quite six feet three inches high, with shoulders like Atlas, and a face full of benevolence,' p. 79. The height is somewhat exaggerated. Again, p. 84, he is spoken of as 'the Warden whom the boys worshipped, as he was a grand, manly giant.'

It was the custom for the Warden and one of the Fellows (generally the Bursar) to go once a year on what was called 'the Progress,' which consisted in a course of visitation of the several tenants on the estates belonging to the College, and generally occupied two or three weeks. On one of those occasions, the Warden being absent rather longer than usual, it occurred to me to write an epistle in Latin Elegiacs as if from his dear pigs, to express their disconsolate feelings at not having seen him for so long a time. The epistle was presented to him on his return, and, having been favourably received, the next year the cows followed the example which the pigs had set them.

*Custodi Reverendo, Optimo, Dilectissimo, S. P. D. D.
Sues Wiccamici.*

Hanc tibi mittit amans, Custos malè fide, salutem,
 Porrectâ scriptam nare, suile tuum.
 Nos quoque litterulis imbutos esse decebat,
 Cùm pars Wiccamicæ cœpimus esse domûs.
 Quod si etiam invitâ sunt hæc scribenda Minervâ,
 Tam cari Domini scribere cogit amor.
 Absentis Domini!—Quid enim? te vidimus ex quo,
 Bis sexta hæc nobis flentibus orta dies.
 Nec desiderio modus est: suspiria tantùm
 Rumpimus: immundos spernimus ore cibos.
 Quin etiam in somnis tua nos proturbat imago,
 Nec sinit in molli ponere membra luto.
 Quorsum abes? anne novos aliò tibi quæris amores,
 Et jam tædet haræ te meminisse tuæ?
 Dî prohibete nefas!—nobis, te iudice, nobis
 Sol nihil in toto pulchrius orbe videt.
 Sæpe tui nostro nocuere audita pudori
 (Nostra pudens gens est) verba, benigna nimis;
 Nec dixisse tamen pigeat!—certe exstat in ore
 Et decor, et toto corpore forma placens.
 Sed cave ne tandem pereat, te absente, decorum
 Siquid nostrum olim, vel tibi dulce, fuit.

Vultum nempe tuum pinguescimus usque videndo ;
 Forma capax Domini nos vetat esse macros.
 Nec victum (licet ista queri) jam fidus ¹ Iachus
 Solemnem assiduâ portat, ut ante, manu ;
 Qui solitus nobis apponere, si quid herili
 Depastæ exciderat lautius ore dapis :
 Scilicet et famulos omnes, absente magistro,
 Porcinæ tædet consuluisse gulæ.
 Non soli querimur : vicinia tota reclamât
 ‘ Quà tandem Custos, dicite, lentus abest ?
 Quid struit ? ’—ante omnes hic, cui dant *Ostia* ² nomen
 Et dolet absentem te, queriturque moram ;
 Multa gerenda crepans, ut semper, multa novanda,
 Quoque fores pulsât terque quaterque die.
 Sæpius atque tuæ cupiens accumbere mensæ
 Turba frequens ‘ Custos ’ flagitat ‘ anne domi est ? ’ ³
 Nimirum id nostrâ quoque refert—aula paratis
 Rite vacans epulis, hospitibusque patens.
 Lentus abes, Custos ! jam pridem Venta Patronum
 Tota suum madidis plorat abesse genis.
 Clerica jam quoties, quoties civilis arena
 Te, grande eloquium, præsidiumque petit !
 Te quot rure manent Pastoribus orba, quot urbe,
 Concionaturum ⁴ Pulpita cuncta vocant !
 Te cœtus (nihil est sine te) muliebris, et omnes
 Materni expectant, virgineique chori :
 Te mendicorum quodcunque in partibus ortum
 Advenit Hesperii, vult meminisse sui ;
 Tecum etenim junxisse manus sperabat—et haustus—
 Omnia honorato fausta precans capiti !
 Te morbis ⁵ Domus apta, vacans te Terra ⁶ sepulchris,
 Rebus conclamant utraque deesse suis.

¹ Jack, the boy whose duty it was to attend to the pigs.

² Ostiarius, the statutable name of the second master.

³ In this and following couplets the *unbounded good nature* of the Warden is depicted to the life, as shown (1) in hospitality, (2) in readiness to assist his clerical brethren by preaching for them on any and all occasions, (3) in alms-giving to the poor, and to beggars of every description, especially if they came from Devonshire, the Warden's native county.

⁴ ‘ Concio- ’ must be read as a spondee.

⁵ Hospital.

⁶ Cemetery.

Quid ? quòd dente tuum si quis vult nomen iniquo
 Rodere, ' Progressum ' te simulare refert :
 Qui non progreditur, regredi consuevit, ut aiunt ; ¹
 Tu neque progredieris, nec revocatus ades.
 Quin redeas !—vultumque tuo jam redde suili,
 Hospitium, victus, ' portus et ara ' tuis !
 Quod si nulla movet te tanti cura doloris
 At moveat pernæ, perfide, cura tuæ ;
 Certè qui fuimus, te decedente, nitentes,
 Et grunnire pares, atque comesse boni,
 Cùm serò redeas, modò sicca videbimur ossa,
 Et mera porrigo (gru !) scabiesque. Vale !

During 'the Progress' of the next year the Warden's cows, not liking to be outdone by neighbours whom they regarded as their inferiors in the animal creation, addressed an epistle to him, as follows :

*Custodi Reverendo, Optimo, Dilectissimo, S. P. D. D.
 Bovæ Wiccamicæ.*

Hæc quoque, quam Domino vaccæ muginus amato,
 Optime custodum, sit tibi grata salus ;
 Afferat et sonitum ventusque Echoque per aures
 Æmula, terrarum sis ubicunque, tuas.
 Quippe, nec in studiis Domini nec amore secundas,
 Nos subus immundis succubuisse pudet.
 Testamur Phœbique caput, Musasque sonores,
 Et cuncta Agrorum Numina, cuncta Fori,
 Nostra gravi cantu quàm lingua remugiat altùm,
 Quàm exile et discors grunniat ista pecus.
 Scilicet hos cupiens olim sibi Pallas ocellos,
 Et splendens amplo mollius orbe jubar,
 Nobis et vocem (ne tu mirere) canoram,
 Et dedit eloquium Diva diserta suum.
 Audisne ? intonuit : ' Custos, dulcissime Custos,
 Custos Wiccamicæ, Palladi care, domûs,

¹ Non progredi est regredi.

Usque novos *reditus* ¹ tu progrediare capessens,
 Usque tuorum epulis accipiendo novis ;
 Inque dies nitido formosior ore, crumenâ
 Et cute curatâ, conspiciendus eas ;
 Nec cyathos inter subeat meminisse podagræ,²
 Nec pes impranso claudicet alter hero ;
 Sed via deducat te lætior usque diurnum,
 Nocturnum excipiat mollior usque torus.
 Insula seu *Vectis*,³ seu *Durnovaria*, seu te
Frumento-digni ⁴ detinet umbra tui !
 Frumento— ! quàm dulce sonat benè commodus iste,
 Dilectusque viris, bobus, equisque locus !
 Quo nullus toto jucundior orbe recessus ;
 Et dignus dominis vix tamen ille suis.
 O par egregium, paribus sine ! sola senectæ
 Laude potest conjux æquiparare virum.
 Ambo tergeminum totidem virtutibus ævum
 Ambo æquant tantâ sæcula longa fide.
 O si quis spectare volet, quid mutua possint
 Pectora, et irruptâ compede junctus amor ;
 Quid prisce mores, et vitæ sanctior usus,
 Divitibusque domus pauperibusque patens ;
 Quàm centum annorum fiat leve pordus, et isdem
 Corpore quàm maneat firma, animoque salus ;
 Quantus honor, quale ingenium, quot gaudia vitam
 Usque sub extremam percipienda piis ;
 Ad tumultum quali descendant leniter ore,
 Spectantes cælum Spesque Fidesque suum ;
 Hæc qui vult spectare, adeat, quâ præfluit amnis
 Dumnoiûm, a *jaculo* nomen adeptus, agros.
 Hæc spectanda tibi quoties natalia rura,
 Et patrios repetis, dulcia tecta, Lares.
 At nos interea quos credis fundere fletus,
 Quæ desiderio tristia ferre tuo ?

¹ Rents of the College estates.

² The Warden occasionally suffered from attacks of gout.

³ The College has property in the *Isle of Wight* and at *Dorchester*.

⁴ Cornworthy, a village in Devonshire, on the Dart, of which the Warden's father was rector for seventy years, dying at the age of ninety-seven, and his wife at the age of ninety-six.

Nequiequam vernos ostentant pascua flores,
 Proximus et vitreâ murmurat amnis aquâ.
 Sordet ruris honos nobis, absente Magistro,
 Sordet et electro purior unda loquax.
 Nec manibus cervix alienis plausa, placentve,
 Te sine, quæ flavâ cornua fronte nitent.
 Tres sumus : una patris, fratrum ast altera donum,
 Tertia, quam misit Sarnia cineta mari ;
 Nam vitulus nobis, Domini sive æger amore
 Occidit heu ! lanius sive peremit atrox.
 Nec sumus informes ; quod si tu longius absis,
 Nos modò judicio Gratia terna tuo,
 Quas bis quoque die pressis spumantia mammis
 Custodis mensæ fundere muletra juvat,
 Humorem solis calidum mittemus ocellis,
 Te flentes, miseræ terque, quaterque. Vale ! '

It was a curious coincidence that my acquaintance with the Warden, which had begun by our playing tennis together when we were both at Oxford, should have been further cemented by tennis, as well as by more important associations, when we had both removed to Winchester. It fell out thus. We had heard (I forget how) that there was a tennis court, which had ceased to be used for many years, at Crawley, a village about seven miles from Winchester. We drove over to the place, and found that the intelligence we had received was quite correct. We discovered, attached to a gentleman's house, which was in a rather dilapidated condition, a court which had been built in the early part of the century by Sir George Nayler, to whom the property then belonged. Sir George was said to have been a friend of the Prince Regent, by whom he had been sometimes visited, and who was, like himself, a tennis player. We introduced ourselves to the steward, then the chief occupant of the house, who readily and most kindly undertook to have the court, which was used only to store away

potatoes and for other such-like purposes, thoroughly cleared out, so that we might come over and play in it at any time. We regarded this as a wonderful piece of good fortune, and lost no time in procuring from Oxford a couple of racquets and a full set of balls. For the first year or two we had the place all to ourselves, and every now and then either rode or drove over to Crawley together—sometimes taking a college boy with us to pick up our balls—and so spent a half holiday there over the grand old game to our heart's content. In course of time the treasure we had discovered—and it was a treasure, for at that time there were scarcely more than half a dozen private tennis courts all over England, and not one of them better than this which we could almost call our own—became known and was shared in by some of the officers quartered at Winchester ; and the same privilege probably is still enjoyed by their successors.

In 1842 occurred the lamented death of Dr. Arnold, and it was suggested to me by old Oxford friends to come forward as a candidate for the vacancy in the head mastership of Rugby. Claughton, more especially, an old Rugbeian, and of all living Rugbeians the most distinguished, plied me with flattering solicitations, such as only the most devoted affection could have imagined, in letter after letter, to that effect—that I was ‘the only man in England fit to fill the place of him that was gone’—‘You ought to be at the head somewhere, and I always thought of you for Rugby’—‘Do tell me that you will think of it. You are certain to have it, &c. &c.’ Eardley-Wilmot, as a Warwickshire man, wrote to offer his services and influence with the electors—the trustees of the school—most of whom he knew personally ; and my uncle, James Lloyd of Birmingham, having seen my name mentioned in a newspaper among the candidates, also wrote, making a similar offer with the same

advantage. I have not before had occasion to speak of Frederick Oakeley as among my Oxford acquaintances, having known him only very slightly ; but I find that I received from him the following kind note :

Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,
London : June 27, 1842.

Dear Wordsworth,—Excuse me for asking if you are a candidate for the head mastership of Rugby. Why I ask is because I have been requested to speak in favour of one or two candidates ;¹ and if you stand, I should wish to say whatever I say in favour of others with a reserve in favour of you.

To Mr. Shirley, one of the governors, who is now at Hursley Park, I have spoken under such a reserve, conditionally stated. For I thought that, being on the spot, he would know of your intentions.

Believe me, dear Wordsworth,

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

But it was all to no purpose. I was too well pleased with my situation at Winchester to desire to exchange it for any other of the same kind ; and my father quite concurred with me. He wrote : ‘ I agree with your friend Claughton that you ought to be at the head somewhere ; but second at Winchester, with such friends and advantages as you have there, is better than first elsewhere.’ Nevertheless, the notion seems to have got abroad at the time, and was revived not long ago, that I had actually stood for the vacancy. The following letter which I wrote to the *Times*, after the publication of the memoir of Mrs. Tait, in which my candidature had been assumed as a fact, explains the circumstances as they really were.

¹ Doubtless Tait would be one, as he and Oakeley were both Fellows of Balliol.

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

Sir,—From a passage quoted in your deeply interesting notice of the memoir of ‘Catharine and Craufurd Tait,’ I infer that the Archbishop of Canterbury is under the impression that I was an opponent of his when the head mastership of Rugby School became vacant through the death of Dr. Arnold in 1842. If so, I should wish to be allowed to state that such was not the case. It is true that immediately the vacancy occurred it was suggested to me by one or two friends—especially, I remember, by Thomas L. Claughton, now Bishop of St. Albans, the most distinguished Rugbeian of his time, and by John Eardley-Wilmot, now M.P. for South Warwickshire—to come forward as a candidate; but I positively declined to take any step with that view, being too well satisfied with the scholastic position (though a subordinate one) which I then held at Winchester, and too thankful for it, to be willing to exchange it, could I have done so, for the head mastership either of Rugby or of Harrow (my own school), which latter had become vacant in 1836.

To have contended with Dr. Tait for any office would have been an honour; but it is one which I cannot justly claim; and to have been defeated by him, who has distanced so many great and worthy competitors, would certainly have been no disgrace. On the other hand, he is, I am sure, far too just and honourable to have had any intention of placing me, without cause, in the position of one of whom he could say with Ajax in reference to Ulysses,

‘Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Quo cum victus erit, mecum certâsse feretur.’

I am, Sir, &c.,

CHARLES WORDSWORTH,
Bishop of St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, Oct. 4.

Now that I have had occasion to speak of Dr. Arnold, I am tempted to insert here two letters which I received from him respecting his two sons, whom he paid us the compliment of sending to Winchester, where he himself had been as a boy (1807–1811), first in commoners and afterwards in college; and of whom the elder became no less illustrious

than his father, though for different qualities and in a different sphere. I had no experience of him in school, as he was already so far advanced as to be placed at once under Moberly.

Rugby: August 30, 1836.

My dear Sir,—You will forgive me for troubling you with these few lines to introduce my boys to you. I shall leave them, however, to commend themselves to you as they may by their own conduct; only begging to call your attention to the hesitation in my younger boy's speech, which is very much owing to nervousness, and which becomes worse if he is hurried or anxious: so that, unless you are kind enough to make allowance for him, I fear it may be a disadvantage to him when he is up at books. . . . There are only eleven months between the ages of the brothers, and both have been accustomed to read together in the same books. The elder has more than the superiority of his age over his brother in the freedom and power of his compositions; but in general intelligence, in knowledge, and in thoughtfulness and depth of character, the younger is quite equal to him. What I am most anxious about is the society into which they may fall. I have asked Dr. Moberly, and I will venture to request of you also, that if you have any reason to think that they are forming undesirable acquaintances, you will have the goodness to inform me of it:—there is nothing which I so much dread, and I know too well the mass of evil that exists in schools not to be most anxious that my boys should early learn to pick out from among it the good, which is intermingled with it no less surely.

I was very sorry not to see you in Winchester; but I trust that at one time or other I shall be more fortunate.

Mrs. Arnold unites with me in best compliments to Mrs. Wordsworth, and believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

T. ARNOLD.

Fox How: Feb. 5, 1837.

Dear Sir,—I cannot let my boys return to Winchester without expressing to you my sincere thanks for your kindness to them, and for the note which you were so good as to send me by

them. Your favourable notice of my younger boy gave me great pleasure; and I have been much pleased to observe the interest with which he speaks of his work under you, and of your manner of questioning: that is always a symptom that a boy has been doing well. I am also much obliged to you for your kind consideration of his hesitation, which I had feared would greatly impede his progress; but you have so encouraged him and borne with him that I do not think he has found any inconvenience from it. I am afraid he has not done much in the holidays: I gave him a little practice in Verses, but we had not a Bland down here, and could not get one; and our habits here altogether are rather desultory. Yet I trust that his mind has not been quite asleep, and I am sure that his body derives benefit from the constant exercise which this delicious country tempts him to.

I can give you a good report of your friends at Rydal Mount. Your cousin Dora is wonderfully better, and walks daily for a considerable time. And I never saw Mr. Wordsworth in better health or spirits. He seems anticipating with great freshness of delight his journey to Rome.

Mrs. Arnold unites with me in best compliments to Mrs Wordsworth, and I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged,

T. ARNOLD.

Later in the same year (1842) the Public Oratorship at Oxford became vacant, and my name was mentioned for it by friends, and especially and most kindly by Henry Liddell, who wrote to me more than once upon the subject, as being, he was so good as to say (Nov. 23, 1842) ‘of all men whom he knew the fittest for the office.’ But it was found that residence of some thirty weeks was required, which put me out of the question. Liddell assured me (Nov. 29, 1842) that if I had been there I ‘might have cantered over the course without a canvass.’ It was gratifying to be told—and upon such good authority—that, though I had then left Oxford more than seven years, I was not forgotten.

I have now to recall the way in which my several summer holidays were spent subsequently to my great bereavement.

In 1839 and 1840 I was still too much depressed and out of heart to desire to enter upon new scenes: so my time was mostly divided between visits to my father at Buxted, and to Mrs. Hoare at Hampstead; except that in the summer of the former year I went into Norfolk to spend a few days with my dear sister-in-law Mary—the ‘Polly’ of 1834—then become the wife of the Rev. Abbot Upcher, Rector of Kirby Cane, near Bungay.

In 1841 I took a lodging at Street, a village on the coast of Devonshire, near to Dartmouth, and there I spent the vacation with my infant daughter, and with one of the senior prefects, Merriman (afterwards well known as the successful master of the school at Guildford), as my companion. On my arrival by sea, on a Saturday morning, I presently received a call from one of the churchwardens, who informed me that their clergyman had disappeared early in the week, and that as they had not been able to find anyone to supply his place for the next day, Sunday, it was hoped that I would undertake the duty; which I promised to do—and did; though somewhat disconcerted at such an inauspicious beginning of the time to which I had been looking forward for much-needed rest. However, I soon had my compensation; for it was there that I made acquaintance with that wonderful man, the Warden’s father, whose character I have drawn in the Latin Epistle of the *Boves Wiccamicæ*; Cornworthy, the parish of which he was rector, being about eight miles from Street.

In 1842 I was again at Street, and from thence went with Henry Liddell to visit Robert Scott, his fellow workman in the Greek Lexicon, at Duloe in Cornwall, a Balliol living, of which he was then rector. When I was there, Liddell,

who is an artist, asked me to sit to him for my likeness ; and I rather think that the portrait which he took is now in the possession of Lord Selborne. In the course of our journeying, we passed by Llanhydroch, the seat of my old friend Robartes, but, unfortunately, I found he was away from home.

In 1843 I was in Switzerland with Henry Liddell, as my companion, chiefly at Thun and at Interlachen, where, as I have said before, the Syntax of my Greek Grammar, which had been so long due, was at length completed. We made the ascent of the Faulhorn, and slept on the top. When we were at the Grimsel, I inscribed some Greek Iambics in the Traveller's Book. They had entirely escaped my memory, when a friend whom I met at Salisbury many years afterwards quoted to me the following three lines, which were all he could recollect. He had recognised the composition as mine, from its being subscribed by my initials.

*Βαίνειν, καθεύδειν, ἐσθίειν, πίνειν, πάλιν
Βαίνειν, τρίπηχυν κοντόν οἰακοστροφείν.*

τοιόςδ' ὁ βίος τῶν ὁδοιπόρων.

In 1844 I went alone to North Wales, and took up my abode for some weeks at a small secluded inn near Penmaenmawr ; and from thence moved on to the Lakes, where my uncle and aunt received me for the remainder of my holidays at Rydal Mount.

In 1845 I again visited the Lake country, on this occasion taking with me my little girl, and her governess, and also my late wife's youngest sister, and her aunt, Miss Day. We occupied a lodging at Ambleside, and spent a very pleasant time. Among other excursions, I took, under instructions given me by my uncle, a solitary walk of two days (August 15 and 16) into the grand but less frequented

district of Wastdale, in the course of which, what I saw gave occasion for the following verses :

1.

*Upon a Rainbow Seen at the Head of Eskdale,
on Descending Hardknot.*

Stout o'er the hard rough pass I march,
When lo ! on either hand
A rainbow with majestic arch
The mountain's forehead spanned.

Beneath, the soft green vale I spied,
Above, the radiant bow ;
The faithful stream runs at my side
To guide me as I go.

' We walk by faith, and not by sight ;'
But to our backward gaze
Full oft faith crowns with heaven-born light
Her *hard*-est, *knot*-tiest ways.

2.

*Composed in Sight of Great Gable, on the Banks of
Wastwater, Looking towards the Head.*

High towered the Monarch of the Vale,
His giant arms extending wide,
While peeping o'er the eastern pale
The sun shone bright upon his glossy side.

In solemn mood the mountain stood,
And downward looked as if in scorn
To see his fair unsteady flood
All smiles quick glancing to the breezy morn.

Ye wedded pair, alone I share
The charm your blended power has thrown
Around this scene, so wildly fair,
Lone wandering thus, I share it all alone.

Nor all in vain ; for in me dwells
Some semblance of the outward scene,
If oft as the frail flesh rebels
The constant soul frowns on, with eye serene.

I am sorry that I have preserved no record of the conversations I had with my uncle, the poet, either when he came to pay me a visit at Winchester in 1839, after receiving his honorary degree at Oxford, or when I was staying with him at Rydal Mount in 1844, or in 1845, when I occupied a lodging at Ambleside, as just now mentioned, during my summer vacation. I can remember, however, that at Winchester, in speaking with warm admiration of Keble and 'The Christian Year,' he said to me, with some emphasis, that it was not from any disbelief or distrust of the doctrines of Christianity, which he thoroughly accepted, that he himself had abstained from writing upon subjects of a distinctly religious character ; but out of a feeling of reserve and reverence, because as a layman he did not think himself fully qualified to treat them as they ought to be treated. I also remember on another occasion—and this must have been at Rydal, in 1844, for Stanley's 'Life of Arnold' had been published in the spring of that year—that he referred with no little displeasure to a letter of Dr. Moberly's, which he had been reading in that work. The circumstances were these. Stanley had requested Moberly, after Arnold's death, to favour him with some expression of opinion about his work at Rugby, such as, being head master of another public school, he might be inclined to offer. The letter, written in compliance with this request, spoke in the highest terms not only (as was to be expected) of Arnold's personal character, but of the 'striking change and improvement' in the religious education of our large schools ('though undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence'),

as ‘mainly attributable to him.’ And my uncle, who, when at Winchester, had been told by the Warden—we may be sure, in his usually kind and enthusiastic language—of what I had done, and, as he said, no one else could have done, for the college boys in that direction, considered it ungenerous and unjust that no mention had been made in the letter of my name. The passage which chiefly provoked his displeasure was the following :

I have always felt and acknowledged that I owe more to a few casual remarks of his [Arnold’s] in respect to the government of a public school than to any advice or example of any other person. If there be improvement in the important points of which I have been speaking at Winchester (and from the bottom of my heart I testify with great thankfulness that the improvement is real and great) I do declare, in justice, that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it. (Vol. i. p. 172.)

I remember once to have heard—whether or no from Keble himself, I am not sure—that Sir W. Heathcote, who had two sons in commoners, had expressed to him his regret that there was ‘so much jealousy between Moberly and Wordsworth.’ At one time there was perhaps some little—I will not say *real*, but—*apparent* ground for that remark. It is certain that Moberly, with his larger number of boys in commoners, had a more difficult field to cultivate than I had with my smaller number of boys in college. And as our dispositions were different in some respects, so also to some extent were our methods in dealing with the boys. And the result was perhaps an appearance of good—of good feeling and good behaviour—on the part of the college boys, which was not always or equally to be seen in those of commoners. Moreover, it must be understood that a larger number of the upper boys, being college prefects, necessarily fell to a great extent into my hands in the matter of religious in-

fluence; so that I had a full share—a real and independent share—in whatever change for the better may have taken place. At the same time, in reference to my uncle's complaint, I must distinctly state that I knew Dr. Moberly too well to suspect him of any intentional unkindness, and I also felt that in attributing so much to Arnold—though, of course, he must have meant what he wrote—he had been even more unfair to himself than to me. We had then been working together for eight years—*i.e.*, from 1836—and certainly a great improvement had been effected in the school. In regard to that result, *he* had, I believe, underrated the spontaneity of his own endeavours; and it is certain that *I* had not come, either directly or indirectly, under Arnold's influence. I had met with him once in a common room at Oxford; I had been present once when he preached, also at Oxford, in Carfax Church; I had heard him deliver one of his lectures as Professor of History: I had heard him spoken of with enthusiasm by my friend Walter Hamilton, who had been one of his pupils at Laleham; through Hamilton, I had received from him an overture to become an assistant at Rugby;¹ I had corresponded with him about my Greek Grammar; but I had read nothing that he had written except a pamphlet on Church Reform,² and I knew nothing of the great work he had been doing at Rugby, and nothing of the means by which it had been done. My obligations were many and great, through God's mercy; but they were due in other quarters. They were due to domestic influences: to my father and his friends, such as Joshua Watson and Hugh Rose, and not least to

¹ Perhaps my success in athletics may have had some influence in inducing him to make the offer, as we are told that 'in choosing his assistants he had a sort of idiosyncrasy for a man who was ἀγαθὸς παῖς εἰς.' (Letter of Bonamy Price to Newman, in *Letters &c.* i. 247.)

² Some ten years ago I read nearly the whole of his *Rugby Sermons* (5 vols.), for the first time; and *I wished I had read them sooner.*

Mrs. Hoare—I wish I could add, to the systems pursued at Harrow and at Oxford.¹ They were due to the sanctifying effect of the bereavements I had undergone ; to Moberly himself, and to the good Warden ; to my brothers and personal friends, such as Hamilton, Claughton, and the two Palmers ; and in a general way, no doubt, to a combination of causes then at work in the social atmosphere, of which the Tractarian movement, though not the sole, was undoubtedly the most important element. Of this last I shall have more to say at the close of this chapter. In the meantime it will not, I trust, be suspected for a moment that I can have any wish whatever to detract from the transcendent merit of Dr. Arnold ;—and certainly my uncle himself, who was intimately acquainted with him, and had a very high esteem for him, though upon some points they widely differed, had no such wish ;—but as Stanley's *Life* is so widely read, and has deservedly become a standard work, I think it only right to qualify the impression which Moberly's letter is calculated to convey, in simple justice to other school reformers, and not least to Moberly himself. The truth is, there was a general awakening, which in many instances, as with us at Winchester, *partook decidedly of a Church character*, such as Arnold's teaching and example, however excellent in their way, had little or no tendency to create.

To return to Winchester. In the long half-year of 1844, I undertook to read occasionally on a Sunday evening original papers to any of the college prefects, who, of their own free will, might desire to come and listen to them at my house. The papers were on subjects of a mixed secular

¹ In a letter to my father, March 15, 1829, my uncle remarks : ' The education most wanted is an improvement in the public schools, preparatory to one in the universities.' The improvement was then just beginning. According to Mr. Simeon (see below, p. 348), it had already begun at Cambridge.

and sacred character, such as I hoped would tend both 'prodesse et delectare.' They included 'Chaucer as the Father of English Poetry'—contemporary with William of Wykeham, and Wycliffe, father of the Reformation—with select passages from his works; 'Robert Lowth,' greatly distinguished while a boy in college at Winchester, by his verses 'On the East Window of the Chapel,' by his 'Choice of Hercules,' and other pieces of poetry, and at Oxford, as Poetry Professor, by his 'Prælectiones' on Hebrew poetry, and ultimately Bishop of London; on 'the Communion Office of the Prayer Book and the Penitential Discipline of the Primitive Church,' on a Sunday evening in Lent (see 'Christian Boyhood,' vol. i. pp. 456 &c. &c.). And after the reading the boys were encouraged to discuss the subject of the paper in familiar conversation.

In the latter or 'short half' year of 1844, my health had begun to give way, and the doctor who attended me positively forbade me to go on with my school work. It could not be said that the work itself in actual amount was at all heavy or excessive, for I had one whole holiday (Tuesday) and two half-holidays (Thursday and Saturday) every week; but the conditions of the work were such as to strain a constitution much stronger than mine was then, or had ever been. For instance, I had to rise—and did not at all dislike doing so—every morning, except Sunday, a little after five in summer, and in winter at six, in order to be present at Chapel, which during the whole time I was second master I never missed—I believe I may say—more than two or three times. As everything, I believe, is now altered, it may be interesting to Wykehamists if I place upon record how in my time the principal work of the school was carried on. Moberly and I held each a class when 'up at books'—*i.e.*, to say their lessons—at opposite ends of the great schoolroom. Meanwhile, the other boys who had their lessons to prepare were at

work promiscuously in the intermediate space which formed the main portion of the room—the college boys at their private ‘scobs,’ and the commoners wherever a bench afforded them a vacant seat. The wear and tear to the masters was doubtless increased by this state of things, which necessarily involved a certain amount of continual noise, or at least of confusion of sounds; and all the more when, as sometimes happened, both Moberly and I had an assistant master sitting opposite to us, and teaching a class of younger boys. Moberly’s hours and mine for attendance in school were slightly different. In the forenoon mine were 7.30–8.30, and 9.30–11.30; in the afternoon (*i.e.*, on a whole school day, which was three times a week) 2–5: his were 8–8.30, and 10–12 A.M., and 3–6 P.M. But I frequently remained in beyond my proper time, especially in an afternoon till nearly 6, in order that the work, whatever it might be, which came last, might not be scamped, but done thoroughly. *Quicquid agas, agere pro viribus* (Cic.), or, ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might’ (Eccles.), was my favourite maxim for the boys, and I acted upon it myself. This was rather a strain; and, together with the early rising, and still more the miserably ill-ventilated condition of the schoolroom, especially on the long summer afternoons (a condition which was, I believe, thoroughly remedied soon after I left), it gradually tended to impair my health. It should be added that Moberly had also work in school for two hours on Saturday afternoons, when I had none; so that upon the whole the advantage in the matter of actual school-time was on my side.

I had been in the habit of taking regular horse exercise—usually in company with a dear friend and most estimable man, Desborough Walford, the mathematical master—in the middle of the day—*i.e.*, when the forenoon school hours were over;—and but for that I should probably have broken down much sooner than I did. I retired to Brighton for

the benefit of the sea air; and there my father came over to meet me from Buxted, his living in Sussex. I remained there for some weeks, and then went to Leamington, to put myself under Dr. Jephson, who at that time was enjoying a great and widespread reputation for his treatment of cases more or less similar to mine. At Leamington I was quite alone; but I had the satisfaction of making acquaintance with Mr. Galton, and of attending his daily service. He was a remarkably good extempore preacher, and in other respects, besides being a kind and friendly companion, realised all I could wish in a clergyman. I am sorry I quite lost sight of him afterwards; but in later life at Exeter, I believe, he became rather extreme. I cannot say that I think Dr. Jephson did me any real good; but the entire rest and change of air and scene which had been thus obtained enabled me to return to Winchester and resume my work, after the Christmas holidays were over, at the beginning of 1845.

While I was staying at Leamington, I received the following kind letter from Henry Manning:

Lavington: Jan. 16, 1845.

My dear Wordsworth,—I had just laid down a vexatious letter when I took up yours, and I thank you doubly for it. The true-hearted affection of it made all our old brotherly feelings kindle in me: and I cannot say what real consolation it gave me all day long. Every year, as the world without gets darker and lonelier, I turn more and more to my old friends in boyhood, whom I love deeply, and none more than yourself. I wish we could meet, and bring back again into activity and consciousness all that I know we still feel to each other; all the more, now that it is taken up into a higher unity in the highest of all thoughts and desires.

I am very thankful that you have found anything in my University Sermons to sympathise in. I send them to you, as you wrote in the 'Holy Living and Dying' you gave me (which very book is consecrated to me by the familiar use of one who is now with all you so much love), '*Haud parvæ pignus amicitiae.*'

As to Family Prayers,¹ I always use the Prayer Book, avoiding the Mattins and Evensong ; and I find the store is very sufficient. *Could* you (for you *would* I know) come to me for one day on your return ? It would greatly delight me. May God give you health and all blessings.

Ever, my dear Wordsworth,

Yours very affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

The following is from a letter of my uncle's to my father a few days later, January 24, 1845 :

Miss Fenwick has just seen Charles at Leamington ; he has been introduced to all our friends there. Miss F. was exceedingly struck with Charles's likeness to his relations at Rydal, especially to Dora and our Sister. Dr. Jephson appears to be doing him good ; but he must take care not to overwork himself, or all will be in vain. I have just received a volume of Sermons from Chris ; but, as I cannot read by candlelight, and have been very much occupied during the daylight in various ways, I have not yet been able to gratify my wish by perusing it. I am afraid he too will suffer from too much work. I am, however, truly glad that he has left Harrow.

Being much pestered with beggars at Leamington, especially on the walk towards Warwick, I wrote to Arthur Acland, a well-known philanthropist, for advice how I ought to deal with them. Those were days when ' Charity Organisation ' was unknown ; and for me as a stranger and an invalid to enter upon a crusade to trace out the merits of cases of mendicancy was impossible. The following is his reply :

Jan. 29, 1845.

My dear Wordsworth,—It so happens that the question which you ask me relates to a subject of which I have thought a good deal, and I can at once answer it by a reference to my left-hand waistcoat pocket which carries halfpence for that purpose.

¹ In answer to a question from me about the Prayers he used in Family Worship. I was then engaged in preparing my little book of *Family Prayers*.

However, this is no proof that I am right, and, having admitted my guilt, I am now to show cause. And therefore (seriously) I will tell you my view of the matter. For all Christians I feel that the sight of apparent want and distress is *primâ facie* the presence and call of our Lord Himself. 'The poor ye have with you always.' 'Whatsoever ye have done &c. . . . unto me.' Now, if no man is a poor man to me until he is proved beyond a doubt to be so, then this text, 'The poor you have with you always,' is of little or no practical meaning, for not with beggars only, but with all the poorer classes, I can say by experience that a real insight into their ways and means is almost, except in a few cases, even in one's own parish, unattainable. I should find my heart wonderfully closed to the poor if I allowed *my actual knowledge* of imposition, both in residents and vagrants, to weigh with me in a case where I do not know it. But I feel it a duty, on the other hand, not to encourage imposture or vice; and therefore, except where great want is obvious beyond mistake, or distress thoroughly known (especially as my means are by no means unlimited), I do not think it a duty to do more than remove the possibility of starvation. A penny or twopence is what I usually give in such cases, and I would not abandon the practice for anything. It is never permitted to come on me inconveniently, and I find by keeping a box and putting the halfpence into it which one gets from turnpikes, parcels, &c., I have an ample stock. These poor people's blessings are worth having. I find a wonderful sympathy and kindness from them. They quite enter into the smallness of the sum where they see it is not only willing but prepared for them, and a kind word either of warning or consolation with a penny is better than a severe examination and sixpence.

Where there is time and means of inquiry I think it ought to be made, and more done. Where there is not, this little can be done; and if it is done with courtesy and charity, as to our Lord, it is part of a future store (of His mercy). I am sure there is much imposture. But I as firmly believe that much of this is falsehood as to particulars of place, time, &c., &c., rather than false pretence of want, and, moreover, I believe it is very much caused by the harshness and *habit* of suspicion which is so much indulged by some, and allowed by so many good men. Where it is taken up as a Christian duty in this little way, I should have the greatest confidence that it would not be over-burdensome. I mean

it would be providentially limited. Perhaps a man who habitually refuses has numberless beggings and no peace, while one who does not refuse is only allotted his share, and with it much comfort.

Believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR ACLAND.

Another kind letter from my old friend, and Oxford pupil, Henry Manning, received after my return to Winchester, may be added here.

Petworth : Feb. 24, 1845.

My dear Wordsworth,—On Saturday I was making the corrections you kindly sent me, in a 2nd Edition of my University Sermons: but I did not need that memorial to bring to mind your last letter. I have often thought of it: and of you: sometimes with pleasure at the thought how real and lively old affections are, and sometimes with pain at the consciousness how undeserved are the kind opinions you have allowed yourself to entertain of me. I should indeed enjoy spending some quiet days here with you, but not on the terms you suggested; in which I should sadly fail you. You can hardly think how often I have wished to read again with you. I feel as if a little reading under your help would do for me now what years failed to do when I was at Oxford. And I should exceedingly desire to read systematically and exactly some of the Fathers and Schoolmen. Every day makes me feel more my want of deep and thorough study early in life. And I feel continually more conscious that there must be a Science of the Saints based upon infallible truths and capable of a full and methodical statement. Our popular Theology is a perfect chaos, and all that we do is little more than to clear this and that particular region, without any general view of the outline of the whole. We hardly know what is capable of statement and what is not—*i.e.*, we have no scientific exposition of doctrine, ethics, and practical wisdom, &c.

You will not think I am wishing for a merely intellectual system. I believe what is called the Science of the Saints to be eminently productive of sanctity and devotion, as we see in the life of S. Thomas Aquinas. And such work as this, together with active charity is to you and to me our home and our all.

Whenever you can find time from your heavy work to write to me, I shall be very glad. I suppose your Easter holidays are bespoken.

Believe me,

My dear Wordsworth,

Ever affectionately yours,

H. E. MANNING.

After the thorough rest at Leamington, by God's mercy I contrived to get through the year 1845 without any serious impediment. How the summer holidays were spent has been already told ; but when Christmas came again, and I went to my father's at Buxted, he was so little satisfied with my condition, and became so averse to my persisting in a course which he felt was shortening my life, that I considered it my duty to resign my office ; and all the more because he himself was declining in health—he had resigned the Mastership of Trinity in 1841¹—and, having no one with him at Buxted, required the help and comfort of my society. It was a painful struggle to me to give up a position to which I had become, on many accounts, so strongly attached ; and before the step was finally determined on, every effort was made on the part of the kind Warden, and Moberly, and the assistant masters, to induce me to reconsider it, upon the understanding that I should be relieved of any portion of my duty which I might find too much, or unsuited to my constitution ; but my father's own condition, and the arguments which he used,² appeared

¹ Before he resigned he stipulated that Whewell should be his successor, to which Sir R. Peel, then Prime Minister, consented, to the disappointment of Sedgwick, as appears from his *Life*, recently published.

² I find, in a letter so far back as February 6, 1840, he entertained misgivings that the work at Winchester was too much for my health, and that, unless considerable alterations could be made in the conditions of it, I ought to resign : 'If, after the matter has been submitted to the Fellows, they persist in saying that no alteration can or shall be made, then I say without hesitation, you *must retire*.'

to leave me no alternative but to act as he desired. And it was well that I did so ; for within a month (*viz.* February 2, 1846) he himself sank under the illness which had begun to tell upon him ; and it must have been to me a cause of bitter self-reproach for the remainder of my life, if at such a time I had not been able to remain with him till the end came. He was buried in the churchyard at Buxted.

The following are the letters which I received from the Warden and Moberly in answer to the announcement of my intention to resign the second mastership.

Cornworthy : Jan. 15, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—It is impossible for me to express the feelings with which I have read your letter ; a more severe blow I could hardly have received, and I fear I may say the same of the School. I cannot for a moment blame you for a resolution which has such reasons to justify it. Nay, rather, I am sure you are taking the line of duty to your father and yourself. I have often looked with great anxiety on your health, and, although I had lately flattered myself that it was becoming, and would still continue more and more confirmed, yet I fear that even on that score alone there is good ground for the step which you have taken. You seem to have so fully considered the matter, and there is so much of a firm purpose in your letter, that I despair of your altering it. However, nothing in this world would give me so much pleasure as to receive a line from you indicating a change of intention. I had looked forward to your continuance with us, and, in the event, which probably cannot be very far off, of Moberly's being removed from us to some other office, of your being head master and carrying out all the schemes of good, which I know have long been the constant occupation of your thoughts. I now pray most heartily that all may be for your own best happiness, and that God's favour may still be on our College and School, and turn all to its eventual benefit also. I shall be in Winchester next week. I will then take immediate steps for electing your successor. You know on whom my wishes are set, and so let a line from you meet me there ; and I know you will excuse me if I do not take any public notice of your letter till then—this day week—for I cannot make up my

mind to do so till I have heard from you again. Of course, it is impossible to get a successor to you before the end of the holidays. I am deeply sorry to hear of your excellent father's health. I have not yet written to him, as I intended doing; beg him to pardon me for this, and give him my warmest wishes and regards. My own dear parents are well, and send you their kindest love. My love to dear Charlotte. May God for ever bless you, my dear Wordsworth.

Ever your affectionate Friend,

R. BARTER.

I write this in haste, not to lose the post. I cannot express half I feel.

Otterbourn: Jan. 15.

My dear Wordsworth,—Your letter, which has by following me into the country been delayed a day, gives me most unfeigned pain and uneasiness: and the more so because I fear from the manner in which you speak of your decision that it is made irrevocably. Most truly do I wish it may not be so, and that you will allow our representation of the immense loss which we should sustain by your quitting us to alter your determination. Indeed, I cannot but think the position one very much more likely to suit with your tastes, interests, and health than any other which, at least at present, is open to you. Most heartily I wish it were in my power to make room for you in a place more adequate to your claims, and truly if any means of supporting my large family in respectability were to offer to me I should be very ready to relinquish it into your hands; but I fear there is at present no great prospect of any such thing.

I suppose that your letter will bring the Warden immediately to Winchester; and in a state of great anxiety and disappointment. Pray let us hear from you again shortly; and if it be possible, with the notice of an altered purpose.

I duly received the Character Books, which I thank you for. I have only just completed my letters.

Will you kindly make my compliments to your father? I little thought what bad effects a visit to Buxted was likely to have.

Believe me, my dear Wordsworth,

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE MOBERLY.

The following is an extract from a second letter of the Warden's, written after he had heard of my father's death.

College : Feb. 2, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—I feel for you with all my heart for the loss of so dear and excellent a parent. . . . Since it has pleased God thus to remove from you the bond of duty which was the chief cause certainly of your resignation, is there any other reason of sufficient strength to take you from us ? I verily believe that those very candidates who have the most reasonable expectation of succeeding you would be unaffectedly glad at your change of purpose. So, my dear Wordsworth, give this matter your immediate and most serious attention. Your brother is with you, the only person whom now I should think you would care to consult. I shall anxiously wait your answer by return of the post. Do but say that you are willing to remain. I cannot think that you will ever find an occupation, or at least for some time to come, more suited to you, in which you may hope to do more good, or, I truly believe, more likely to preserve your health. The day of election has been talked of for next Tuesday ; but this is *nothing*. I shall get your letter on Thursday if you write by return, and can make every needful arrangement. Give my kindest regards to your brother.

Ever yours, my dear Wordsworth,

Most affectionately,

R. BARTER.

*From Rev. G. B. Lee, Assistant Tutor in College,
and now the Warden, as Barter's successor.*

Feb. 2, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—Having just heard that the Warden has written to you to beg you to withdraw your resignation in consequence of the release of your excellent father from all earthly suffering, I cannot resist the temptation of adding what small influence I may have in hopes that you may be persuaded at least seriously to consider the matter. I have not time to urge at length the many arguments in favour of your keeping the situation, if possible ; but this I can say, that, being in some sense a looker on, I feel sure that you can do more good here,

even if your health should not be better than it has been during the past year, than you can anywhere else, and I may add, I feel quite sure, than anyone else would do in the same situation. Excuse the great haste in which I write, but as a good Wykehamist (at least in one sense, I trust) I cannot help doing what I may to keep you there. In great haste,

Yours ever most sincerely,

G. B. LEE.

From Walter Hamilton.

Jan. 27, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—Is Wilson's report to me quite true, that you are about to give up Winchester? Is it a thing done and past, or about to be? Of course, if it is the former I will only say I trust it is well. If it is a plan which you are thinking of realising I should like to have a talk with you, and would for this object come over to you at any time. My brother-in-law [F. Lear, now Archdeacon] with all your other pupils will break their hearts, and I hear Mr. Keble is much grieved. However, no one can judge or act for another, and I am sure you have the best of guidance.

Ever, dear Wordsworth,

Your most affectionate Friend,

W. K. HAMILTON.

The following were among the letters of condolence received on my father's death.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley.

Lambeth: Feb. 3, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I have received the melancholy intelligence conveyed in your letter with deep concern.

In Dr. Wordsworth the Church has lost a most able divine and defender, his family an object of veneration and affection, and his friends and his flock a friend and pastor to whom they looked with respect, regard, and esteem.

This event has come upon me quite unexpectedly, as till yesterday I had not heard a report of the illness which has terminated so fatally, and not many days since I wrote a letter to

Dr. Wordsworth on the supposition that he was in the enjoyment of his usual health.

I can most truly assure you of my sincere sympathy with you in the affliction you feel at being deprived of so dear and honoured a relation.

I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

W. CANTUAR.

Rev. Charles Wordsworth.

My uncle's estimate of his brother was expressed in a letter from Rydal Mount, February 5, 1846, in these words :

In your view of the loss which the Church and the Country will sustain in the removal of such a friend as your beloved father I entirely concur. His activity, his zeal, and his judgment ¹ were in no quarter surpassed.

From E. Quillinan, Esq.

Oporto : Feb. 19, 1846.

My dear Cousin,—Dora would write to you, but she is so depressed by the loss that she, as well as you, have suffered in your dear and most excellent father, that I take the pen out of her hand to relieve her from what would be a painful task. You know her well enough, and might be sure that she would mourn indeed ; but I have never seen her so thoroughly subdued by grief till now.

Her health has been wonderfully improved, but I have my fears of a relapse when we change this climate for our own. We think of returning home not later than the end of March or the beginning of April—rather too soon, I think ; but we may be guided by what we hear from Rydal. We propose to make some days' stay in or near London, and hope for the chance of seeing

¹ Gladstone and Manning, in the early days of their authorship, were in the habit of sending copies of their publications to my father, and I have several letters to him from both, which show the value they attached, not only to his good opinion, but to his *judgment*, especially upon questions bearing upon the relations of Church and State.

you and your daughter there. Pray give our best regards and condolence to Dr. and Mrs. C. Wordsworth when you see them.

My friend Falcon ¹ must deeply feel the loss of his Rector, for I know how he honoured and loved him.

I write so very briefly because I must immediately send off my letters, as the communication of the steamer with this port is uncertain at this season of the year, and I therefore send them by the Merchant's Express to Vigo, which is about to start. If you see Mrs. and Miss Hoare, pray offer our best regards.

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

From Dr. Moberly, on the Same Occasion.

Winchester: Feb. 11, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—The various events of the last three weeks, so melancholy to you and to us, have so completely altered the views and feelings with which I was in the habit of returning to our work at the beginning of a new year, that I can hardly gather them together sufficiently to know how to express them to you. Believe me that a most true and sincere sympathy in your anxiety and subsequent bereavement has been felt by us, and that we have most earnestly desired every blessing of condolence and peace to you under them. I shared the Warden's wish most truly that, as it had pleased God to take your dear father away before the time appointed for the election of a second master, you might possibly be content to return; but I own I did not feel so sanguine of your agreeing to do so as he did. He, as is his custom, had not a shadow of a doubt; and only waited (I might almost say could hardly wait) your answer to announce your return to the Fellows. However at last the day came, and . . . F. Wickham has been elected to supply your place. . . .

Meanwhile, uncomfortable as I was to have men like Hickley and Heathcote passed over for the sake of Wickham . . . I cannot forget that he is a worthy fellow, has, I hope, no *opposing* spirit, even in serious matters, and is a very practised and skilful master in the routine of discipline and teaching. For the rest we must wait and see.

¹ My father's curate at Uckfield.

Meanwhile we have assembled : only to feel how much we have lost in losing you—as we shall feel every day more and more. The Warden assures me that you are coming to stay with him for two or three months, which I am very rejoiced to hear.

How is little Charlotte? I hope she will often pay us visits in Winchester, as it would be very sad for my little ones to lose the company of their favourite playmate. Perhaps when she is a little older you will trust her to come and stay awhile among them.

You will have heard of Pusey's Sermon. I heard it; and cannot doubt of its being altogether unassailable by unfriendly attacks. It is a great thing that that congregation (so immense and so attentive) has heard those faithful words. Pray give my very kind regards to your brother, and believe me, my dear Wordsworth,

Ever yours affectionately,

GEORGE MOBERLY.

*From John L. Anderdon, Esq., Author of the
'Life of Bishop Ken, by A Layman.'*

London: Feb. 24, 1846.

My dear Sir,—You only do me justice when you believe that I sympathised with you on the late melancholy occasion which deprived you of your excellent and most highly esteemed father, to whom I was early indebted for many kind and condescending attentions. It is a bereavement not only to you and your brother, but to the Church, of which he was a steadfast and loving son amidst confusion and apostacy. And another sincere regret I have had in connection with your name, the great loss which Wykeham's school is going to sustain. I *must even to yourself* say that it is irreparable: when I think of the influence which is unfolding out through our public schools in all the various developments of youthful dispositions, fraught with evil or good, I can find no position so important or interesting as that of their masters. I must not, however, say all that occurs to me on the intended change; I only hope your exertions for the good of the Church will be called forth in a more extended sphere; and may your successor prove a spiritual guide as well as a teacher of human learning to those young Christians, and train them up to be fit for the society of saints and angels.

And now, dear Sir, how am I to thank you for the beautiful Latin version of Bishop Ken's Hymns? [See p. 296.] It is indeed a charming production, and high testimony to the merit of the originals, that they have found a translator who can so fully enter into their spirit, and one whose well-known classic taste has been able to do them justice. I cordially thank you, and shall put the book amongst my bijoux. The more I study the character of the sweet hymnist, the more I prize whatever tends to his honour. I return you the Sermon you were so good as to lend me,¹ with a few memoranda of dates, for the accuracy of which I hope to present to you my authorities, if ever I am permitted to put them into print.² I am not idle, I assure you; but when I say that every hour I can give to the object is stolen from sleep, or the necessary relaxation from the occupations of business, you may judge how slowly I proceed. Last night, however, I took him [Bp. Ken] from amidst the thronging multitudes who testified their delight at his acquittal before the Court at Westminster, from whence the seven Bishops 'retired with all the privacy they could to their respective abodes.' What remains will be more difficult, to show his consistency and firmness in the change of dynasty, and amidst the many shades of difference that separated the Nonjuring leaders—difficult only because the sources of information are not so familiar or accessible as the authorities for the earlier events of his life. But I must not take up your time.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

With respect,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN L. ANDERDON.

From Roundell Palmer.

Lincoln's Inn: March 10, 1846.

I did, I assure you, receive the translations from Keble, and was as much delighted with them as I am always with what you do; they appear to me very nearly perfect. I should have acknowledged them at the time, but they came when I was on the

¹ The Sermon on Bishop Ken, printed in *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 336.

² The writer was then preparing a second and much enlarged edition of his *Life of Bishop Ken*.

wing for my Christmas vacation, and I missed your note which accompanied them till long afterwards. Just when I was going to write to you about them, your resignation of the mastership first, and afterwards the event which followed it, made me think of other things in connection with you ; which was the reason, and the only reason, why I did not mention them in my last note.

You cannot, I am sure, doubt what my answer must be to your proposition about the Trochaics. [See p. 305.] That you should think my verses worthy of such honour is almost enough to persuade me that they are so : at any rate, it is in my eyes the greatest honour which they or their author could receive. I beg to see the Trochaics, though I shall certainly be quite unequal to criticise them. And, if your plan is carried out to the extent of printing the Greek and the English side by side in Linwood's book, I should like, *pro hac vice*, that the authorship of the original should be indicated or acknowledged there¹ just so far and in the same manner as that of the translation may be, in order that it may be to each of us as a *μνημόσυρον φιλίας*, as well as what it may seem to others.

I write this without having had time to read more than the dedication of your [Farewell] Sermon. Oh, my dearest friend, it makes my heart ache to think that those boys should lose such a teacher and guide ; but perhaps when you are gone some of them will know what they have lost even better than they can now, and you may leave your works behind you, I trust, as well as be followed by them. Winchester for the last ten years has been, and ever will be, dearer to me for your sake than even for all my old debt of gratitude ; much as I have felt, and shall ever (I hope) feel, *that*.

Ever your most affectionate,
 ROUNDELL PALMER.

From William Palmer, of Magdalen.

Magdalen College : July 5, 1846.

My dearest Wordsworth,—Roundell has sent on to me your note announcing your very great, and in this world irreparable, loss. We too—Roundell I mean and myself—must look forward

¹ Hitherto they had appeared anonymously. They were not published in Linwood's *Anthologia*, but in my *College of St. Mary Winton*.

and prepare ourselves (if we continue) to suffer the like bereavement before very many years pass, and the thought of this may perhaps make us the more capable of sympathising with you now. What I feel most for myself—and I suppose it is true of others also, in such deep distress—is that whenever our natural feelings, however strongly moved, subside in due time, and we are carried on by the force of habit and by the routine of daily life, we generally then find on looking back that we have missed (or seem to ourselves to have missed) either the whole or great part of that permanent advantage which might have been made of this or that occasion. Our mere natural sufferings, whether of mind or body, are useless ; but by faith every grain and atom of them may become a medicine to everlasting health or an imperishable jewel. I trust, and indeed I am assured, that it is and will be so with you—I would that I had less reason to doubt of myself whenever my own time may come to practise what it is so very easy to write. In the mean time we shall, I trust, continue to pray for one another and for all that are near and dear to each other, whether living with us or departed, that we may all meet again with joy and know one another better than we have ever done here, without fear either of sin or separation.

Ever, my dearest Wordsworth,

Your affectionate Friend,

W. PALMER.

From Rev. G. W. Huntingford, one of the Tutors in Commoners.

Winchester : Feb. 12, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—If I had known where to direct to you, I should have long ago intruded on you with one line to express the very deep regret with which I heard of the loss we have sustained by your resignation. I am sure we all feel that we have lost a friend to whom we have long looked up with admiration and affection, and the College one who most zealously and successfully strove to make it the school of ‘Godliness and good learning’ which our blessed founder intended it to be.

But I hope we may not say we have *lost* a friend, though we shall not see him so often as we wish ; and I am sure we shall have your prayers that the good work in which you were ‘*pars tanta*’ may go on and prosper.

I need not assure you how much I sympathise also with *your* recent loss ; and how glad I am that, even to our misfortune, you were able to gratify a father's last wishes.

Earnestly wishing you health, strength, and happiness,

I am, my dear Wordsworth

Ever yours affectionately,

GEO. W. HUNTINGFORD.

Reference has been made in more than one of the foregoing letters to my translations of Bishop Ken's three hymns (into Latin Elegiacs), and of Keble's Morning and Evening Hymns (into Sapphics). They were composed in the course of my last half-year, mostly during the night, when I could not sleep, and printed in elegant 8vo. form, and copies were given as a Christmas present to the upper boys. The following kind letter from Dr. Williams, Warden of New College, was in acknowledgment of the copy which I sent to him.

New College : Jan. 2, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—I have always thought your trifles 'esse aliud' ; but I cannot reckon amongst them the beautiful versions of Ken and Keble that I have received this morning. They deserve a higher name. It is no trifling benefit to Wykehamical men or boys to have the choicest productions of kindred piety more intimately wound into their minds, which must be the effect of observing the skill with which every shade of thought is pursued and transfused into a different language. Such skill on baser materials may conduce to the improvement of taste and facility in composition ; but it is something better than mere verbal dexterity when it enables us to catch the full import and force of high thoughts and imaginations.

As I was reading one of the translations a letter from my old friend and schoolfellow Bedford, no mean judge of such matters, came in. I enclose his mention of your verses, merely to show what pleasure they have given in that quarter, though he had no idea of speaking to any one but to me.

Pray give my kindest regards to your brother. I have heard

with great pleasure of the effect which his Sermons at the Abbey are producing.

Mrs. Williams and her daughters join in all kind regards and good wishes.

Ever yours very sincerely,

D. WILLIAMS.

Extract above referred to.

I have been greatly delighted by Mr. Wordsworth's Latin Elegiac translation of Bp. Ken's Hymns, and his Sapphics from Keble's 'Morning' and 'Evening.' I am sure you will admire the epigrammatic dedication.

From Rev. H. E. Moberly.

Sandsend, near Whitby: Feb. 12, 1846.

Dear Mr. Wordsworth,—I write a short note to thank you very much for your translations of Bp. Ken and Mr. Keble, which I received several days ago. I am too bad a judge to dare to say anything about the translations themselves, but am sure they must be very good, or you would not have published them. I am thankful that there are such things as Latin Versions of the Hymns, for it is a comfort to make use of one's Latin for purposes devotional no less than purposes classical. Since I received your note, I have heard the melancholy news that you have resigned your mastership at Winchester, and cannot say how much I am sorry for it, for the present boys' sake as well as that of all those who have been under your charge at any time.

We shall not know the place again now that you are gone, and we have had no time to accustom our minds to the prospect of your going, so that I can hardly bring myself to realise it. I hope things may go well with Winchester still; for my affection for the place cannot but be connected with your presence and influence there, and when that remains no longer as now I fear for all the changes that may come to pass to college. Perhaps we that have been under you may catch some of your spirit and carry out, I know not how, things that you would wish to have done.

I cannot write any more, but remain,

Ever, dear Mr. Wordsworth,

Yours most sincerely,

H. E. MOBERLY.

This is not the place to speak at any length of my father's person and character, and of the various and important works in which, at different times of his life, he had been engaged—as a pastor of diverse parishes, town and country, large and small, as a divine and man of letters,¹ and as a University dignitary and reformer, though a Conservative.² The Rev. F. Merewether, who had known him long and well, and had a very high esteem and admiration for him (though an Oxford man), was anxiously desirous that a record of his life should be published, and was willing, I believe, to have undertaken it;³ but, for some cause or other, the design fell through, and now the only considerable notices of him that survive are to be found in the 'Memoirs of

¹ The following is a list of his publications, as given in Darling's *Encyclopædia Bibliographica* :

Six Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq. on the use of the Definitive Article in the Greek New Testament. 1802.

Ecclesiastical Biography, or Lives of Eminent Men from the Reformation to the Revolution. 6 vols. 1809, 1818. 4 vols. 1839.

Letter to Lord Teignmouth on the Bible Society. 1810.

Sermons. 2 vols. 8vo. 1814.

Who Wrote Eikon Basilike? 1824. Supplement, 1825.

King Charles further proved the Author of E. B. 1828.

Concio ad Clerum. 1831.

Letter to Ecclesiastical Commissioners. 1837.

Christian Institutes. 4 vols. 8vo. 1837, 1841.

To these is to be added :

Duties, Individual and National; a Discourse preached in the Parochial Chapel at Withyham on the anniversary of its consecration, July 23, 1844.

² After Bishop Middleton's death, my father was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, and, late in life, the Deanery of Peterborough, but he declined both. It was expected that he would have been made Bishop of Norwich, but there were private reasons, mainly on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which prevented this.

³ He wrote both to me and my brother Christopher to that effect some years before my father's death, June 18, 1840 : ' There are plenty of friends who both could and would furnish you with materials for this purpose ; and the *quantum* of what he has done for the Church, *brought together*, would astonish, I believe, even yourselves. . . . There are points of interest belonging to such a memoir you are at present perhaps not aware of, or have not duly put them together ; and the lesson to be taught is the aggregate of good to be done *to the Church (and to the State also, perhaps*

Joshua Watson' (who was his most intimate friend), composed by Archdeacon Churton. A letter, however, which Miss Fenwick—so well known from her intimacy with my uncle the poet—wrote to Sir Henry Taylor, and which appears in the published 'Correspondence' of the latter, contains a passage which upon the whole is sufficiently just, and interesting enough to be inserted here. She is describing a visit which she made to Cambridge, in company with the poet, June 1839.

The present Master of Trinity seems as if he were ready to take his place in a frame, and I think would adorn one, if there was any painter who could do him justice. The impression he makes is very different there from that he made in a London drawing-room. There he seemed but an ordinary little old clergyman; but in Trinity Lodge he seemed quite in keeping with the place—a gentle but dignified old Abbot he might have

should be added) in a single life by one thoughtful, discerning, fearless, industrious Churchman, in a public post.'

A Sonnet by the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, of Treveffe, Cornwall, and formerly Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, may be added here.

Sonnet on Hearing of the Recovery of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, from an Alarming Illness.

I knew thee in the morning of thy day,
Wordsworth; when, while thy fellows on the shore
Play'd idly, thou wert list'ning to the roar
Of Life's rough sea, as yet an unplough'd way,
Calm, and sedate.—Still was thy pensive smile,
Fitful and frequent, showing that, the while,
Love of thy native vale, the Muses' bower,¹
Slept at thy heart; but with resolved power
Thy part was chosen, and thou didst prepare
To use the weightier talents of thy care,
Teacher of truth, and wisdom, richly fraught
With precious gifts from classic treasures brought.—
Late be the hour, however sooth'd, and blest
By Granta's pray'rs, when thou shalt sink to rest.

Feb. 14, 1841.

¹ When Dr. Wordsworth was an undergraduate, he evidently restrained the indulgence of strong poetic feelings for graver pursuits.

been, and learned in all the learning of the olden time. It was exquisite taste in him not to marry again. A wife in Trinity Lodge would have been a false quantity in the establishment there. [It must be remembered that the writer was an old maid! The fact has been proved otherwise by each of the three Masters who have succeeded my father.] It was quite perfect without one. He did all the honours and hospitalities in the best and kindest way possible; and everybody seemed at their ease and comfortable, as I am sure I was. It was curious to see the two brothers together, so differently eminent, one so pre-eminent. Their feelings for each other seem not to go further than brotherly regard, respect, and admiration; there was no seeking of each other's society, and they had not more of it than others had.

It may be added that the late Dean of Lincoln, Dr. Blakesley—a very competent judge at least in my father's case—has testified that 'the three most magnanimous men he had ever known' were my uncle, my father, and my brother Christopher.¹ The Dean had been under my father, as Master of his college, and under my brother, as his Bishop.

Having quoted the foregoing favourable opinions, I feel that I may be charged with undue filial partiality if I should fail to produce the following from the recently published *Life* of Lord Houghton. The passage occurs (vol. i. p. 74; see also vol. ii. p. 433) in a speech which he delivered shortly before his death, at a meeting of the Wordsworth Society, held in London July 8, 1885. As Monckton Milnes he had been under my father at Cambridge, 1827–30; and, referring to that time, he said: 'The poet's brother was Master of Trinity, a venerable and respected old gentleman, the author of a very dull ecclesiastical biography, who had not recommended himself to the under-

¹ See *Life* of my brother, late Bishop of Lincoln, p. 71. Dean Blakesley was a student and biographer of Aristotle, and he was probably thinking of that philosopher's famous description of *the magnanimous man* in his Nicomachean Ethics.

graduate mind by any exhibition of geniality, or a special interest in our pursuits, our avocations, or even our studies.'

The passage does not say much for the speaker's accuracy. There is scarcely a word in it that is not incorrect. He could never have looked into the 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' the authorship of which he attributes to my father. It consists of a collection of *Lives*, not one of which did my father write, but which he arranged in chronological order, so as to form a continuous history of the Church of England from the Reformation to the Revolution; and also illustrated with notes equally learned and judicious; and the great value of the collection (which contains the whole of the *Lives* by Isaac Walton, whom no one of good taste has ever found 'dull') consists in the authors having been contemporaries of the men whose lives they record. Moreover, when Lord Houghton told his hearers that my father exhibited 'no special interest in the pursuits or even the studies of the young men at Cambridge,' he spoke in ignorance or forgetfulness of the following facts:

1. *As regards the University.* My father as Vice-chancellor in 1820—the year of his appointment to the Mastership of Trinity—was the first to grant a licence for the meeting, previously forbidden, of the Union Debating Society in a public room—a licence at that time not yet granted at Oxford.¹ But (what is far more important), he was mainly instrumental in introducing the Classical Tripos, which began in 1824, and afforded occasion for honourable distinction, which (with the exception of two medals) had

¹ In a later passage of the *Life*, Monckton Milnes admits that when he applied to my father for an 'exeat' as one of the famous oratorical trio who went over from Cambridge to plead the cause of Shelley *versus* Byron at the Oxford Union, his request was 'very kindly' granted by 'the venerable dignitary,' which does not look as if the said dignitary had been averse to encourage 'the pursuits' of the young men under his charge, even when they were somewhat *erratic*. See i. 77 sq. and ii. 162.

formerly been confined to mathematics, to be obtained in classics.

2. *As regards his own College.* Soon after he became Master, he instituted prizes for Latin Verse compositions in Hexameters, Elegiacs, and Alcaics—one for each of the three terms. I happen to remember, when those prizes had been set on foot, I saw on my father's table an exercise in Hexameters which contained the following lines addressed to himself :

Accipe grates,
Quas tibi, qui primus posuisti hæc præmia nobis,
Foristique tuas inopino munere Musas,
Irritus, æger, ago.

I feel certain of the sense, though not of the precise words, of the former line and a half: of the latter line and a half I recollect the words quite distinctly. The author of the exercise was W. M. Praed, who won the prize for it. The lines I have quoted made an impression on my memory, because they showed—what I was concerned to see, though I never knew him personally—that the writer was not only out of health, but out of heart from comparative want of success up till that time at Cambridge, after his highly distinguished career at Eton, both in other ways and as editor of and chief contributor to the *Etonian*.

But the noblest work which my father did for his college—and the noblest work which has been done for the college within the present century—was his grand scheme for the erection of a new quadrangle, which was to *double* the accommodation for undergraduates within the college walls, by the addition of 200 new rooms. He was not fortunate in his architect, and architecturally the work can scarcely be called a success; but in the practical results intended it has proved, I believe, eminently successful. Moreover, it was, if I remember right, the first undertaking which gave

that remarkable impulse to the new academical buildings which followed it in rapid succession—at Corpus, at King's, and at St. John's—and enabled Cambridge to put on an improved and more dignified appearance, placing it far more nearly upon a par with Oxford. As a specimen of the opposition which my father had to encounter in the prosecution of his scheme, the following anecdote deserves to be recorded. I well remember that when he had passed a sleepless night in considering how he might best overcome opposition on recommending the proposal to the meeting of the Seniors¹ which was to be held the next day, and was to decide its fate, after the discussion had taken a favourable turn, and was coming to a close, the senior Fellow—Mr. Pugh—started up (so I was told) and exclaimed indignantly, 'But if this is to be done, what am I to do for a coal-hole?' Mr. Pugh, I believe, occupied a comfortable set of rooms in Neville's Court, and the closet in which his coals were deposited was slightly interfered with by the architect's plan. Mr. Pugh deserves to be immortalised. The interests of the coal-hole of the senior Fellow overbalancing the claims of 200 sets of rooms for undergraduates—selfishness such as that becomes sublime!

Once more, the person whom Lord Houghton described 'as a venerated and respected old gentleman' was then only between fifty and sixty. It is true that my father had not much of the 'geniality,' and still less of the versatility, which distinguished Lord Houghton himself. But upon the whole I am sorry to have to say that in his delineation of my father's character there is the same monstrous disproportion between truth and untruth as there was between the bread and the sack of the tavern bill found in the pocket of Sir John Falstaff.

¹ The eight senior Fellows, with the Master, form the governing body of the college.

In contrast to the foregoing estimate of my father by Lord Houghton, I insert the following letter, received only a fortnight before his death, from Lord John Manners (now Duke of Rutland), also a Trinity man.

Belvoir Castle: Jan. 15, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I have been for some days meaning to write and thank you alike for your kindness in remembering me, and for the very great pleasure I derived from reading those admirable discourses,¹ a copy of which your publisher forwarded me: nor I alone, for I read them out loud to our family circle here, every member of which was as much struck as I was with their depth and simplicity. Important as are the truths they indicate at all times, now are they so in an especial manner, when they seem to be likely to be lost sight of, and swallowed up in the more purely political struggle that is now convulsing England.

It must be a consolation to you to think that, so far as in you lies, you have called people of influence to an appreciation of their greatest social and political duties, and I cannot wish anything better for our Church and State of England than that their respective rulers should seriously lay to heart, and wisely act upon, the principles vindicated in your little volume.

Let me take this opportunity of expressing the deep sense I have of the debt all Englishmen, and still more *all Trinity men*, owe to the name of Wordsworth, and my hearty wishes that years of happiness may yet be granted you here.

Pray believe me, my dear Sir,

Your obliged servant,

JOHN MANNERS.

By my father's death I was left in circumstances, not of opulence, but of sufficient competency to enable me to settle where I pleased. So, after going back to Winchester for a few days in order to preach a farewell sermon to the boys, and to make way for the entrance of my successor into the

¹ Preached on the anniversary of the consecration of the Parochial Chapel at Withyham, July 23, 1844. Lord John speaks of 'Discourses,' though in fact there was only one - a long and elaborate one; but it was divided into four separate portions. The title was 'Duties, Individual and National.'

second master's house ; and after two or three months subsequently spent in winding up my father's affairs at Buxted, with the help of my brother Christopher,—during which time I composed the Greek Trochaic translation of R. Palmer's admirable verses 'On the 450th Anniversary of the Opening of Winchester College' (see Appendix No. 6), and also prepared for the press a series of Sermons and Lectures which I had delivered to the Winchester boys, and which were published under the title of 'Christian Boyhood at a Public School,' with dedication to Dr. Moberly, March 27, 1846¹—I made up my mind to return to Winchester as, for the present at all events, my most appropriate home, and was fortunate in finding a house, called 'the Abbey,' with garden &c., in all respects convenient, and suitable for my wants, and for those of my little daughter and her governess, who during all this time had been staying at Hampstead under the care of my dear friend Mrs. Hoare.

The following are from among letters received in acknowledgment of my Farewell Sermon :

From my Uncle.

Rydal Mount : March 12, 1846.

My dear Charles,—Many thanks for your Farewell Sermon, which your aunt has read to me. It is well suited to the occasion and very touching, and cannot but be remembered by your pupils who heard it, to their future benefit. In every part I

¹ In reading over those two volumes of '*Sermons &c.*' with a view to the present publication, it has been a satisfaction to me to find little or nothing to call for 'retractation ;' in other words, that, during the long period that has elapsed since I began to preach—a period in which there has been so much fluctuation and unsettlement on the part of many minds—no appreciable alteration has taken place in my religious opinions. There are, indeed—as might be expected—in those volumes, a few passages which, together with the enthusiasm, betray the immaturity of judgment incident to early years (see, *e.g.*, ii. 29, 333, 333 sq.) ; but there is nothing of importance which I should care to alter.

went along with you, except when you speak in praise of emulation ; on that subject I was not entirely in accord with you. I know well that you have S. Paul in your favour in one or two passages, Homer also, and other wise and good men among the heathen ; I am aware, too, that you have had greater experience among boys, and the way of usefully influencing their minds, than has been my lot ; yet still I cannot help being afraid of encouraging emulation—it proves too often akin to envy, in spite of the Christian spirit you recommend.¹ My own case is, I am aware, a peculiar one in many ways ; but I can sincerely affirm that I am not indebted to emulation for my attainments, whatever they be. I have from my youth down to this date cultivated the habit of valuing knowledge for its own sake and for the good that may come and ought to come out of it—the unmixed, pure good. I used often to press this view of the subject on the late Dr. Bell, in whose system of tuition this was a master-spring. Pray, my dear Charles, let us hear of you from time to time, and above all don't omit telling us immediately when any plan of life or course of employment may open upon you. We hear of Chris and his family from William, who is now for a few days in London.

I am truly glad to see your Winchester Discourses advertised.

Notwithstanding our anxieties and distresses, we are pretty well, though your poor aunt has been a good deal shattered lately.

Ever, my dear Charles,

Your affectionate Uncle,

W. WORDSWORTH.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley).

Lambeth : March 10, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I have just read, with great pleasure and deep interest, your instructive and affecting and beautiful Sermon preached at Winchester College ; and I lose no time in express-

¹ In the *Prelude* and elsewhere my uncle has expressed the same strong opinions on the subject of emulation : opinions in which I was, and still am, unable to concur with him. His own case, as he admits, was a peculiar one. In all my experience, as regards both myself and others, I can remember *no instance* in which emulation has appeared to act injuriously, but *many* in which its effects have been highly beneficial.

ing my thanks for your attention in sending me a copy. I think it must have made an impression on many of your youthful congregation which will be of benefit to them during the whole of their lives.¹ I understand you have given a copy to each of the boys, and you could hardly have selected a more valuable farewell present.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Your faithful servant,
W. CANTUAR.

Rev. Charles Wordsworth.

Letters received in acknowledgment of 'Christian Boyhood':

From Mrs. Moberly.

May 9, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I feel as if I could never properly express my thanks for the kind present which I have just received from you. That you should have thought me worthy of such a proof of your regard would of itself be a sufficient cause for gratitude; but the beautiful and affectionate manner in which you speak of my ever dear husband quite overcomes me, and much increases my respectful love and admiration both for the praiser and the praised. Your dedication makes him sigh 'Alas,' and wish he were more worthy of the generous affection which dictated it; but to me it conveys no feeling but one of pleasure and gratitude, as I can truly appreciate what you say of him, and thank God that his unceasing prayers and labours for the good of his boys have earned for him such a welcome tribute of praise from one whose friendship and good opinion he so deeply values. Of the usefulness and interest of the work itself I cannot venture to speak, as I do not feel myself worthy to give an opinion; but of

¹ I hope I may be excused for mentioning that only last year (April 1890) I had the gratification of receiving from an old Wykehamist whom I had not seen, and only once heard of, since he was a boy at school, a letter which contained the following: 'I never can forget the sermon which you preached in my hearing when leaving Winchester College; I still possess it, and have read it frequently.' Another old Winchester pupil, now a clergyman of some repute in the Church of England, still more recently (December 29, 1890) sent me, in a long and most kind letter, a testimony to *Christian Boyhood* still more flattering: 'Suffice it to say that I still know every discourse, every sentence, in your *Christian Boyhood*!'

these, I doubt not, you will hear much from those who are competent judges. I can only say that I am thankful for my moderate share of discernment, if it in any degree contributes to the interest and pleasure with which I have already read a portion of it; and I look forward with thankfulness to the assurance and comfort which my little sons will find in it when the time shall come for their entering upon a college life.

I cannot conclude without noticing the last paragraph of your kind note, to say how small are the thanks which you owe me for any kindness shown to dear little Charlotte—as I consider it a delightful privilege to be permitted to watch her growth and cherish her intimacy, for the sake of *her* whose blessed departure to eternal rest we shall specially commemorate *to-morrow*, and the dear child already *constrains* me to rejoice in her presence, for her own sweet and lovely sake—so that the gratitude must also in this instance be *all mine*.

With the deep respect of one unworthy of so much kindness,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully and sincerely,

MARY A. MOBERLY.

From Rev. E. Coleridge of Eton.

Eton: June 12, 1846.

My dear Mr. C. Wordsworth,—I beg to thank you very heartily for your kind note, and the enclosed cheque for . . . , which I will transmit to *the account* of S. Augustine's forthwith.

I hear with gladness of heart, from Gladstone and your late most excellent Warden, that you are very likely to become the head of the Church College in Perthshire. May God be with you and your work. I could have wished you as a labourer at Canterbury; but I could not bring my mind to ask you to fill a subordinate office, and there were strong reasons for Bishop Coleridge being at the head.

It will please you to know that I have thought it my duty to put your two volumes ('Christian Boyhood') in the hands of my thirty senior pupils. Such words as those must do good. God be with you.

Ever, my dear Mr. Wordsworth,

Yours heartily,

EDWARD COLERIDGE.

From the Dean of Winchester.

Bishopstoke : May 14, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—I do most sincerely thank you for your kind present of two valuable volumes of Sermons, and be assured I shall read them with all that care, attention, and interest they so justly demand. I have only had time as yet to *dip* into a few pages ; but I have read enough to discover that your Sermons possess one quality in a most eminent degree, namely *utility*, which I consider the chief recommendation of every sermon. The high spirit of piety and virtue which you have so successfully transfused into the minds of your young hearers cannot fail to make a forcible and lasting impression upon them as they advance in years ; and, now those Sermons are published, you have given to them, to your friends, and to the public at large, a most pleasing memorial of a character, which (by your steady and resolute attendance to duty) has ever been held in the highest esteem and affection.

With every good wish,

Believe me,
My dear Wordsworth,
Very sincerely yours,
T. GARNIER.

The good Dean of Winchester was one of the most kind-hearted of men ; but he was not a man to say what he did not mean ; and when he ascribes to my sermons, so far as he had looked into them, the merit *of usefulness*, he gives them the praise which I most value.

*From George Ridding, Senior Prefect, late Head Master,
now Bishop of Southwell.*

May 18, 1846.

My dear Sir,—In my own name and that of the whole body of my schoolfellows, I beg respectfully and sincerely to thank you for your very valuable present ¹ to our Chamber Libraries ; most valuable indeed, both on account of the instruction contained in them, and also as a sign of the interest you so kindly continue to take in our welfare. But this is not the only valuable present I

¹ A copy of *Christian Boyhood* to each of the seven chambers.

have to thank you for. I ought to have done so long ago for the handsome 'Universal History' you have presented to the School Library. Will you then accept this thankful though late acknowledgment for that handsome present, and forgive me for having neglected to thank you before? We hope that you will not consider this delay to have proceeded from ingratitude, or a light estimation of your gifts, but rather from an unwillingness to send you, who had been on so kind, and, I believe I may say, intimate, terms with us, what might have been a mere formal acknowledgment, such as might be sent to a stranger. And this fear would have prevented me from writing even now, if I had any opportunity of thanking you in a better manner. Let me then again thank you for these and your other many and valuable presents, and remain, as one who can never forget the kindnesses he has received from you,

Yours respectfully and sincerely,

GEORGE RIDDING.

It would be ungrateful if I were to omit to mention the several most kind testimonies of regard and affection which I received upon the occasion of my resigning the second mastership.

The boys then in the school presented me with a copy of the splendid reprint of 'Dugdale's Monasticon,' 1846, in 8 vols. folio, beautifully bound in purple morocco, and bearing an inscription couched in terms too laudatory for me to quote. The college prefects paid me the compliment of having my name cut out on the stone wall on the south side of 'Meads'; a compliment which gratified me very much, as being a token of my naturalisation not only as a Winchester master, but as a Winchester boy, so that I could now say :

*Prisca juvent alios ; ego nunc me denique natum
Gratulor.*

It is the only name so distinguished; the only name which represents one who had not been a college boy, or even a Wykehamist, in his youth.

The 'old boys' who had been under me subscribed to place in the college ante-chapel a window of stained glass by Wailes, which, under suitable emblematic figures in the four lower compartments, exhibits the following words :

Baptizatos—Catechesi—per Confirmationem
Ad sanctam Eucharistiam, et ad omnia Cælestia,
Pastor, Magister, memores gratosque Discipulos ducebat
C. W.

From the assistant masters I received a valuable set of books, including the Commentary of Cornelius a Lapide, in 11 vols. royal 8vo.; while the head master did me the honour to ask me to sit to Richmond for my portrait, to be taken at his expense, and subsequently engraved. The original was to be seen hung over the chimney-piece in Dr. Moberly's library,¹ and a copy of it was admitted to a like place of distinction in the Warden's dining-room.

I had scarcely been settled in 'the Abbey' when on the morning of Whitsun Eve I received a letter from my old Christ Church pupil, Mr. Gladstone,² to the effect that he was coming to spend the Sunday with me, in order to speak with me upon a matter in which he took a very great interest. He did not mention, and I could not guess to what he alluded. He arrived on the Saturday evening, and it was not long before I was made acquainted with the object of his coming. It was to induce me to accept the wardenship of a College then being built in Scotland for the Episcopal Church.

Multa quidem dixi cur excusatus abirem.

¹ Since Mrs. Moberly's death, it has been, through the kindness of the family, in my possession.

² He had shortly before (February) resigned his office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in consequence of Sir R. Peel's measure for the increase of the Maynooth Grant, for which, however, he voted; and was soon to rejoin the Ministry (January 7, 1846) as Colonial and War Secretary.

I described myself as a 'broken-down horse,' and added that I had no intention of engaging again in scholastic duties. So far as my health would permit, my purpose was to devote myself for the future either to the practical duties of the ministry or to theological study. He replied that I should have ample time to recruit, as the buildings would not be ready till the next year; that I was only wanted to *start* the school or junior department, with the benefit of my Winchester and Harrow experience, and then I might devote myself to the theological students—the senior department—at the same time pursuing my own studies. But what weighed with me most was the intimation that the scheme had been mainly set on foot by himself and James Hope, for purposes in which I entirely sympathised; and it was the notion of being associated more or less with them—for both of whom I had retained the most sincere regard—in such an undertaking, that tended more than anything else to overcome my scruples, and to form the attraction¹ to which I yielded, little anticipating that within a year or two I should become, through changes of position on their part, more or less alienated *politically* from the one,² and *ecclesiastically* from the other. In point of emolument the proposed office was not to equal by more than one half the value of that which I had so recently resigned. That Gladstone at the time was not a little pleased with the result of his self-imposed mission is not to be doubted. He was so good as to write to me a short time after—viz., on

¹ It was stated recently by a correspondent in the *Scottish Guardian* that the so-called Scotch Communion Office had acted as an inducement to me, among others, to come into Scotland. The truth is, the existence of the Office was then unknown to me.

² On that occasion I had much private conversation with Gladstone, which enabled me to see the change which even then his mind had begun to undergo upon political matters, especially in regard to the relations of Church and State. Later on (as will appear in the sequel) I had further and fuller opportunities of the same kind.

July 9—‘Rarely has it happened to me to do an act on which I could reflect with such lively and unmixed delight as my journey to Winchester on Whitsun eve.’ I can readily believe that some portion of this ‘delight’ arose from the opportunity he had then gained of making acquaintance both with the Warden, who invited us to dine with him on the Sunday, and with Moberly, who also was of the party, and with whose conversation, as he told me afterwards, he had been much struck. But still I need not scruple to take the compliment implied in those kind words mainly to myself, corroborated as they were, seven years afterwards, on a memorable occasion, by Sir Archibald Edmonstone, a member of the original council of Trinity College, Glenalmond. In proposing my health at a public dinner given to the Scotch Bishops in Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1853, the year of my elevation to the episcopate, Sir Archibald mentioned that ‘Mr Gladstone had said to him that the best day’s work he had ever done was when he went down to Winchester, and persuaded Wordsworth to come into Scotland.’

I ought not to omit to mention what was probably the proximate cause of Gladstone’s visit. In the spring of 1846 the deanery of Salisbury fell vacant. Ever anxious to promote my interests, my dear friend the Warden, without letting me know at the time or ever mentioning the subject afterwards, wrote to Lord Lincoln, my old Oxford pupil, and then in office under Peel, strongly recommending me for the vacancy, though I was then not yet forty. The answer came that the deanery was already promised to Archdeacon Lear, father of the present Archdeacon, through the influence of Sidney Herbert, who had been his private pupil. Lord Lincoln showed the Warden’s letter to Gladstone, who thus became aware that I was then still at Winchester and disengaged, and also of the high opinion

which the Warden entertained of me. Consequently, when Robert Scott (afterwards Master of Balliol), who had accepted the wardenship, made up his mind to withdraw—partly, I believe, through dissatisfaction with the terms proposed to him by the College Council, and still more through depression of spirits after his wife's death—Gladstone, on the very same morning on which he received Scott's resignation, wrote to me the letter, of which, and of its consequences, the reader has already heard. This I learnt long afterwards from Anthony Grant, who had received it, he told me, from Lord Lincoln. The Warden himself, as I have already said, through that delicacy of feeling which lent an additional charm to his noble character, never mentioned it to me.

Soon after Gladstone's visit, I became engaged to be married to my present wife, the eldest daughter of the Rector of Burghclere, and niece of the Warden. That the love which led to the step was genuine may be inferred from the following lines written at the time.

Lines addressed to Miss K. M. B.

I

Perfection (so the learn'd agree)
By all creation's fixed decree
Lies in the mystic number—three.

II

What wonder then that thou, my dear,
Shouldest a triple symbol wear,
A threefold appellation bear ?

III

What shall I call thee ? how proclaim
Due honor to thy triune name ?
Use each in turn ? or still the same ?

IV

When eyes and all thy features shine
With lustre pure and grace divine,
May I not call thee *Katharine* ?

V

When thou art playful, coy, and witty,
Or warblest forth a Scottish ditty,
Then, dearest, let me call thee *Kitty*.

VI

When as a true and fond helpmate,
To share my early cares, and late,
Thou'rt by my side, I'll call thee *Kate*.

VII

But (sweeter still), whate'er the sign,
Be it Kate, Kitty, Katharine,
So long as sun and moon shall shine,
I'll call thee, Love, I'll call thee—mine.

August 27, 1846.

But there were other considerations which combined to render my marriage highly desirable. It was a great happiness to me to be thus connected in relationship with my dear friend the Warden, and, in quitting Winchester, to feel that I should still be bound more than ever by this new tie to a place which had been my home for so many years, and had become endeared to me on so many accounts. My undertaking at Glenalmond was likely to be more successful with a wife to assist me in it than if I had remained a bachelor—and Gladstone, when he sent his congratulations upon my marriage (October 3) wrote to me to that effect—and my little Charlotte Emmeline would feel and suffer less the disadvantages of her orphan condition in living with one who would be prepared to act towards

her a mother's part than with a governess. The union was solemnised in Burghclere Church on October 28, St. Simon and St. Jude's day.

Previously to that event, however, I paid a visit to my father's old friend, Rev. F. Merewether, Vicar of Whitwick, in Leicestershire, in which parish Coleorton, the residence of Sir George Beaumont, is situated, and preached for his parochial schools on August 13. The Sermon, from Lam. ii. 12, in the lesson for the day, was rather an elaborate affair—70 pages, with its Appendix. It was intended as a sort of counterpoise or complement of my Sermon on 'Evangelical Repentance,' and its main argument was to the effect that the only educational organisation that could be satisfactory, and really meet the requirements of the case, must be Diocesan. That, of course, was before the day of Board Schools. In the Appendix was a full-blown scheme for a large increase of the Episcopate, and for the restoration of Diocesan Synods. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), who happened to be staying at Coleorton, was among my hearers, and gave the Benediction from a pew in his ordinary dress. After the service he kindly drove me back with him in his carriage. We were *tête-à-tête*. No reference was made to service or to sermon. He was well known to be a man of refined taste and superior scholarship; and it was commonly reported that his favourite relief from the duties of his laborious office was, at the end of the day, to throw himself upon the sofa with a classical author in his hand, most commonly, I believe, Euripides. On this occasion he quoted with glee a passage from Homer in reference to the twinkling movement of the horse's ears as we drove along—evidently wishing me to understand that he was out for his holiday, and had no desire to be reminded of church topics. I was requested by the Vicar and others to print my sermon;

which I did, and a few copies were struck off; but it was never published. My brother Christopher strongly dissuaded the publication, as it might lead to controversy, which would be highly undesirable for me in my new position at Glenalmond; and I followed his advice. Manning, to whom I had read the sermon in MS. when I was on a visit to him at Lavington, wrote to me afterwards: 'I trust that much good will be done by the warm-hearted and hopeful tone of your words.'

In passing through London, on my way into Leicestershire, I had spent a couple of days with my old friend James Hope (not yet become Hope-Scott), who naturally felt great interest in my appointment to Glenalmond, and who was then in his full career of success as a leader at the Parliamentary Bar. He took me with him to Westminster for the hearing of a cause before a committee which, as it happened, was dealing with a Railway Bill that involved the removal of the buildings of the old Glasgow College, and their transference to the magnificent site which they at present occupy—a matter which, of course, had an additional interest for me, now that I was myself about to remove into Scotland. In the discussion that took place, I had the pleasure of hearing not only Hope, but my old Harrow schoolfellow, Frederick Calvert, who had been engaged to plead on the other side.

I had also been into Scotland to assist at the laying of the nominal first stone (which was eventually to be that of the chapel) of the college, and found the buildings of the north side, and of the greater half of the west front (which contained the class-rooms, sleeping accommodation for the boys, and also the sub-warden's lodgings), very nearly completed. The stone was laid, September 8, by Sir John Gladstone, who had been a principal contributor to the funds, in the presence of three of the Bishops—Primus

W. Skinner of Aberdeen, Bp. Russell of Glasgow, and Bp. Moir of Brechin—Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and a large assemblage of friends and benefactors. The address which, as Warden, I delivered on the occasion was afterwards printed by desire of the Bishops. Gladstone had written to warn me that I had ‘very diverse and delicate materials to deal with’; and I believe I succeeded tolerably well.

At the luncheon which followed in the temporary Hall, Bishop Russell—rather to my surprise, for I had given him no authority to do so—read to the company the following epigram composed by me in reference to the occasion :

Αίθος πρὸς λίθον, ὅμοιος πρὸς ὅμοιον.

ARISTOT. *Rhet.*

Auctus honore novo,¹ proprio cognomine lætus,
Fundamentum Ædis Virque lapisque jacet.
Quem Lætus-Lapis ipse jacet, lapis omine lætus
Continuò augendus stet, stet, honore novo.

In honours new, for high deserts arrayed,
Gladstone, auspicious name, this basement laid.
Glad stone, laid here by Gladstone’s bounteous hand,
Still blest with honours new for ever, ever stand !

I had previously sent the epigram to Gladstone, who thus acknowledged it : ‘Many thanks for your epigram. I never saw the etymology of our name turned to such good account before, and probably never shall again.’

Dr. Hook wrote to me from Vicarage, Leeds, September 27, 1846 : ‘I hear that you have gone to Scotland and returned from it, and know so little of geography as not to be aware that either going or returning you might touch at Leeds. I hope you will not betray so much ignorance

¹ Mr. John Gladstone had recently been made a baronet.

when you are preparing to go back to Perth, but that you will give us the real pleasure and advantage of seeing you here. I have heard of your proceedings at Perth with the deepest interest. I have been, and still am, endeavouring to persuade a young man of wealth to bestow upon your foundation a large sum which he has devoted to religious uses.'

The interval between the date of my marriage (October 28) and the time when it would be necessary for me to enter upon the duties of my new office in Scotland was spent in travelling with my wife on the Continent. We went to Italy, which I had not before visited, with the intention of spending the winter at Rome. Our mode of journeying—in private vehicles, with Degarlieb (whose trustiness and capacity I had formerly experienced) as our courier—enabled us to stop, and see as much as we cared to see, of the various places through which we passed—Lyons, Orange, Avignon, Nismes, Arles, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Perugia,—and we arrived at Rome by the Porta del Popolo on Christmas Eve. Strange to say, as we were approaching the Eternal City, at a little distance off from the road we saw a number of men in red coats out hunting on the Campagna with a pack of English foxhounds.

The next morning (Christmas Day), going out of our hotel to attend the 'Church' Service, then held in a large upper room outside the gate, almost the first person I met was Newman, walking in the *opposite* direction! He had not long before turned Romanist (October 8, 1845), and was occupying a room as a student in the Propaganda College. I came upon him so abruptly that he had passed almost before I had time to recognise him; so the exchange of greeting, which would have been awkward and painful, at least to me, was avoided. From that day, though I

received a kind letter from him a few years ago, we have never met again.

The remarks which I shall make upon places now so generally known as those we visited will be very few.

I shall be thought perverse, and perhaps bigoted, but I am not altogether sorry to say I was disappointed with St. Peter's. There was something in its proportions which did not please me.¹ It is neither, a Greek nor a Latin cross: in being transformed from one to the other, it was stopped half way. In my opinion, it is inferior architecturally both within and without to our St. Paul's in all respects except size. I could look with delight for hours together at the exterior of St. Paul's, as I could at the spire of Salisbury. But the exterior of St. Peter's has no charm for a fastidious eye. The form of its cupola, though an improvement upon that of Florence, is not graceful like that of St. Paul's. And the interior of the latter, though not all that might be wished, especially so long as it remains void of the decorations intended by its great architect, has nothing so faulty and displeasing as the west end of the former.

We had the satisfaction of seeing Soracte as Horace saw it, 'altâ nive candidum'; but in cold bad weather, between frost and thaw, such as we experienced, rendering some of the streets almost impassable, it cannot be said that Rome, notwithstanding all its unequalled attractions, ancient and modern, is an agreeable place of residence: so that our change to Naples early in the spring was no cause for regret.

Vesuvius, capped with smoke and flame, was not only seen but ascended by us under favourable auspices. But

¹ There is no disputing about tastes. Newman, in his *Letters &c.* (i. 359), speaks of the extreme accuracy and grace of the *proportions*, both of St. Peter's and of St. John Lateran. I have nothing to say against the latter.

what interested me more perhaps than anything else that I saw at Naples, and is more worth recording because I have never seen it noticed elsewhere, was a visit which I paid to the Jesuit College, an establishment upon a large scale for the education (I was told) of about 500 boys. In going over the building, I was shown into a class-room where a lesson was going on in Greek. I was invited to examine the boys in the passage upon which they were engaged—the author, if I remember right, was Xenophon—and I was quite surprised at their answers; all the more because I had fancied that the study of Greek was dying out in Italy. But what astonished me most was the way in which the lesson was conducted, unlike anything I have ever seen or heard of. The boys were arranged in rows on opposite sides of the room, and were supposed to represent respectively Romans and Carthaginians. On either side in front of the desks three flagstaffs had been fixed, but when I witnessed the scene of combat, the Carthaginian side had lost two. A boy was put on, and if he made a mistake, it was liable to be challenged by any one of the opposite side, the teacher of the class acting as moderator; and the loss of a flag was the result if the teacher's decision was favourable to the challenger. When all three flags had been lost, the side which had won them was declared victorious. It need scarcely be said that the keenness with which the boys were on the look out to detect an opponent's blunder added greatly to the *zest* of the lesson.

Of course we did not fail to visit both Pompeii and Pæstum; and we felt that we had been amply rewarded by both excursions, especially by the latter, though it had not been accomplished without a misadventure, disagreeable enough at the time, but which we could afford to laugh at when it was over.

After returning to Rome, we pursued our tour towards

the eastern side of Italy, through Bologna, Ferrara, &c. to Venice; and thence, after visiting Innspruck, Munich, Carlsruhe, and Cologne, we landed at Dover, nothing loth to find ourselves again in our own country, towards the end of March. *Deo gratias!*

During my absence on the Continent, my illustrated work upon Winchester, prepared for publication before my departure, had made its appearance, from the press of Messrs. Parker, Oxford, under the title of ‘St. Mary’s College, Winton.’ The nature of the contents may be inferred from the following Latin quartette prefixed to the volume :

Terra tulit flores; matris pia dextera sertum,
Quo decoret nati tempora cara, legit.
Sic quæ sparsa alii scripsere, ego carmina necto,
Dona ferens soboli, Wiccame sancte, tuæ.

The book was designed to be a legacy of my affection for the place which had been my home and the scene of my labours during the preceding ten years.

Before I close this chapter, which brings to an end my official life in England, it may be well to explain what effect, if any, was produced upon my theological opinions and ecclesiastical stand-point by the Oxford or Tractarian movement, which during these last years had reached its height. I had been acquainted with all the leaders of the movement, slightly with Newman, Pusey, Isaac Williams, and Palmer of Worcester, more intimately with Keble and Hugh Rose. Moreover the Warden’s brother, Rev. W. Barter, who became my father-in-law in 1846, had been elected a Fellow of Oriel, together with Keble and Whately, in 1811, and was intimate not only with Keble, but with Newman, elected Fellow twelve years later, viz. in 1823. Among Mr. Barter’s papers there are nine letters from

Newman, written at Littlemore 1842-45; the last being to announce his secession, on the very day it took place, October 8, 1845, and when he was 'expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist' to receive him into what he 'believed to be the one fold of Christ.' (Compare Newman's 'Letters and Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 468.) They are deeply interesting, but strictly confidential; only it may be stated, they contain nothing at all sufficient to justify the step which Mr. Barter strongly deprecated and did his best to prevent.¹

First, then, let me say that nothing had occurred to incline me to be disaffected in the least degree towards the Church of England. In the farewell sermon which—having gone over from Buxted to superintend the removal of my library—I preached to the boys on Quinquagesima Sunday, and in which I took for my subject St. Paul's eulogium of charity in the Epistle for the day, I made use of the following words:

'In parting with a friend whom we may never see again we are eager to talk of all that is uppermost in our minds. Hurriedly and imperfectly we crowd into our last few moments of conversation, more than they can well bear. So in addressing you, my dear young friends, for the last time, I have seemed to comprise the matter of many discourses. I have spoken of the graces of the body, of the graces of the mind, of the graces of the immortal soul. I have set before you the rule of your study, and the rule of your religion. And this I have done, not so much of my own choice, or from any apprehension of your special need, as at the guidance, and the bidding of the Church; *the same Church to whose judgment I desire to submit in all things*; whose voice, echoing the voice of God's holy Word, has been *my constant and only guide in all that I have said or*

¹ It is remarkable that no mention of Mr. Barter's name occurs in Newman's (Anglican) *Life and Correspondence*.

*done for your teaching and edification, and in whose bosom I trust we shall live and die, in the sure and certain hope that if we are but true sons of our dear mother, we shall not die eternally. She on this day in her own Collect, has given me what I should gather; what I should speak; she has put into my mouth this Epistle, which, as a last memorial I have desired to inscribe as it were on the phylactery, not of your outward garment, but of your inmost hearts.'*¹

To this I may add that in the last Sermon which I had previously preached to the boys, on Advent Sunday in 1845, while I was still second master, I had delivered to them a solemn warning against the want of 'subjection' to authority which had begun to show itself not only in persons of mature years, but in younger men.²

Newman had commenced the publication of the Tracts two years before I went to Winchester (while I was travelling on the Continent), viz. in 1833, and in the year I resigned the second mastership he joined the Church of Rome.

I did not remember that I had been admitted to his personal acquaintance while I was at Oxford, but the following extract from his diary, in his recently published 'Letters &c.' (vol. ii. p. 14), reminds me that I had that honour :

1833, June 13.—Rose, Sewell, Palmer of Magdalen, Wordsworth, at breakfast.

This was Hugh Rose's second visit to Oxford (his first visit is mentioned below, see p. 326), and on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's installation as Chancellor. I do not think that I heard Newman preach more than once—a University sermon. When I had settled at Winchester I was

¹ *Christian Boyhood*, ii. 456 sq.

² *Ibid.* ii. 369, 371.

invited to join him at dinner on one occasion, while he was staying with Keble at Hursley; and I had read his 'Parochial Sermons,' as the volumes came out, with more than ordinary interest—I may say, with avidity. And I felt that I owed so much to him on their account, that when I understood he was wavering in his attachment to the Church of England in consequence of the severe treatment which (not, it must be said, without provocation) Tract 90, published in 1841, had received at the hands of Churchmen generally, but especially of the Bishops, and also in consequence of the steps which had led to the foundation of the Jerusalem Bishopric, I ventured to attempt to soothe his distress of mind by writing to him, and at the same time offering to send him a copy of Wetstein's Greek Testament (2 vols. folio, bound in Russia by Kalthoeber), one of the handsomest books I had in my library, which I requested him to accept in token of my gratitude. The following is the letter which I received from him in acknowledgment :

Littlemore : Sept. 7, 1844.

My dear Wordsworth,—Accept my best thanks for your most kind letter and proposed present; both are far above what I deserve. I have no right to them, I feel that quite; and yet sympathy is not so common an article that one can afford to weigh the words in which it is conveyed. The Wetstein will be highly prized by me as a memorial of one, who, perhaps like some others, is led from friendly and generous feeling to be more indulgent towards me than his judgment quite approves.

This is indeed, as you say, a time for much humiliation. For myself, I have most honestly attempted to do a service to the English Church, and my tools have broken in the work.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—When you send the Wetstein, please direct it to Oriel, and oblige me by writing your name in it.

I am sorry I did not take and preserve a copy of my reply. All I remember is that I endeavoured to persuade him that the storm would blow over,¹ and meanwhile, if he would only have faith and patience to bear the present trial, he would find that his tools had *not* broken in the work.

Of the Tracts themselves I do not believe that I ever saw—and I feel pretty sure I had never read—more than one, until I purchased the whole collection in six volumes some years afterwards. Nor, so far as I can remember, did I take part in any of the struggles which went on at Oxford between 1835 and 1845—concerning Hampden's appointment to the Divinity Professorship, Tract 90, Pusey's Sermon on the Eucharist, Ward's 'Ideal,' &c.—except only that I supported Isaac Williams against Garbett in his competition for the Poetry Professorship. The fact is, I was too much engrossed with my duties and interests about the Winchester boys to take much account of what was going on outside our little world.

With Pusey also my personal acquaintance was, as I have said, very slight. When Hugh Rose was in Oxford, June 1832, as the guest of Palmer of Worcester, we, *i.e.* Rose and I, called upon him together—an interesting occasion, for it was, I believe, the first time they had met, and they had recently been engaged in a somewhat bitter public controversy against each other on the subject of the rationalising tendencies in German theology, which in Pusey's opinion Rose in his volume of Hulsean Lectures had unfairly exaggerated. A copy of the second (enlarged) edition of his Tract on Baptism was given to me by Keble, (which I understood was designed for me by

¹ The opinion of Dean Church coincides with this. He writes (p. 164): 'This keen sensitiveness (of Newman) led him to give up hope and retire from the contest *long before he had a right to do so*. The experience of after years shows that he had despaired too soon.'

the author); and I had reason to think that he looked upon me as one who *was* already, or might soon be induced to *become*, an adherent of the party in which he was beginning to take a leading—if not the foremost—place, as appeared by the manifestoes which he issued as pamphlets in the form of letters, first to the Bishop of Oxford, 1838, and then to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1842. But if he entertained such an idea respecting me, he made a mistake. It was not in my disposition (happily) to become a follower of any person or party in the Church. The fault against which Bishop Andrewes teaches us to pray—the fault of *ἰδιολατρεία* *worship of persons*,¹ classed with *εἰδωλολατρεία* *worship of idols*, as a breach of the Second Commandment—and which, from an opposite point of view, was condemned by our Blessed Lord Himself, ‘Be not ye called Masters,’ was not one into which I should naturally have been inclined to fall under any circumstances; and in this case I was upon principle

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri—

of no one, save of HIM who is Magister Magistrorum, even JESUS CHRIST, and of the Church of my Baptism. And to this I have adhered through life. Of later years, if there

¹ See also Bishop Sanderson’s Sermon on 1 Pet. ii. 16: ‘It is a dangerous thing *θαυμάζειν πρόσωπα*, as St. Jude speaketh, to *have men’s persons in admiration*, though they be of never so great learning, wisdom, or piety, because the best and wisest men are *ὁμοιοπαθεῖς ἡμῖν*, *subject to the like infirmities* as we are, both of sin and error, and such as may both deceive others and be themselves deceived.’ *Letter of the late Professor Sedgwick to a friend* (1844): ‘Newman and twenty others have at length gone over to Rome. . . . I pity their delusion. . . . Often in my younger days I wondered at the proneness of the old nations to idolatry, but I have ceased to wonder. The sin of idolatry is knitted in the human heart. We may worship a priest, or worship ourselves, or worship our own works, while we are talking of idolatry, and thinking that we are serving our Saviour’ (ii. 92). A similar warning is no less necessary in the world of politics at the present day.

was one with whose judgment I wished my own to coincide, and with which, in fact, it did coincide invariably upon doctrinal points (though not always in matters of Diocesan administration), it was my brother, the late Bishop of Lincoln. His reading in the Fathers was, I believe, equal in extent to that of any of the Tractarian leaders, in the great Anglican divines much more extensive. And—what cannot I fear be said of every one of those leaders—he never desired to draw followers to himself; he abhorred and shrunk from *party spirit* in any shape, high or low; and any attempt on his part to set up or encourage an *imperium in imperio* in the Church would have been regarded by him as a most grievous fault.

But to return. Before parting with Pusey, for the present, I must not omit to quote the following from a letter, in which he alludes kindly to my appointment to Glenalmond, and also, as one of the original subscribers to Trinity College, expresses an opinion, in reference to the main object of the institution, which, in the change that has taken place during recent years, has been too little regarded.

Christ Church : June 18, 1846.

My dear Wordsworth,—I was also sorry to miss you, but had been very glad to hear that you had accepted the appointment. I hope you will be able to carry out the clerical part of the College, which was, I suppose, what *they who in England took most interest in it, had most at heart*.

Ever yours very faithfully,

E. B. PUSEY.

With Keble I was, through his kindness and condescension, on terms of friendship, not only as a neighbour (he had been appointed vicar of Hursley at the beginning of 1836), but as one whom I heartily honoured for the inestimable benefit he had conferred upon the Church through the

publication of the 'Christian Year.' He and Mrs. Keble were so good as to invite my orphan little girl to spend some time with them at Hursley; and as a further proof of the close and confidential relation in which I was permitted to stand towards him, I may mention that he employed me to correct for him the proof sheets of his 'Prælectiones Academicæ' (which involved the correction of slips in composition), as may be seen from the kind acknowledgment of my services, such as they were, which he makes in the Preface to that work. The dedication to my uncle was submitted to me for correction no less than three times before it was adopted as it now stands.¹

Hugh Rose, of whom the late Dean Burgon has given such an interesting record in his 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' was an intimate friend of my father's at Cambridge; and I had known Isaac Williams, though much my senior, as a schoolfellow at Harrow.

I must not omit to mention Moberly. It was a great comfort and satisfaction to me that during the whole period of our intercourse as fellow labourers at Winchester there had been no difference between us upon any ecclesiastical or theological question. Though personally a friend of the leaders, and especially of Keble, he kept himself aloof

¹ I have preserved the following note, which shows how anxious he was to make the dedication as perfect as possible :

'H. V. : Third Sunday in Lent, 1844.

'My dear Wordsworth,—Ecce iterum Crispinus! but you really must just say whether you think the dedication will now do. And this must be the last time.

'Your obliged and affectionate,

'J. K.

'I have not your uncle's leave yet.'

A translation of the dedication has been made use of as an inscription for the monumental tablet erected to my uncle's memory in Grasmere Church. I have also preserved more than twenty other letters received from Keble, a portion of which I may have occasion to notice hereafter, when I come to speak of my life in Scotland.

no less than I did from Tractarianism as a party movement; and the soundness of his judgment, based upon extensive learning as a divine, led him greatly to regret that more was not done by Pusey and his associates to discourage Romanising on the part of their followers. The Preface to the second edition of his 'Five Discourses on the Sayings of the Great Forty Days' contains an effective and valuable reply to Newman's 'Treatise on Development,' and his excellent little volume 'On the Love of God,' in expounding the Second Commandment, lays down principles which, if faithfully applied, would have sufficed to prevent more than one painful instance of litigation, by keeping the decoration of our churches within proper bounds.

Hitherto I have said little or nothing in detail of what I owed to my father. Long before the days of the Oxford movement he was awake to the danger of laying too much stress upon the Church as an 'Establishment,' and so of losing sight of its spiritual character and claims; as he shows in a long and valuable letter to Joshua Watson in 1815 (see 'Memoirs of Joshua Watson,' vol. i. p. 130), in complaint of the recent Tracts of the S.P.C.K., which he considered to have fallen into that fatal mistake. In another letter he recommended that Tracts written by Dissenters should be admitted on the Society's Catalogue, 'if they were otherwise worthy of approval.' (*Ibid.* p. 135.) He was one whom an unfriendly critic would have described as of the 'High and Dry' school, but this would have done him injustice. He had an open mind and an open heart for everything that was good and true, wherever it was to be found. I can recall not a few indications of this. He inserted Baxter's long and somewhat heavy Catechetical work—against the judgment of his dearest and most intimate friend Joshua Watson—in his 'Christian Institutes,' in preference to any other, because he considered it upon

the whole the best and most complete. He gave copies of the 'Christian Year' to each of his three sons, and to his niece Dora, within a few months after its first appearance, and he wrote to Joshua Watson concerning it, 'He is full of beauties and goodness, and though I have devoured him once, I intend him to be like Prometheus' liver to the vulture, one of my standing dishes.' His name appeared among the first of the 7,000 clergy who signed the famous address presented to the Archbishop in February 1834—the first public step taken in the Oxford movement (see Dean Church, p. 95)—and he was also prominent among those consulted concerning 'The Churchman's Manual,' which grew out of the Hadleigh Conference and was mainly the work of W. Palmer, assisted by Rose. He was so much taken with Newman's sermons as soon as he became acquainted with them, that he said he felt inclined to burn all his own (though the two volumes which he published in 1814 had been very popular in their day, and his brother, the poet, described them 'as admirable both for the matter and the manner') and to *preach for the future nothing but Newman*.¹ After reading Pusey's Letter to the Archbishop (1842) he remarked that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to hear the next day that Pusey had been made a Bishop, and he invited him to come and pay him a visit at Cambridge. He was enthusiastic in his praise of Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' which he found and read at Rydal Mount, just after it came out in 1844. He was to

¹ 'Dr. Wordsworth had been such a warm admirer of some of Newman's earlier sermons, that he had spoken of himself as ready to burn his own that he might for the future preach Newman. But when, thus prepared, he took No. 90 in hand, and deliberately read it, he could only exclaim, "Oh, what a fall! Its perusal has lowered my opinion of the writer more than I could have thought possible. I refer to all the important points of learning and logic, history, clearness of ideas, and accuracy of language and sentiment."'—*Memoirs of Joshua Watson*, vol. ii. p. 144. My father was not in the habit of saying what he would not have been able and ready to make good.

the last a friend of the Evangelical Dr. Dealtry, who had been his opponent in controversy respecting the merits of the Bible Society when it was first started. He kept on terms of intimacy with the Gurneys and other Quakers, who had been my mother's early friends. In his latter days, at Buxted, he took to preaching in a surplice on Communion Sundays, and he introduced a Credence Table into the chancel. He had never been abroad till quite late in life; and then, as he was travelling in France with Hugh Rose, having noticed how the priests were in the habit of making use of their breviaries on journeys in public conveyances, and wishing that provision should be made to enable not only our clergy, but laity also, to follow their good example, on his return (a little more than a year before his death) he induced the S.P.C.K. to print the devotions for *noon* and *afternoon* from Hele's 'Select Offices' in a small pocket volume, to serve as a manual (supplementary to the *morning* and *evening* service of the Prayer Book) for that purpose, with a recommendation for its use on such occasions.

Again to revert to early days. So far back as 1802, when a Fellow of Trinity, he had published anonymously his learned 'Six Letters to Granville Sharp, Esq., on the uses of the definitive article in the Greek Text of the New Testament,' which contain a copious array of quotations from the Greek and Latin Fathers in support of the important point of theological criticism which he had undertaken to establish. After he had been made Master of Trinity in 1820, he did all he could to bring forward such men as Evans, author of 'The Rectory of Valehead,' Professor Blunt (who submitted his History of the Reformation to his revision), Dr. Mill, and above all Hugh Rose, who became, I may say, his disciple as well as his intimate friend. It was in 1826, be it remembered, that Rose, as

Christian Advocate, preached at Cambridge his Series of Discourses on the Commission and consequent duties of the Clergy, and it was Rose who set on foot 'The British Magazine,' which served as a pioneer of the Tracts, and who struggled hard, as Dean Burgon has shown, to check Newman in his course when it became unfaithful to the Church of England.

It was not probable that the sons of such an one as I have shown my father to have been¹ would sink into followers of any mere party in the Church. The writers whom we were exhorted to value and to study were such as Hooker and Pearson, Barrow, and Bull, and Butler, whose teaching is based upon that of the Fathers, in subordination to Holy Scripture ; and at the same time we were led to understand that, though coming after the Fathers, our great Anglican divines, with their sterling good sense and sobriety of judgment, had some advantage over them, inasmuch as they had witnessed the excesses both of doctrine and practice to which the guidance and authority of the Church of Rome had led ; and which were due in part to the unguarded language to be found in the works of some of the Fathers, not indeed in the first age, but of the fourth and later centuries.² In short, our position was much the

¹ His character, in reference to his life-long friendship with Joshua Watson, is thus summed up in the *Memoirs* of the latter, vol. i. p. 77: 'If pure integrity and disinterestedness, a spirit abhorrent of all disguise or guile, and a kind of joyous zeal in all works of charity and brotherly kindness, could attract a discerning good man's love, these qualities were seldom more eminently seen than in him whom his Cambridge friends delighted to call, *par excellence*, "the Old Master." Such exuberant benevolence united with such Christian simplicity could only have been taught by the perfect Love converting the soul, and making it find its chief treasure in the service of holiness and truth.'

² It appears from a letter of Newman's (ii. 41) that this consideration was early pressed upon the Tract writers, May 1834, but to little purpose: 'Rickards' great ground against us is that language about the Eucharist which was allowable in the Fathers is dangerous since the Popish corruptions. [He might have quoted Bishop Cosin: 'Non abnuimus nonnulla

same as that which the venerable late Bishop of Winchester, in his farewell address to his diocese, October 8 of the present year (1890), describes his own to have been :

We have heard a good deal of late, owing to the death of the most eminent leader of a great school, of what that great school did for our Church. I am old enough to remember when the 'Tracts for the Times' first came out. I do not say they did not make a very great stir; of course they did; I do not say that they did not bring a great many things, comparatively new, home to the mass of the clergy and laity of this Church; but I do say that something of the kind was in the air before Newman arose, a great genius, to put it into form and shape. *I can well remember that some of us in our early studies had our minds directed to the teaching of primitive antiquity*; some of us not moving in the same direction—at least not springing from the same principles, as the great writers of the Oxford school went upon. If I may venture to say to you concerning myself, I well remember how my own mind was first directed to primitive antiquity long before I had read or heard of *the Tracts*. . . . I wish I could say that the Tract writers and all their followers had still adhered to the principles of the primitive antiquity which we had already learned to honour.

And more than this. Living as we did in our youth at Cambridge, we could not fail to know something of the great work done, and extensive influence acquired, though in a different school of Christian thought, by Charles Simeon, during his faithful and untiring ministry of fifty-three years—1783 to 1836—at Trinity Church. It is a great mistake to suppose that Simeon was careless or indifferent about Church ordinances. He 'delighted in the Liturgy,' and thought it of the greatest value. (See Canon Carus's

apud Chrysostomum aliosque patres inveniri, quæ emphaticè, immò vero hyperbolicè, de Eucharistiâ prolata sunt. Ea, nisi dextrè capiantur, incautos homines facilè in errores inducent.' Vol. iv. p. 103.] To this Keble answers—and *I think well*—that Hoadleyism has introduced a new era, and that Protestantism, though allowable three centuries since, is dangerous now.' Surely a very sophistical and unsatisfactory answer.

‘Memoirs,’ pp. 17, 90, 363.)¹ In 1811 he preached a course of sermons before the University on ‘the excellency of the Liturgy.’ (*Ibid.* p. 110.) He makes an excellent defence of the Baptismal Office as perfectly sound and scriptural. (*Ibid.* pp. 216–19.) The following testimony is given by Bishop Wilson of Calcutta. ‘Mr. Simeon never varied throughout a long life in ardent, marked, and avowed attachment to the doctrine and discipline of our Apostolical Church. . . . The moderation and comprehension of the Church of England was his joy. He neither verged towards the great error of overmagnifying the ecclesiastical polity of the Church, and placing it in the stead of Christ and salvation, nor towards the opposite mistake of undervaluing the Sacraments and the authority of an Apostolical Episcopacy.’ (*Ibid.* p. 597.) He had a large following of young men—larger and not less devoted than that which followed Newman—and for a much longer time. His death took place three years after the Tractarian movement had begun. At his funeral the whole town and university vied with each other in paying honour to the greatness of his work and the excellency of his character. The forerunner and champion of the Cambridge movement had little or none of the brilliancy of his Oxford successor; but from first to last, alike under persecution, under apparent failure, and manifest success, he held a course admirably stable and consistent. Would that the same could be said of John Henry Newman!

To sum up, then, these closing remarks. The view is

¹ See also in Rev. A. W. Brown’s ‘*Recollections of Simeon’s Conversation-parties*,’ p. 62, ‘No other human work is so free from faults as the Book of Common Prayer;’ and p. 85, after one of his visits to Scotland, he exclaimed, ‘Thank God, we have a Liturgy.’ The same author testifies to Simeon’s ‘approval of Fasting;’ and ‘his feeling that the Priestly Benediction was more than a prayer,’ p. 65. There is an excellent chapter (iv. of the *Introduction*) in the same work, on the relations between the Cambridge or Simeonite, and the Oxford or Newmanite, movement; pointing out, very airily, the defects of the one and the excesses of the other.

far too narrow—as I have in part pointed out before—which attributes either the revival of religious education in our public schools exclusively to Arnold, or the revival of energy and earnestness in the Church at large exclusively to Newman and the ‘Tracts for the Times.’ There can be no doubt that the existence of both—though widely different and out of harmony with each other—did produce, as instruments in God’s hands, very great good; but there had been all along, even in the worst times of the last century, a life and light in the Church (especially in the middle and lower classes of society), however in many places dormant or obscured, for which adequate allowance has not always been made by those who have undertaken to pass judgment upon recent periods of our ecclesiastical history. The extraordinary number of editions of works of piety and devotion, many of them used in schools, printed and sold during the last century (such as some of the treatises of Dean William Sherlock and Bishop Patrick, and Robert Nelson’s ‘Fasts and Festivals’) is alone a sufficient proof of this last remark.

The reader of these Annals has now been brought to the close of my Life in England. The volume which, it is hoped, will shortly follow this, will open with the beginning of my Life in Scotland.

POSTSCRIPT

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. 1833-1846

The appearance of Newman's 'Letters' and of Dean Church's 'Oxford Movement' since the foregoing portion of this volume was sent to press, induces me to add a few further remarks upon the subject which occupies the concluding pages, so far as it falls within the period therein embraced.

It was the misfortune of the Oxford movement that the opinions of its great champion had been from the first in a state of flux ; and the same must be said, though in a far less degree, of his two illustrious coadjutors. Pusey began as a liberal and moderate Broad Churchman. In his controversy with Rose (1828-30) upon the causes of German rationalism, the views which he had expressed upon Inspiration appeared to himself not long after so unsatisfactory that he formally retracted them in a letter to the *Record* ; and he withdrew the books themselves by buying up what remained at the publishers'. Again, in writing to Newman, 1829, he speaks of Beveridge 'as a higher Churchman than I.' (Newman's 'Letters,' i. 214.) Yet Beveridge has been accused of Calvinism, and he would now be regarded as a moderate, rather than a high or advanced, Churchman. And, once more, the 'Letter to the Bishop of Oxford,' 1839, is, if I remember right, outstripped in some important

respects by the 'Eirenicon' of 1866. Of Keble, the most stable of the three, it cannot, I think, be doubted that the 'Christian Year' (1827), the 'Lyra Innocentium' (1845), and the essay on 'Eucharistical Adoration' (1857), if compared with one another, represent the mind of their author as undergoing a certain amount of change in his theological opinions. In both cases, perhaps, it would not be difficult to show that the advancement, if so it may be called, is to be attributed more or less to the unsuspected influence of Froude and Newman. (See 'W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement,' pp. 81, 143, 221.)

But at present I am concerned only with Newman. The process of change which his opinions underwent was understood to some extent before; but now, by the confessions of his own letters, and by the revelations of Dean Church, it is exposed to view much more thoroughly, as will be seen from the following extracts.

In 1829 Newman a Secretary to the Church Missionary Society (i. 215)—turned out 1830 (i. 225).

In 1830 he wrote: 'There are parts of the Athanasian Creed which I would gladly see omitted, and could not defend' (i. 218).

In same year he 'doubted whether S. Peter was President even of the Apostolic College' (i. 231).

In 1830-32, it is remarkable that Isaac Williams, who was so warmly attached to Newman (as Newman was to him), and served as his Curate at St. Mary's during those two years, never felt confidence in him. 'From the first (we are told by Dean Church, p. 25), he had seen in him what he had learned to look upon as the greatest of dangers—the preponderance of intellect among the elements of character, and as the guide of life.' He himself wrote: 'I was greatly delighted and charmed with Newman, who was extremely kind to me; but I did not altogether trust

his opinions. I can remember a strong feeling of difference I felt in first acting together with him from what I had been accustomed to—that he was *in the habit of looking for effect*, and for what was sensibly effective, which from the Bisley and Fairford school I had been habituated to avoid' (Church, p. 64.)

In 1834 he wrote: 'The Church of Rome apostatised at Trent' (ii. 59).

In the same year: 'I consider the Tridentine Articles of the Romanists unchristian' (Tract 38, 'Via Media,' No. 1).

In the same year he admits that 'his views were not fully developed' (ii. 66).

In 1835 Hampden succeeded Burton as Theological Professor.

In 1836 Newman writes to Rose: 'There appears to be that in the Church of Rome as it is at present [it is worse now] which seems utterly to preclude our return to her' (ii. 186). *Froude died in that year.*

In the same year 'Library of the Fathers' begun under editorship of Pusey, Keble, and Newman. Marriott was joined with them afterwards.

In 1838 Newman published his 'Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church,' which contain many severe attacks upon the Church of Rome. And in the 'Advertisement' he desires to 'make his own the noble profession of the great Bramhall: "No man can justly blame me for honouring my Spiritual Mother, the Church of England, in whose bosom I was conceived, at whose breasts I was nourished, and *in whose bosom I hope to die*"' (p. vi.)

In the same year were published Froude's 'Remains.'

In 1839 Newman writes: 'What is to be our length of tether I know not; no one can know; but at present it is lengthening out.'

And again : ‘ A vista has been opened before me to the end of which I do not see ’ (ii. 286).

And again : ‘ One thing seems plain—that temporal prospects we personally have none ’ (ii. 293). Yet, in the same year, in Tract 75, ‘ On the Roman Breviary,’ he wrote : ‘ Till Rome moves towards us, it is *quite impossible* we should move towards Rome.’ And the main reason alleged for that impossibility is, ‘ Because Rome has adopted into the devotional services of the Church Catholic certain additions and novelties ascertainable to be such in history as well as being *corruptions doctrinally*.’

From this time Newman began to doubt the ‘ Catholicity of the Church of England ’ (Church, p. 194).

In 1840 he wrote : ‘ I fear I see more clearly that we are working up to a schism in our Church ’ (ii. 297). See also p. 300 *passim*. Again, he wrote : ‘ We don’t know what the English Church will bear of infused Catholic truth. We are, as it were, proving our cannons. I know that there is a danger of bursting ; but still we have no right to assume that our Church will not stand the test ’ (ii. 318).

In 1841 Tract 90 appeared in February (Church, 251), and was condemned as dishonest by Board of Heads of Houses, March 15 (p. 253). ‘ From the end of 1841 I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees ’ (ii. 238).

In the same year ‘ Anglo-Catholic Library ’ was commenced, under a Committee, consisting of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, together with ten others, including our good Warden, Moberly, Hook, Norris, and W. Palmer ; and with Copeland as ‘ superintending Editor.’ Of this Newman writes : ‘ Anglo-Catholic Library was no plan of mine ; and neither Pusey nor I was warm about it ’ (ii. 323). And again : ‘ I did not like the scheme.’ Why did he not like

it? It was, according to the Advertisement, to consist of 'scarce and valuable works, maintaining and inculcating the doctrine and discipline of the Anglican branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

Jerusalem Bishopric founded. Contest between I. Williams and Garbett for Poetry Professorship (Church, p. 273).

In 1843 Newman resigned S. Mary's (Church, p. 202). 'I am now publishing sermons which speak more confidently about our position than I inwardly feel (!); but I think it right, and do not care for seeming inconsistent' (ii. 430).

Pusey's Sermon 'On the Holy Eucharist' (which was meant to be an antidote or palliative to the severity of the Tract 'On Baptism') *condemned by the Six Doctors appointed by Vice-Chancellor, Hawkins, Symonds, Jenkyns, Ogilvy, Jelf, and Fawcett. Suspension for two years* (Church, p. 285). '*British Critic*' given up; succeeded by *Christian Remembrancer* in 1844.

In 1844 he wrote: 'A clear conviction of the substantial identity of Christianity and the Roman system has now been on my mind for full three years (!)' [No wonder he was not 'warm' about the Anglo-Catholic Library.] 'As far as I can make out, I am in a state of mind which divines call indifferent' (ii. 445).

Ward's 'Ideal.' *Condemned February 1845* (Church, p. 324).

In 1845, October 6, appeared the 'Essay on Development.'

Newman joined the Church of Rome two days afterwards.

Now what was to be expected of a great religious movement, of which the practical originator and chief leader's mind was in a condition such as has been described, mainly by himself and partly also by a most intimate friend? Set

on foot with enthusiasm—under the pressure of danger, doubtless great, but imagined, perhaps, to be greater than it really was—whatever good it might be enabled to do in its course, sooner or later it must come to grief. And is it harsh or uncharitable to say that a man who was conscious to himself of such unsettled opinions—of so much want of fixity in his own convictions—was scarcely justified in assuming the part which Newman assumed, when, in the first of the Tract series,¹ he called upon all his brother Presbyters to come forward as one man, not only to defend their common Mother, the Church of England, but to set forth the true principles upon which she was to be defended? Or when, at a later period, in continuing to plead for the Reform of that Church, as of a fallen and beleaguered body, when he himself did not clearly comprehend the nature and extent of the Reform required? No: it must be said he was not justified; and all the more when it is considered that, after all, it was not any supposed imperfection in the Church of England—which he had undertaken to correct, and had not succeeded—but the perfection, theoretically speaking, of the Church of Rome—‘a clear conviction of the substantial identity of Christianity and of the Roman system’—which eventually led him to take his fatal step. And something, too, must be said of the want of sufficient age and experience. This was another misfortune which attached to the movement generally. It was from the first too much in the hands of young men. Newman was only thirty-two when he published the first Tracts, in 1833; Froude was thirty, Pusey was thirty-three, and Isaac Williams was thirty-one. And of those who may be called veterans in comparison, Keble was forty-one, Hugh Rose was forty-five, and W. Palmer, I think, somewhat younger than

¹ Gresley, in *Bernard Leslie*, p. 70, speaks of that first number as ‘hastily and carelessly written;’ and he adds, ‘to the statements I decidedly object.’

Rose, but I do not know his exact age. Not one among them was of the mature age of fifty.

But to return to the misfortune of unsettled opinions. This does not apply to the two eldest, who were also (at that time) the two most learned, of the original promoters of the movement—Hugh Rose and W. Palmer. They knew from the first the extent they were prepared to go, because they knew the limits of the teaching of the great Anglican divines; and they never intended to go farther. But Rose, after vain remonstrance with Newman, died in 1838; and Palmer gradually withdrew, and stood aloof when his prudent proposal for a Committee to supervise the Tracts before publication was not accepted. Meanwhile, Newman from the first, and Pusey and Keble soon afterwards, threw themselves into the study of the Fathers without the steadying guidance of a comprehensive and well-grounded judgment which that study pre-eminently requires. There is, I think, no sufficient evidence that Newman, or either of his two great allies (except Keble in the case of Hooker), had ever made a deep and thorough study of the chief Anglican divines. The ‘Library of the Fathers’ was begun by them in 1836. The ‘Anglo-Catholic Library,’ which ought to have preceded it, did not follow till five years afterwards (1841). Neither Newman nor Pusey ‘ever liked the scheme.’ (‘Letters,’ i. 223.) ‘It was no plan of mine,’ writes Newman, ‘and neither Pusey nor I was ever warm about it.’ I do not think that any one of the three did anything for it, as an editor, until Keble published his complete edition of Bishop Wilson’s works, with a full and valuable Life, which formed the conclusion of the series. In making these remarks, I do not forget that each of the Tracts bore on its flyleaf a list of books, ‘in single volumes,’ which ‘would be found to uphold or elucidate the general doctrines inculcated’ in them, and also of

‘larger works that might be profitably studied ;’ and that in those lists appear the names of Hooker, Taylor, Pearson, Bull, Leslie, Beveridge, and Waterland ; nor do I forget that the Tracts contained various ‘Catenaë,’ which appeared to show a desire on the part of their authors to follow in the footsteps of the authors quoted.¹ Still, I believe the inference I have indicated is substantially correct.

In the ‘Anglo-Catholic Library’ good service was rendered by producing complete editions in octavo of the works of Bishop Andrewes, Archbishop Bramhall, and others, which previously were to be had (if at all) only in folio ; and by reprinting such books as some of Hammond’s treatises, and Laud’s ‘Answer to Fisher,’ which show plainly where the limits are to be drawn between the standpoints of Rome and Anglicanism ; but, so far as I can remember, very little was done to draw attention to their merits or to recommend the study of them ; and meanwhile Roman Catholic books of devotion enjoyed the editorship of Pusey, and the advantages which that editorship implied.

I have observed that the great leaders of the movement threw themselves into the study of the Fathers, and they naturally induced many—even ladies and others who were no scholars, and had received none of the training which goes to the making of a scholar—to do the same. The orthodox treatises of Tertullian, the epistles and treatises of S. Cyprian, and the lectures of S. Cyril of Jerusalem, of which translations appeared among the earliest of the publications of the ‘Library of the Fathers,’ are all most valuable for

¹ Newman in his ‘Advertisement’ to *Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, refers to those ‘Catenaë’ as supplying an apology for the absence in his work of the citation of testimonies of our ‘standard divines,’ which, he admits, might otherwise have been expected from him (p. vi.) Rose had set a good example in that respect by the copious extracts which he gives in the Notes and Appendix to his *Discourses on the Commission and Consequent Duties of the Clergy*.

those who can bear 'strong meat;' but they can scarcely be said to make a suitable foundation for the building up of men and women of the nineteenth century who have received no catechetical instruction in the first principles of their own Church. To have begun with books of our own, such as Bishop Nicholson 'On the Catechism,' Bishop Ken's 'Practice of Divine Love,' Bishop Sparrow 'On the Prayer Book,' and some of Hammond's treatises,—setting forth their nature and urging their constant use—would have been a more reasonable and judicious proceeding. As it was, ill-informed members of our Church were left too much under the impression that we had nothing of our own which was good enough to recommend to them; and they would naturally draw the inference that there must be something seriously wanting or amiss in the Church itself. I must not, however, pass from this topic without some attempt to do justice to the signal benefit which Newman conferred by his admirable translation of Bishop Andrewes's 'Private Devotions.'¹ It was indeed an invaluable boon, for which all of us, but the clergy especially, cannot be too thankful. O! that he had clung to Bishop Andrewes as his guide not only *orandi*, but *credendi*! But this the restless and emotional character of his mind would not suffer him to do; and, moreover, it may be doubted whether he had ever given himself to the study of that great and holy man with the attention and thoroughness which his writings, both Latin and English, require and deserve. Had he done so, he could scarcely have said that he did 'not like the scheme' of the 'Anglo-Catholic Library,' which began with the publication of his collected works.

It is a pervading sentiment in Dean Church's work that

¹ Originally they appeared as the eighty-eighth of the *Tracts for the Times*.

the Oxford movement was *nothing*—nothing, at least, in the eyes of its principal promoters—if it was not truly, deeply, practically religious. (See pp. 317, 319, *et alibi*.) And there can be no question that over the country generally this result was effected to a large extent. But was this so in Oxford itself? To the remarkable impression produced upon his hearers by Newman's Sermons at St. Mary's, we have the unquestionable testimony of John Campbell Shairp (then an undergraduate), in his 'Life of Keble,' pp. 12, 17; and Dean Church has added to it, besides his own (p. 113), the similar testimonies of Sir F. Doyle ('Reminiscences,' p. 145) and James Mozley ('Christian Remembrancer,' January, 1846); though in Shairp's description it is also stated that 'the audience was not crowded; the large church being little more than half filled.' But still, I must ask, was the result of the 'movement' really such as has been supposed in Oxford itself? Anxious to ascertain for myself how far this was the case, I employed a trusty young friend, who had recently gone up from Winchester to Oxford, to inquire at the several colleges what improvement had taken place, in regard, for instance, to a test so simple and elementary as the frequency of the administration of Holy Communion. His report, comprised in two interesting letters, which are now before me (bearing date October 1844), is, I am sorry to have to say, a very disappointing one. It appears from it that in almost all the colleges Holy Communion was still administered not more than once in a term; there were only three or four bright exceptions; and this although the Rubric plainly directs that 'In colleges, where there are many Priests and Deacons, they shall all receive the Communion with the Priest *every Sunday at the least*, except they have a reasonable cause to the contrary.' In one college it was the practice of the Master to speak to the freshmen on the subject the evening before, and at the same

time to give to each of them a copy of the S.P.C.K. tract, 'Exhortation to Frequent (!) Communion. By a Layman.' At another college all the undergraduates were required to attend under pain of a guinea fine ! From this it would seem that the spiritual interests of the youths whom we at Winchester, and others elsewhere, had done our best to train up in the right way, were being neglected and uncared for just *when* and *where* we had a right to expect that they would be tended and fostered with greater and more skilful pains. And this unfavourable report of my young friend was only too closely confirmed by a letter which I received just about the same time (September 1844) from R. Palmer, then studying for the law in London, but kept well informed of what was going on at Oxford by his younger brother, Edwin, then an undergraduate, now Archdeacon. He writes in a melancholy strain of the moral and religious condition of young men at the University as it then was, notwithstanding what he knew to have been done for their improvement at Winchester and other public schools : ' Whether there is, or is not, any improvement, as compared with the days of our own undergraduateship, seems at least problematical ; my impression would be that *no such thing is observable*, though, of course, it may secretly exist.'

Such was the testimony given a year before Newman joined the Church of Rome, and *sixteen years after he had begun to preach at St. Mary's*, and three years after the ninety Tracts had all been published. Now, where is the blame to lie for this state of things ? I cannot think that it ought to be laid altogether upon the Heads, and College Authorities. There must have been something faulty in the character and management of the movement itself, to have prevented it from producing in fuller measure the good effects at which it aimed. For my own part, I cannot but believe that if the movement had been

carried on upon fixed and well-defined lines—strictly consistent with the principles of the Reformation—the result would have been different. The University authorities could not have become so unanimous as they were in opposing it; they would have seen where their duty lay; whereas, suspicious of change which was so questionable, they became hardened in their own ways. I am confirmed in this belief by what had taken place at Cambridge. I have referred above (p. 334) to the work of Charles Simeon. Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, in his ‘Recollections of Simeon,’ printed in Carus’s ‘Memoir,’ gives the following testimony: ‘A general revival of the power of true religion in the Church of England was going on during almost the entire period of his ministry (1782–1836), to which, by God’s mercy and grace, he himself largely contributed’ (p. 593). But Simeon’s own words are more to the point, as referring only to Cambridge. To his friend Thomason, then in India, after speaking of the new buildings erected by various colleges, he writes, June 1824: ‘Yet, wonderful as all this improvement is, it does not exceed the improvement in the studies of the University. *All is going forward together*; and I hope, when you come, you will find us all improved.’ Now, Simeon would not have written thus if the improvement had not extended, at least in some degree, to the progress of true practical religion, to which all the energies of his life had been so faithfully and zealously devoted. Of course, I am not meaning to argue that either the ‘revival’ to which Bishop Wilson testified, or the ‘improvement’ of which Simeon wrote, was all that was to be desired, or such as to satisfy a thoroughly sound and well-informed Churchman; but at least it was not *un-English*, and it was *intended* to be upon Church lines. The consequence was that, in course of time, the authorities of the University, though suspicious, and even hostile, at

first,—instead of acting as was done at Oxford against the ‘Tractarians,’—became more than reconciled to what was going on for the spiritual benefit of the young men, as was shown by the attendance and the feeling evinced at Simeon’s funeral. Nor will it be out of place to refer to the immense amount of good effected, at a somewhat later period, by the Cambridge Archæological Society under the guidance of Archdeacon Thorp, with little or no friction to disturb its course. It did not, it is true, profess to meddle with doctrine; but its proceedings were conducted upon strictly Anglican lines, and its principles were Catholic, in the true sense of the word.

Dean Church is very severe upon the Oxford University authorities for their conduct generally during the critical period of which I have been speaking, and not altogether without reason; but they deserved perhaps more consideration than he has shown them. He does not, I think, make sufficient allowance for the difficult circumstances in which they were placed, and for the provocation which was sometimes rudely and recklessly given them. Instead of being drawn on gradually to see the necessity for practical reforms, they were kept in a state of continual alarm, and little or nothing was done to allay their apprehensions. They could not tell whither the movement was leading the young men committed to their charge. The publication of Froude’s ‘Remains’ in 1838, with their contemptuous disparagement of the Reformation and the Reformers, including Bishop Jewell—was enough to frighten them. Some of the later Tracts were not of a reassuring character; on the contrary, they were such as more and more to create distrust; and then in 1841 came Tract 90 to irritate and perplex them still further. That the tactics of the party were being pushed to the extreme limit of what the Church of England tolerates—if not beyond—became plainer and plainer.

It was no good sign, as regards either the one side or the other—the promoters or the opponents of the movement—that a book like my brother's *Theophilus Anglicanus* (1843), designed, and admirably adapted as it was, to meet the requirements and necessities of the time, was not made use of for that purpose. It had enjoyed the benefit of thorough revision not only by my father, but by that excellent layman, Joshua Watson, to whom Newman dedicated the fifth volume of his *Sermons* (1840), as to 'the benefactor of all his brethren by his long and dutiful ministry, and patient service to his and their common Mother.' It had received the formal sanction and recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Bishop of London. It has been adapted to the use of the Episcopal Church in America, under the title of '*Theophilus Americanus*'; it has been translated into French, and into modern Greek; and it ought to have been introduced as a textbook into every college and public school throughout the kingdom. But though it met with some success, and has now gone through many editions, it was not taken up by either the friends or the adversaries of the movement, being, I suppose, too decidedly Anglican to please the former, and too decidedly Catholic to please the latter. It is through the default of some such teaching that the limits both of doctrine and of practice which the Church of England prescribes have been allowed to become in some respects so much obscured—so little plain and discernible—that, instead of forming one harmonious body, its members, to a large extent, are divided into two hostile parties (to judge from the proceedings of the 'Church Union' and of the 'Church Association'), both equally desirous to be true and loyal to their Mother; but of which the one, being itself in excess, imputes defect to its opponents, and the other imputes excess to its opponents, being itself in defect;

while both suppose themselves to be sole champions of the truth, which lies between the two. Had the movement been *bonâ fide* Anglo-Catholic; had it followed the course which Hugh Rose *certainly*, and Isaac Williams *probably*, would have traced out; had it stood firmly and avowedly by the principles of the Reformation; had it been content to keep closely to the footsteps of the great English divines quoted in its 'Catenas'¹—of Hooker, Andrewes, Bramhall, Sanderson, Hammond, Pearson, Barrow, Beveridge, Bull, Butler—as they themselves had been content to follow the footsteps not of this or that ancient Father, but of the consentient teaching of the Undivided Church, the issue would not have been what we now see: the Church of England would have enjoyed mutual confidence and harmony where there is now distrust and discord.

It might have been expected that before he joined the Church of Rome, Newman would have made some formal attempt to answer the severe indictment which he himself had brought against that Church, especially in his 'Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism;' but this he did not do. Those 'Lectures' among other statements contain the following:

P. 47. 'We may *fearlessly* meet the Romanists on the ground of antiquity.' (See also p. 101.)

P. 50. 'We retort the sin of *schism* upon the Romanists, and *justly*.'

P. 52. 'Romanism is an unnatural and misshapen development of the Truth.' P. 61. 'And in its actual and public manifestation a far more serious error.'

¹ There are five such Catenas, forming (1) Tract 74, 'On the Doctrine of Apostolical Succession;' (2) Tract 76, 'On the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration;' (3) Tract 78, 'On the duty of maintaining *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*;' (4) Tract 81, 'On the Eucharistic Sacrifice;' (5) Tract 84, 'On the duty of the Clergy to have Morning and Evening Prayers daily in Church.'

P. 54. 'That there is in Romanism something *very unchristian*, I fully admit, or rather maintain.'

P. 103. 'Rome is a Church *beside herself*. . . She may be said to resemble a *demoniac*.'

P. 221. 'What has not the faintest pretensions of being a Catholic truth is this, that St. Peter and his successors are universal Bishops.'

P. 284. 'What can be said in defence of the Romanists, who created at Trent a *New Creed*, and published anathemas against all objectors?'

P. 324. 'Our Lord said of false Prophets, "By their fruits shall ye know them;" and, however the mind may be entangled theoretically, yet surely it will fall upon certain marks in Rome which seem intended to convey to *the simple and honest inquirer a solemn warning to keep clear of her* while she carries them about her. Such are her denying the Cup to the Laity, her idolatrous worship of the Blessed Virgin, her Image worship, her recklessness in anathematising, and her schismatical and overbearing spirit. . . . I conceive then, upon the whole, that, while Rome confirms by her accordant witness our own teaching in all greater things, she does not tend by her novelties, and threats, to disturb the *practical certainty* of Catholic doctrine, or to seduce from us *any sober and conscientious inquirer*.'

Now, when Newman made those several statements—in 1837—he was no novice. He had published his work on the Arians, and three separate volumes of his Sermons. He had edited, and written a great part of, eighty of the Tracts—not ordinary Tracts, but 'Tracts for the Times'—including Nos. 71, 72, and 79, 'against Romanism.' A defence of the worship of St. Mary, which he had denounced, as noted above, and also in Tract 75, is to be found in his 'Essay on Development' (pp. 436 sqq.); but for the most

part the heavy charges which he had brought against the Church of Rome remain standing against her to this day. In the Advertisement to the 'Essay' just mentioned he admitted that in the 'Lectures' from which I have quoted 'there are various statements which he would wish unsaid;' and, after producing passages from some other of his writings, he adds that he 'now withdraws the arguments alluded to, so far as they reflect upon the Church of Rome, as well as the language in which they are conveyed.' He withdraws the arguments; but he does not answer them—unless, indeed, we can admit that the novel doctrine of Development, to which he had recourse, but which the Church of Rome itself has virtually declined to accept, and which the gifted Archer Butler, among others, triumphantly refuted, is such as to satisfy 'a sober and conscientious inquirer.'

But, though we cannot allow that Newman has accounted for his change upon any rational grounds, we need not doubt that his motives for it may have been irreproachable. That he was not ambitious (in the ordinary sense of the word) of ecclesiastical or any other worldly distinctions, I think undeniable. But he was ambitious of influence, and he did not like to feel that the position he had taken up necessarily excluded him from those distinctions. This I infer from a letter (quoted above) which he wrote in 1839: 'One thing seems plain—that *temporal* prospects we (personally) have none.' And that passage reminds me of some words of Pusey, spoken in a long and interesting conversation which I had with him—I think in the year 1857: certainly about that time. It was in the country house of his brother, Philip Pusey, M.P. for Berkshire, where I was staying for a night, in company with my father-in-law, Mr. Barter. I had been deprecating what appeared to me an unhappy tendency on the part of Pusey and his followers,

at that time, in conjunction with Gladstone and the Peelites, to dally with the question of Disestablishment—a tendency shown partially in the *Guardian*, but without reserve in the *Morning Chronicle*, then the property of Mr. Beresford Hope. I said that I could fully sympathise with the temptations and inducements which his party had to take that line, both in consequence of the treatment they had received at the hands of so many of the Bishops, and on other accounts; that to feel that they were placed, as it were, under a ban in regard to any prospect of promotion in the Church, must be a sore trial, very difficult to bear; that I could fancy even Newman himself would not have gone over to Rome, if he had not despaired of all hope of preferment not so much for himself as for his followers. These last words were scarcely out of my mouth, when he caught them up, saying, ‘To be sure, *he would not.*’ I confess I was somewhat surprised at the time by the prompt and frank avowal; but upon reflection I feel that we must not be too hasty in the interpretation we are to put upon it. It *may* have meant that in Pusey’s opinion Newman was not altogether inaccessible to a motive which influences ordinary men, and that it formed, at least, one element in the process of rationalisation and conviction which had led eventually to his mistaken step: and no one will wonder at this who considers the mixture of motives to which the human mind is liable; and that we often act more or less from motives of which, after a time, we become unconscious. But more probably he intended that if Newman could have had the assurance that his services would be *favourably recognised*, if not actually rewarded, as he might feel they deserved to be, he would have been content to remain where he was; or, again, that he would think of his followers, and of their prospects of promotion, rather than of his own.

Such, as they appear to me, were the course and the character of the Oxford movement as it was conducted—it is scarcely right to say *under Newman's leadership* (for Dean Church assures us that there was ‘no organisation’ as of a party under a head, though he adds, ‘a party it could not help being’ [p. 156]), but—*during the time when Newman formed its most prominent figure*. The observations which I have to make concerning its subsequent history will find a place more properly among the events which I hope to be able to record in the ‘Annals of my Life after 1846.’

In the meantime, the main conclusion which I would wish to draw from the foregoing remarks is one of encouragement. And here I claim to be allowed to speak not as a Scotch, but as an English Churchman, in virtue of my office as a Fellow of Winchester College. If with so many serious drawbacks so much has been done (through God's mercy) to give renewed strength to the Church of England; if the success that has been achieved, though not all that it might have been, has still been very real and very extensive; does it not follow that, provided only such mistakes as were made can be avoided for the time to come,—provided, for example, Churchmen will desist from supporting or encouraging the *imperia in imperio* which, in the shape of party Societies, have been the baneful legacy of the Oxford movement to the Church of England, and have recourse only to legitimate means for asserting their opinions, such as are, or may be, afforded in Church Synods, which serve at once to confirm and to control the Bishop's power, in which also the faithful Laity shall have a voice,—provided Churchmen will be content to act thus, still more good may be effected, still greater success may be achieved; in a word, that the Church of England may assert herself as an instrument far stronger and more effectual for good to the cause of the Gospel than she has hitherto been?

The position which Le Maistre anticipated for that Church as a medium of reconciliation for universal Christendom¹ may become more and more a matter of fact, till at length—if it so please our Heavenly Father in His counsels for the advancement of His Son's kingdom throughout the world—it may be fully realised.

¹ See his words quoted at length by Gladstone in his *Remarks on Roman Supremacy*, p. 86, and by Pusey in his *Eirenicon*, p. 261.

APPENDIX

EPICEDIUM IN SAMUELEM PARR, LL.D., HARROVIENSEM.

VALETE, iusus ; vos, hilares joci,
Valete : mœstam nœnia barbiton
Deposcit, et lugubre murmur
In liquidis fidium susurris
Auditur. Eheu ! non humilem virum
Leti peremit dura necessitas ;
Clarus sepulcrali sub urnâ
Marcet honos, et amica torpet
Musis in ævum gratia ; cui Fides
Nil recta posthac, nil Labor impiger,
Nil artium Doctrina nutrix,
Inveniet simile aut secundum.¹
Ergo neque illum carpere lividas
Obliviones Melpomene sinet ;
Nec laude inornatum silebit
Pierio recubans in antro.
O si Poetæ mi tenui melos
Camœna dignum præciperet ! Pios
Mulcere tum Manes, querelâ, et
Exiguo decorare cantu,
Nec dedeceret te, cithara, aptior
Quamquam choreis dicere mollibus,
Nec me reclinatum sub umbrâ,
Quâ faciles iterare norat

¹ For notes, see p. 404.

Et ipse ludos. Proh! miseras vices!
 Proh! fata justis addita! nec jubar
 Hoc dulce, nec natalis olim
 Aspiciet juga læta collis.
 At auspicatos quid revoco dies,
 Quando hic juventæ delicias novæ,
 Declive contemplans viretum, et,
 Herga,² tuam, pia mater, ædem,
 Carpebat? cheu! jam nihil interest,
 Hic rite, magnâ nec sine gloriâ,
 Artes laborarit sagaci
 Ingenuas aperire cura;
 An lætus omni tempore vixerit,
 Ludo innocenti deditus et joco,
 Nec vina, nec dulces amores
 Tempserit, aut hilares choreas.
 Quo, Musa, tendis? desine tristium
 Tandem modorum: vivit adhuc decus,
 Et fama per terras relicto
 Gestit ovans volitare busto.
 Illum inquieti non strepitus Fori
 Claravit; illum civibus haud suis
 Res bellica ostendit, coronâ
 Et titulis tumidum superbis;
 Sed dia Virtus nudaque Veritas
 Themisque, fraudum nescia, nobilem
 Finxere, nascentemque Pallas
 Numine dextra suo beavit.
 Hinc vena clari contigit ingeni,
 Hinc improborum munera Principum
 Mens certa fastidire, et audax
 Magnificos oculo irretorto
 Spectare fasces. Propositi tenax,
 Puræque amicus justitiæ, asperâ
 Nec sorte contraxisse frontem
 Solicitam malè, nec secundâ
 Risisse fertur plus nimio: tamen
 Fugit sereni gratia luminis.
 Fugit; reidentemque vultum
 Perpetuæ cohibent tenebræ.

Sed, usque nomen, clare senex, tuum
Doctrina servans, funereæ, diu
Sedebit ad caras alumni
Reliquias, opifex coronæ.
Quin et solutis te quoque crinibus
Flebunt tacentem Pieridum chori;
Lugebit et nostri per omnes
Sanctus apex Heliconis annos.
Auditis? aures quis gemitus meas
Percellit? audire, et videor jugi
Hergam per obscuros recessus
Solicitis pedibus vagantem
Videre: jam jam te vocat, et pio
Mœrore frustra prosequitur; tuas
Jam prata, muscososque saltus
Triste docet resonare laudes:
Puella flavo sicut ubi in proco
Suspirat, it quacunque per invias
Ruris latebras, 'Daphnin' antra,
'Daphnin' aquæ, nemora alta 'Daphnin,'
Incisa dulci nomine corticem,
Loquuntur: omni non secus in jugo
Vox tristis exauditur Hergæ,
Præteritos revocantis annos,
Quando has per ædes, dulcibus aut simul
Vacare ludis, aut gelidum nemus
Lustrare, vel famæ per artes
Quærere primitias futuræ,
Teque et sodalem³ par amor inclytum
Par vis juventæ, par nitor ingenî,
Incendit: O! luces amatae!
O! animi nimium beati!
At jam querelis fige modum tuis,
Mœstoque luctû, Pieri: quem doles,
Non fraus neque immatura leti
Vis rapuit: sed, honesta longæ
Carpens senectæ leniter otia, et
Vices, remoto ruris in angulo,⁴
Expertus annorum serenas,
Et studio invigilans deserto,

Tandem recessu cessit amabili ;
 Purique ritu fluminis, in mare
 Cum pace delabentis, altum
 Molliter in thalamum sepulcri
 Descendit : illic sub tenero, precor,
 Artus quiescant cespite, et o sacrâ
 Calthæque nascentes favillâ
 Et violæ tumulum coronent.
 At tu, benigno si vel adhuc memor
 Terrena vultu respicis, O senex
 Illustris, arridere nostræ
 Ne renuas operi Camœnæ.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING ODE BY MY GRANDFATHER,
 CHARLES LLOYD, IN HIS 77TH YEAR.

Farewell ye Sports, ye lively Jokes farewell !
 A mournful harp the solemn scene demands ;
 Hark how the melting murmurs of the lyre
 Float in the air !—alas ! no common Man
 Hath felt the hard necessity of Death !
 Bright Honour now in the sepulchral Urn
 Decays, and Grace, the favourite of the Muse,
 For ever now is torpid. When shall faith,
 Unwearied labour, or the nurse of Arts,
 Learning, the like to him or second find ?
 Surely Melpomene will not permit
 Livid oblivion to hide his worth ?
 Nor in the Grot Pierian quite at ease
 Withhold the praises to his memory due ?
 Oh ! would the Muse my slender efforts aid !
 Then should the harp attempt with plaintive sounds
 To sooth his Manes (tho' more apt to join
 In soft and melting choruses), and I,
 Reclining in the shade, where he was wont
 To spend his cheerful hours, would join the strains.
 Alas, how sad the change ! alas, the fate

Attendant on the Just ! No more his eyes
Shall hail the sun's bright beams, shall hail the fields,
His native fields ! Why should I now repeat
How he in youth's delicious morn enjoy'd,
Herga, thy sloping hills of freshest green,
And revered the precincts of thy college ?
Alas, it nought avails, that he with care
Incessant and with well-deserved renown
Unfolded arts ingenuous ; that he spent
A life of cheerfulness, enjoyed a joke,
And did not shun a social glass of wine,
Or the endearments of virtuous love,
Or holy dance. But whither would'st thou tend,
O Muse ? 'tis time to quit the plaintive strain.
His excellence remains, and thro' the earth
Fame, flying from his tomb, proclaims his praise ;
He gain'd no honours from the noisy Bar,
Nor did the crown which decorates the brow
Of conquering warriors make him eminent :
But Virtue all divine, and naked Truth,
And Themis, ignorant of fraud, combined
To make him truly noble. On his birth
Minerva smiled, and shed her influence ;
Hence he derived his genius excellent ;
Hence his high mind disdain'd to court the gifts
Of impious leaders ; hence with eye unmoved
He view'd the splendid fasces of high station.
Firm to his purpose, and of justice pure
The steadfast friend, with countenance serene
He met adversity, and when fortune smiled
His joy was temperate : but now the grace
And lustre of his eyes is gone for ever,
And everlasting darkness shades that face,
Bright with benevolence. But learning still
Will reverence thy name, renowned Old Man ;
And, watching o'er thy reliques, will a wreath
Funereal weave, while with dishevelled hair
The choir of the Pierides will weep
Over thy silent tongue ; the summit high
Of our own Helicon from year to year

Will mourn for thee. Hark ! do ye not perceive
What lamentations penetrate my ears ?
I seem to hear, and see, with anxious feet,
Herga thro' paths obscure moving along,
And calling on thy name with pious sadness ;
Teaching the fields, and mossy dells, thy praise
To echo all around ; like a fair maid
Who mourns her lover dead in youthful bloom,
And makes the groves, the grottos, and cascades,
Resound with Daphne's name ; on every tree
The name is carved ; not less on every hill
The mournful plaints of Herga spread around
When she recalls the years now past and gone,
In which he oft indulged in youthful play,
Or wandered thro' the cool refreshing grove,
Or cherished the arts, and sowed the seeds
Of future fame. A love reciprocal,
An equal fire of youth, an equal brightness
Of intellect, gave lustre to his comrade.
O lights beloved, O happy souls, farewell !
Now, ye Pierides, let mourning cease,
For he whom you lament was not from us
Snatch'd by the premature sad stroke of Death,
But as in age advanced, in placid ease
And the enjoyment of an honest life,
In a retired and pleasant spot he spent
The evening of his days (attentive still
To learning's elegant pursuits) he sank
Into the peaceful grave, like a pure stream
Which gently glides, and mingles with the sea.
O, may the turf press gently on his breast !
And o'er his sacred ashes, marigolds
And violets spring, and decorate his tomb !
And oh ! may'st thou, illustrious Old Man,
If thou with countenance benign can'st still
Regard what passes in this lower world,
Cast on my poem a propitious smile !

MEXICA

POEMA CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATUM ET IN THEATRO
SHELDONIANO RECITATUM SEPT. CAL. JUN.
MDCCCXXVII

It is hoped that the following testimonies may afford some justification for the introduction of this Oxford Prize Poem, written sixty-four years ago.

1. Extract of a letter from Dean Stanley, May 16, 1879: 'The other day I had a charming visit from George Denison, and we fell on the innocent topic of Latin literature. "I will tell you," he said, "the composition which of all in our time is most thoroughly steeped in Virgil—the most thoroughly Latin from end to end. It is the prize poem on Mexico."' '

2. Extract of letter from Archdeacon Denison, Aug. 13, 1879: 'I was sitting by Gladstone at dinner not long ago in London, and talking about you. I told him that what for many years had dwelt upon my mind and heart and ear as the perfection of Latin verse in my day was your "Mexico," especially the concluding part, which I often sing to mine own self. And this is what modern *βάρβαροι* are spitting upon and trampling under foot. O, miserrimum pecus!'

3. Extract of letter from Provost (now Dean) Rorison, June 7, 1889: 'Archdeacon Denison desired his "love" to you, and told me to tell you that he had been talking lately with Lord Carnarvon about your Latin verse, which they both agreed was as if Charles Wordsworth had dreamed of nothing but Virgil—as if he were saturated with Virgil.'

See also my 'Public Appeals,' vol. i. p. 41, note.

‘Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages ; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.’ VIRG. *Æn.* i. 341.

IN geminos disjecta polos, ubi currit in unum
America, et longo media internectitur isthmo,
Sola,⁵ plagas inter vacuas, et barbara late
Sæcla hominum, quibus antra domus, silvæque profundæ,
Mexica florebat, studiisque ignobilis otii
Creverat, imperio pollens, atque arte recenti :
Fortunata nimis, si nulla procacibus unquam
Insultasset aquis vetiti ratis impia ponti ;
Nullus Atlantiacos penetrasset navita fluctus !
Nequidquam : quoniam mortalia corda coegit,
Frænorum impatiens, atque aversata quietem,
Vis animi : quoniam crescens amor urget habendi
Importunus, opumque instans sine fine cupido.

Ergo non cæci minitanti murmura cæli
Compressere Virum,⁶ aut toties concussa rebelli
Cymba metu, mediisque sedens Discordia transtris ;
Aut malesuada Fames, et plurima mortis imago :
Nec præceps Aquilo, nec conjuratus euntem
Terruit Oceanus, quin claustra obstantia mundi
Rumperet, ignotisque lubens se traderet undis :
O ! quanta exiguæ tum credita fata carinæ,
Regnorumque vices, divisique orbis origo !

Hinc olim spoliatus honos, hinc, Mexica, regni
Lapsa fluit Fortuna tui ; quo tempore primum
Spectasti nitidis æquor candescere velis,
Litoraue Hispanas devota accedere classes :
Quas, cursu in medio, quam debuit Auster iniquis
Illisise vadis, subitâve egisse procellâ
Præcipites, scelerum vindex, et fraudis avaræ !
At rudis a patriis descendens incola silvis
Prodigium stupet, et subeuntes ostia nautas—
Qui fuerint ; quæ vasta⁷ volans pernicibus alis
Per fluctus tulerit moles ; unde humida mundi
Mœnia transierint ; aut quas via tendat in oras.
Talia, collectâ stipantes litora turbâ,
Inter se rogitant ; dum vasto pondere naves,

Dum dubios vultus, et plusquam humana ⁸ viorum
 Corpora mirantur : Pavor exultantia pulsat
 Pectora ; et obtutu tacito circum omnia pendent ;
 Incerti Genios, ac numina magna locorum,
 An maris immensi prolem, Solisne nepotes
 Esse putent : tantum ore jubar ; sic candida flammâ
 Membra nitent ; tanti rutilis e crinibus ignes
 Collucent. Quid non mortales improba suasit
 Religio ? En ! studiis, quæ cuique est copia, læti
 Dona ferunt, totaque Deos venerantur arena ;
 Securusque adeo fati, Rex ipse benigno
 Excipit hospitio, et largos instaurat honores.

Nec minus interea ignotas in litore formas,
 Et fuscos æstu vultus, distinctaque plumis ⁹
 Cingula mirantur nautæ ; mirantur ut auro
 Resplendent pharetræ, crines nodantur in aurum,
 ‘ Et picturatas auri subtemine vestes.’
 Continuo læti properant exire, locosque
 Explorare novos, faciemque ediscere terræ ;
 Qui populi mores, quo fertilis ubere campus.
 Tum quanta attonitos sensus, atque ebria visu
 Lumina percussit species !

Tu, Terra, recessus

Da mihi vestigare tuos, da vallium apricas
 Pandere divitias — vere aurea prata perenni—
 Et fluvios montesque sequi ; dum Pieris unâ
 Subter odoratis spargit vestigia sertis.
 Namque olim Aonias te nescivisse sorores,
 Te siluisse piget. Biferi quid gloria Pæsti,
 Quid foret Eurotas, quid, quamvis pinguis Baccho,
 Ismara, et injussas fundentia Gargara messes,
 Mexica, si fueras, fuerant et si tibi Musæ ?
 Hic Venus Idaliæ, hic Cynthum posuisset Apollo,
 Hic oleam Pallas, Moræque ¹⁰ umbracula silvæ,
 Cecropiasque arces ; hic fortunata fuissent
 Tempe cum Satyris, ¹¹ et Nysigenâ Sileno.
 Flumina quid referam, quibus ipse assurgeret, olim
 Fluviorum rex, Eridanus, veloxque refusis
 Cederet Ister aquis ? tanto reboantia longe
 Arva premunt pelago ! sic auro et turbida gemmis

Naiadum sub sole micant ! dat euntibus ingens
 Silva locum, et ponto Tethys fugit ipsa retorto.
 An memorem tantos, capita immortalia, montes,
 Bruma, tuos thalamos ? Sæclorum obliviam circum—
 Infra anni solisque viæ—Nix incubat æternum
 Arce sedens : non sic cælo stetit ardua moles,
 Quum Fratrum indefessa cohors involveret Ossam
 Pelio, atque Ossæ vastum accumularet Olympum.

Quod superest, quicquid ¹² Saturnia regna beavit,
 Quicquid et Elysias—vatum aurea somnia—valles,
 Hic vera specie, vivisque coloribus opplet
 Dextera Naturæ præsentior : ipsa meatu
 Insinuat sese tacito, magnusque movetur
 Spiritus, et magico contingit cuncta lepore.
 Tum paribus, si vera fides, gens ipsa vigeat
 Ingeniis ; quibus unde vetus nascatur origo,
 Scire nefas ; ¹³ quanquam vitæ sincera voluptas,
 Et sine labe dies, et morum gratia simplex,
 Prodit Hyperboream ¹⁴ stirpem, generisque parentes.
 Hinc non ulla animos delibat cura quietos ;
 Nec poterat quemquam obscæni pellacia nummi
 Decipere in fraudem, quamvis male prodiga tellus
 Larga auro flueret, gazâque in damna repostâ.

O ! qui me rapiat, qua formosissima Vallis ¹⁵
 Panditur, et centum gremio complectitur urbes :—
 Ipsa, velut Nymphas inter Dictynna sorores,
 In medio, longe ante alias splendore refulgens,
 Regina ¹⁶ erigitur, quam circumfusa coerces
 Vasti zona lacûs ; hinc propugnacula bello ;
 Hinc ¹⁷ pacis decus : En ! fluitantes gurgite silvæ,
 Et passim vitreis librati in fluctibus horti !
 Quot lympha ore refert flores, ubi dædala subter
 Scena natat ! pendent alni, tremulisque salicta
 Frondibus, inversæque relucet purpura vitis.
 At circum innumeræ volucres, ¹⁸ exilia sæcla,
 Exultim canere, et vario trepidare volatu,
 Deliciæ nemorum ; dum versicoloribus alis
 Fluctuat, et tenui cælum strepit omne susurro ;
 Seu rostris summos examina devia flores,
 More apium, libant, sive irrequieta per auras

Ludunt, melle mero mentes percussa tenellas.

Hei mihi ! Naturæ quoniam purissima templa
Incesti violant homines, manibusque cruentis
Effigiem Divæ, et sacrata altaria fœdant !
Hei mihi ! quod valles, choreis et amoribus aptæ,
Miscentur Belli Furiis ; nemorumque piorum
Cara pudicitia, castisque crepuscula Nymphis,
Armorum fragor, et matrum lamenta fatigant !

At tibi pro scelere immani, pro talibus ausis,
Numina mercedem meritam, Dux ¹⁹ improbe, solvant,
Et dignas glomerant iras, si dia quid usquam est
Justitia, et cœli Rector mortalia curat ;
Irrita nec rutilâ molitur fulmina dextrâ !
Per libertatis cineres, et fortia frustra
Pectora, per Terræ lacrymas non digna ferentis,
Fas caput in pœnas damnatum exposcere ; Iberûm
Fas cæcum scelus, et turpes ²⁰ odisse triumphos.
Jam vero, fraudis tantæ gens inscia, tectis
Excepit sociis ultro, fremituque per urbem
Prosequitur, jungitque manus, dapibusque paratis
Convivas adhibet : juvat, inter pocula, pictis
Ostentare patrum famamque et fata tabellis : ²¹
Ast illi interea, meritis pro talibus, atras
Insidias clademque parant, et sanguine sacrum
Polluere hospitium, et pacem miscere duello.

Dignum quinetiam tali fuit hospite sævis
Regem ²² ipsum tentare dolis. Proh ! prodiga culpæ
Pectora, inauditumque nefas ! Rex ipse, suorum
Proditor, in fraudes discet jurare, patique
Ereptos ultro fascēs, vitamque coactus
Indecorem patriæ pro libertate pacisci ?
Scilicet haud satis est tenebris et carcere clauso
Grandævum fœdare caput, canisque capillis
Sparsum humerum, et durâ collum incurvare catenâ.
Nunc, imploranti similis, vaga lumina tollit
Cum gemitu ; Virtus nunc indignata, Pudorque
Præcipientes redeunt, animique in utrumque parati,
Aut patriam servare, aut non superesse cadenti.

Jam tandem Hispanas peritura expalluit artes
Mexico, et in mediis agnovit mœnibus hostem :

Nec mora ; Terrori cædes immittit habenas,
 Et Belli furor, et gemitus, tractæque catenæ
 Audiri : Quid prisca fides, quid nescia falsi
 Vita juvat ? Fatis frustra certamen iniquis
 Pars movet, ignotæque lacescit fulmina pugnae,
 Pro patria moriens : Miseri ! ²³ quos aurea nunquam
 Excipiet Solis domus, et promissa piorum
 Concilia heroum : Frustra pars tendit amorem
 Cum prece, juratæque cadit cruor hospitis aræ.
 Sicut ubi ingratas hederas amplexibus ilex
 Excipit, et fidâ foliorum protegit umbrâ,
 Illæ aretos furtim sinuant in cortice nodos,
 Et truncum rigido morsu pascuntur ; at ipsa
 Serius heu ! ramis ereptos mœret honores,
 Languentesque comas, siccataque brachia succo.

Atqui non adeo tantas impune per urbem
 Edebant strages ; neque sic sine vindice cessit
 Mexica. Vos, ²⁴ aræ, vos, orgia lurida, testor,
 Humanasque epulas, votivo ubi sanguine sævi
 Templâ fluunt nocturna Dei, ²⁵ vivâque calescit
 Cæde pavimentum, atque inimicis ossibus albet.
 At procul interea, lunæ sub luce malignâ,
 Admotos igni socios agnoscit Iberus, ²⁶
 Ardentemque pyram : cultros videt inde parari,
 Solennesque trahi pompas, rutilasque choreis
 Collucere faces ; gemitusque audisse suorum
 Dicitur, ut, manibus junctis altaria circum,
 In ²⁷ sua vix trepido præludunt funera gressu.

Sic demum cecidit, multos dominata per annos,
 Mexica, et imperiis ingloria cessit Iberis,
 Externique jugo domini : fugit omnis ab ora
 Exsul honos ; subeunt fraudes, et avara libido.
 Sicut ²⁸ ubi sævo succiditur hortus aratro,
 Purpurei intereunt flores, at mœsta cicuta
 Nascitur, et campo steriles dominantur avenæ.
 Heu ! Gens infelix, sua cui ditissima tellus
 Exitio fuit ! Ipsa eadem prægnantia leto
 Viscera, et abruptis barathrum sublustre metallis
 Pandit ²⁹ in excidium populi ; sævosque labores,
 Verberaque, et longos peperit sine solibus annos.

Hinc artus resides, discinctaque in otia natos,
 Corripuere cohors morborum ; hinc flebile murmur
 Ingruit, et cæcæ penitus gemuere fodinæ.
 Ast, opere in medio, multi singultibus imis
 Linquebant dulces animas, interve flagella
 Fregit corpoream vita indignata catenam :
 Tum ³⁰ procul impastæ projecta cadavera circum
 Invigilant tigres, obscænarumque volucrum
 Tetra super legio ferali remigat ala.

Audin ? ut insonuit cælum : non murmura luctûs
 Amplius, aut avium clangor ; sed clara remugit
 Buccina, et excussæ læto stridore catenæ.
 Ergo gens sævos, post sæcula longa, tyrannos
 Rejicit impatiens, patrumque ulciscitur umbras ;
 Ergo iterum dulci Libertas numine fontem
 Restinxit lacrymarum, instauravitque triumphos ;
 Pone sequens cælo niveis Concordia pennis
 Plaudit ; et annorum incepit jam purior ordo :
 Securos veluti cum rauca per æquora nidos
 Alcyones posuere, fugantur carmine nubes,
 Suave micant fluctus, et detumere procellæ.

ORATIO

CANCELLARII PREMIO DONATA,
ET IN THEATRO SHELDONIANO HABITA
DIE JUNII XV^{to}, A.D. MDCCCXXXI.

Quænam fuerit Oratorum Atticorum apud populum Auctoritas.

UT, in disciplinâ alumnorum administrandâ, studia nostra animosque convertere ad eas potissimum res, quibus ætas juvenilis ad humanitatem informari solet, eorum sapientiæ est, qui his Academicis præmiis pro dignitate præfecti sunt, sic nostræ est vel observantiæ, vel etiam intelligentiæ, ejusmodi materiem et excipere perlibenter, et, quod possumus, tractare diligenter. Et profecto nobis, qui in artium liberalium studio sumus doctrinisque versati, quæ materies aptior, aut quod argumentum optabilius esse potest, quam illæ omnium artium et disciplinarum inventrices Athenæ? Jam vero non modo de Athenis disputandum, sed de eo præsertim studio, quod semper Athenis ita floruit, ut in hâc ipsâ civitate et inventum sit hoc idem, et perfectum; ita vero est³¹ Athenarum proprium, ut ne aliam quamvis Græciæ civitatem in illius gloriæ societatem admiserint.

Nam si quis forte miretur, quod mihi quoque inter legendum meditati sæpissime accidit, quare esset quod Athenienses in omni doctrinarum laude cæteris Græciæ nationibus antecesserint, ita ut, quantum vicinitate conjuncti, tantum ingenio separati videantur; id cum in aliis artibus satis apparet, tum vero in hoc Eloquentiæ studio, de quo nunc agitur, multo magis est admirandum.³² Quis enim aut Argivum oratorem, aut Corinthium, aut Thebanum, vel, dum vixit, auctoritate, vel, post mortem, memoriâ, dignum commemoravit? Lacedæmonium vero usque

ad tempus Ciceronis, ipse, harum rerum, si quis alius, idoneus existimator, ait fuisse neminem. . Itaque, quod in odoribus quibusdam accidere solet, ut quo magis in angustum comprimantur, eo exquisitiorem quandam suavitatem ac jucundiorē exhalent, id quodammodo eloquentiæ usu venit, ut quanto minus a reliquis Græciæ civitatibus concelebrata atque exulta sit, eo, arcis Athenarum mœnibus compressa, et fortius viguisse et abundantius luxuriâsse videatur.

De præstantiâ Atheniensium, quod ad cæteras artes attinet, non est hujus loci disputare : quod vero eloquentiæ tantâ celebritate urbs ipsa floruerit, et quod ii fere omnes qui eam præcipue excoluissent, tantam fuerint apud cives auctoritatem adepti, causæ videntur esse duæ ; una reipublicæ ex formâ populari, altera ex populi ipsius admirabili quodam ingenio repetenda. Quarum quidem priorem, ut est hujus artis propria ac fere singularis, paulo longius prosequemur ; posteriorem, ex admirabili mentis habitu deductam, cum ad alias artes pertinere non minus videatur, paucis tantum breviter strictimque interpositis, omittemus.

Erant igitur Athenienses a naturâ ingenio ita comparati, ut quantum cæteris ad domesticas res obeundas, quantum ad liberos erudiendos, quantum ad consuetudines familiarium contrahendas, et ad ipsas rationes negotiorum traducitur temporis, tantum illi consumpserint ubi vel elegantia sermonis, vel subtilitas disputationis, vel denique³³ rei audiendæ novitas aures animosque detineret. Quid theatra commemorem ? Quid porticus ? Quid Rhetorum ludos ? Quid hortos philosophorum ? Quid Fori judicia ? Quid frequentiam Ecclesiarum ? Quid funebres illas orationes³⁴ tanto civium conventu ac studio celebratas ? Jam vero ipsos tabernarios ita hæc mira sive audiendi libido, sive loquendi³⁵ incontinentia invaserat, ut, cum in cæteris urbibus hæc sint Fori solennes cantilenæ ‘ πῶς ἴσταντες ;³⁶ πῶς ὁ σῆτος ὄμιος ; ’ in Atheniensium macellis non nisi de novissimâ alicujus vel Tragici fabulâ, vel politici oratione, vel etiam sophistæ declamatione solitum esset decantari. Adeo nihil in hac urbe valde celebrabatur, quod non cum aurium delectationem, tum etiam ingenii exercitationem complecteretur.

Age vero, ejusdem populi quantum aurium fastidium fuisse putabimus, qui,³⁷ cum aliquando gravi pecuniæ inopia premerentur, et nescio quis opulentiorum civitati pecuniam se dixisset,

barbarismo autem usus, commodaturum, exploserint hominem, et negârint barbare loquentem, etiam cum beneficium obtulisset, esse audiendum. Itaque nullam rem tam gravem existimabant, quæ posset probari non cum sermone quodam accurato elegantique conjuncta. Quare apud populum otio affluentem, his autem rebus³⁸ a naturâ deditum, tanto acumine judicii, tantâ ingenii subtilitate, tam³⁹ teretibus ac religiosis auribus, quo tandem eos in honore habendos existimemus, qui, summis eloquentiæ artibus instructi, et aures explere, et ingeniis occurrere, et judicio satisfacere potuissent? Ac si, in Rhetorum scholis aut in umbrâ Academiæ, de ejusmodi rebus disputantes quæ vel parvi essent, vel aliorum temporum, vel certe ad ipsos minus pertinentes, jucunde tamen⁴⁰ ab omnibus et cum quâdam observantiâ exciperentur, quanto magis convenit Oratorem, qui de his ipsis rebus diceret, quæ et tum agerentur, et civium gloriam summamque reipublicæ continerent, gratiâ atque auctoritate valiturum?

Verum hoc omne de populi ingenio missum faciamus, atque ad id quod modò proposueram, quodque est huic quæstioni magis accommodatum, convertamur. Ego enim sic existimo, universam nostram investigationem ad nihil pæne aliud quam ad reipublicæ formam pertinere; adeo ut, illa si alia exstitisset, confirmare ausim, studium quidem Eloquentiæ non continuo nullum futurum, Oratores vero certe ad istam laudem atque amplitudinem nunquam perventuros. Quid enim? nonne primo constat, cum post reges atque Archontas decennales populare imperium a Solone constitueretur, oratores quasi eodem partu tum demum esse exortos; hœc autem nondum constituto, ne nomen quidem Oratoris in civitate fuisse auditum? Nam illa nimis antiqua prætereo quæ⁴¹ de Mnestheo apud Libanium memoriæ tradita sunt. Deinde vero non id solum inter Eloquentiam et Democratiam convenire video, quod simul sint tanquam e carceribus emissæ, verum etiam quod, spatio pariter decurso, ad calcem una pervenerint: cum enim, Demosthenis ætate (quo quidem extincto, utramvis frustra quæsiverimus), illa divina Eloquentia perfectionem quandam et maturitatem gloriæ attigisset, tum, eodem fere tempore, cursu non minus absoluto, Democratix Status ad id licentiæ processerat, ut restare jam nihil ulterius, quo progredi posset, videretur.

Quod autem nuper statuebam Eloquentiæ ortum cum popu-

lari imperio fuisse æqualem, næ id vere dixisse existimabor, cum, qui primus Athenis floruerit Orator, ex ¹² Tullio aliisque didicerimus. Nimirum ut Hercules dicitur specimen sui in cunis exhibuisse, sic Eloquentia quid virium foret in republicâ aliquando habitura, ex eo, quod in Pisistrato contigit tanquam prolusionis causâ, indicâsse videatur. Qui cum in ipso primordio, et, quod aiunt, ¹³ ἐν σελίνῳ reipublicæ a Solone constitutæ, et ad populi manus traductæ, ¹⁴ vixerit, tantum tamen, ut illis temporibus, dicendo valuit, ut eam sit potentiam a civibus mutuatus, per quam, mox ademptâ ipsorum libertate, in tyrannidem involavit. De quo, unde tantam fuisset a populo ad ipsorum perniciem auctoritatem nactus, cum a Solone quæreretur, respondisse ¹⁵ dicitur—ὅτι ἐκείνος πιστότερος κολακείων Ἀθηναίους ἐμοῦ ἀληθεί-
σαυτος. Vera sane vox, et quæ non modo id, de quo quærebatur, verum etiam plura quæ postea consecuta, et omnem fortunam reipublicæ mire divinitusque adumbraret!

Neque vero hæc eo prolata velim existimari, quo, quam ¹⁶ Pisistratus alique qui illius ætatem proxime attigerunt, apud cives suos auctoritatem adepti, eam omnem Eloquentiæ soli tribuendam censeam. Etenim ¹⁷ duarum Artium, quæ possunt attollere homines in amplissimum gradum dignitatis, una Oratoris, altera Imperatoris eximii, neutram ei deesse oportebat, qui, tunc temporis, summum locum in Atticâ civitate obtinere vellet. Cum enim altera turbulentæ ætatis ratione, bellisque externis postularetur, alteram ingenium hominum et reipublicæ forma desiderabat. Neque ¹⁸ enim Orator satis dignus, qui rempublicam administraret, videbatur, nisi qui et armis eandem antea defendisset; nec Imperator satis bellum bene gesturus qui non et rei gerendæ rationem dicendo exposuisset: præsertim cum foris ea tunc esset hostium multitudo, ut bellum vix unquam intermitteretur; domi autem ea cum æqualitas civium, tum etiam paucitas, ut ab iisdem hominibus esset et pro patriâ pugnandum, et de republicâ deliberandum. Quo factum ut litterarum monumentis fere neminem ex iis temporibus honoris causâ mandatum acceperimus, nisi qui has duas facultates conjunxerit, nec quemquam qui illas conjunxisset, qui non ibidem et nobilis et gratosus et reipublicæ princeps commemoretur. Ex hóc fuit numero, is qui Pisistratidas excepit, ¹⁹ Clisthenes; ex hóc ille vir, paratiorne dicam in dicendo an in agendo expeditior? ²⁰ Themistocles; ex hóc Miltiades, Cimon, Aristides; summi Viri et Imperatores;

quorum tamen nulli Eloquentiam defuisse et ab aliis et ab ipso ⁵¹ Cicerone memoriæ traditum. Immo non modo non defuit, verum etiam ⁵² aliqui sunt, qui hanc ætatem, ut ordine temporis, sic etiam excellentiâ artis oratoriæ primam existimaverint.

Cæterum, quemadmodum Imperatores copias, quarum majorem habent fiduciam, non nisi sub exitum pugnæ in aciem educi jubent, sic ego quidem Virum illum ad hanc partem nostræ disputationis unum omnium, exempli causâ, maxime facientem, jam tum, cum cæteros recensere, prætermittebam, atque huc, quo minus in eo perturbem ætatum ordinem, tanquam inter Triarios reservabam. Quid igitur jam tandem de Pericle dicemus? Quanta in eo Imperatoris laus! cujus quidem Orationes non unctam Rhetoris officinam, sed tubas et castrorum severitatem spirare dixeris. Quot classibus præfuit! Quot victorias reportavit! Eubœam vero in Atheniensium potestatem quâ diligentîâ, quo consilio redegit! Nec tamen ille in armis præstantior quam in togâ: cujus dicendi fuisse ⁵³ dicitur tanta suavitas, ut ‘Suada in labris illius sessitârît;’ tanta ejusdem gravitas, ⁵⁴ ut ‘fulserit, tonuerit, permiscuerit Græciam;’ unde etiam ⁵⁵ Olympii nomen consecutus; nec Plato eum dubitarit omnium Oratorum pronuntiare ⁵⁶ perfectissimum: quippe cui studium id accessisset eaque conformatio doctrinæ, ut ne a litteris quidem paulo interioribus et fontibus ipsius ⁵⁷ philosophiæ libandis alienus esset. Præterea idem nec in luce modo atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique ornatior. Quæ studia! quæ artes! quæ humanitas! quæ vitæ morumque elegantia! quæ consuetudines hominum eruditissimorum! nihil denique ut illi deesse videatur, quod in summum Imperatorem, optimum Oratorem, elegantissimum hominem convenire posset.

Quorsum igitur hæc tam multa de Pericle? nempe quo sentiatis auctoritatem tantam, quantam in eo fuisse omnes intelligimus, non eloquentiæ ⁵⁸ magis, quam cæteris ejus virtutibus esse debitam; neque Oratori soli a popularibus concessam, sed ei, quo eodem et hostium propulsatore et civium gubernatore, et artium patrono utebantur.

Verum enimvero quod alii fortasse arbitrentur, ita laudem in Pericle omnia occupâsse, ut nullus in eo sit reprehensioni locus, id ego quidem longe secus existimo. Erat enim in illo Viro artis atque ingenii satis, gravitatis ac severitatis parum. Neque verò ejusmodi severitatis, quæ in usu quotidianæ vitæ et in

moribus consistat; fuerit enim non modo ab hâc parte satis integer, verum etiam, quod a Plutarcho ⁵⁹ accepimus, paulo durior; fuerit item (namque illud quoque ⁶⁰ legimus) et in dicendo gravissimus, et ab muneribus incorruptissimus; fuerit bellum Peloponnesiacum (quod tamen longe aliter ⁶¹ Aristophanes iudicabat) et necessario susceptum et honeste;—hæc ei non derogo: illud requiro, quod studia populi consiliis suis rexisset; quod largitioni perniciosæ restitisset; quod partes nobilium contra infimorum furores fractas jam ac debilitatas sustentâsset;—quæ quidem si ille omnia fecisset, neque plebis voluntati perversæ, sed honesto Themistoclis ⁶² exemplo studuisset, equidem nequaquam dubito, quin sæcula fuisset haud pauca reipublicæ propagaturus: verum ea non modo nulla fecit, sed contra transiit in alia omnia, summo cum reipublicæ detrimento. Quid illius ⁶³ Theorica commemorem? Quid ejusdem stipendia Judiciaria? denique quid potentiam Areopagi ⁶⁴ decurtatam? quod quidem Solon certissimum civitati præsidium contra plebeias aggressiones esse voluit.

Dixit autem aliquis: ⁶⁵ Barbaris jam terrâ marique profligatis, et Græciæ libertate feliciter vindicatâ, homo popularis non putabat fortes viros, functos rebus amplissimis, ⁶⁶ vel a parte prædæ ab ipsis comparatæ, vel a gubernaculo civitatis, quam ipsi conservâsset, esse depellendos: negabat plebem, suæ jam potestatis consciam, posse, nisi largitionibus, contineri: cedebat tempori: Cimoni adversario quemadmodum aliter apud cives gratiâ anteiret, non reperiebat, opulento præsertim, ipse rei familiaris angustiâ præpeditus. Quid ergo? Nonne ita tamen plebis studiosum esse oportebat, ut optimates ne penitus pessundaret; neque in ⁶⁷ evertendâ reipublicâ videri se velle popularem?

Verum, ut fieri solet in pernicioso exemplo, non tam Periclem suis, quam alienis vitiis reprehendendum puto. Nam quæ res per illius concessionem inclinatæ erant, adhuc tamen satis validæ, Oratorum, qui proxime secuti, culpa præcipitatæ sunt;

⁶⁸ ἡ δὲ δῆμαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικὸν

ET' ἔστιν ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους.

quæ autem in Pericle civitati parum salutariter provisæ, in Cleone, Hyperbolo, Cleophonte, non nisi perniciosissima quivis jure existimaverit. Quibus ut hominibus gubernandæ reipublicæ ratio, a Pericle adhibita, ad captandam plebem monstravit viam,

et quasi signum aliquod sustulerat, sic nemo fere laudis paulo cupidior adolescens, ejusdem ⁶⁹ exemplo et gloria commotus, non sibi ad dicendum studio omni enitendum putavit. Excitabat eos cum præmiorum dignitas, tum etiam ipsius artis incredibilis quædam oblectatio. Quid enim esset studium, aut quod curriculum mentis, naturæ Atheniensium magis accommodatum, quo eorum spectari possent ⁷⁰ admirabiles motus animorum, ingeniorumque celeritas? Qui vero campus Ecclesiâ ⁷¹ amplior, in quo excurrere juventutis indoles, cognoscique posset? Quis eodem vel ad dicendum, vel ad agendum, vel ad utilitatem, vel denique ad auctoritatem aptior atque illustrior?

Quod vero apud Romanos et cunctas prudentissimas civitates nihil magis curæ fuit, quam videre ⁷² 'civium cætus et conventus ne fierent;' ab eo consilio Athenienses sic tantopere dissentiebant, ut non modo nullos a publicis conciliis excludendos, sed omnes eodem volentes quidem stipendiis alliciendos, nolentes ⁷³ vero pignoribus ⁷⁴ cogendos arbitrarentur. Ex infimâ popinâ arcescebantur, qui de republicâ deliberarent. ⁷⁵ Nemo sutor, nemo zonarius, non satis dignus, immo non ⁷⁶ satis in politicâ instructus videbatur, qui ferret sententiam de domesticis negotiis, de peregrinis necessitatibus, de bello, de pace, de vectigalibus, de suis civibus vel reipublicæ præficiendis, vel e civitate ejiciendis. En agoram illam, virorum politicorum seminarium! Quis Oceanus ⁷⁷ turbulentior? Quæ aura levior? Quis Euripus ⁷⁸ agitator? Quæ umbra mutabilior? En illam gravissimam, augustissimamque concionem, de Græciæ principatu, de subigendâ Barbariâ deliberantem, quæ ne suas quidem manus, oculos, gestus, clamores, vix animum ipsum spiritumque contineat—

⁷⁹ Ἀλλ' ἔστι τοῦ λέγοντος—ἤν ψευδὴ λέγη!

Quod si, apud nos quoque, sobria illa atque honesta plebs hominum nullius ingenii vel scriptis politicis nonnunquam tamen vehementius commovetur; quid in Attica levī ventosâque plebeculâ fore existimetis, in qua concio, luminibus Eloquentiæ hominum ingeniosorum accensa, quasi mutuo attritu tantæ multitudinis, magis magisque inflammaretur?

⁸⁰ ut altis

Arboribus vicina cacumina sæpe teruntur
Inter se, validis facere id cogentibus Austris
Donec fulserunt flammæ fulgore cœorto.

Ipsæ autem quid Orator interea? qui inter hæc omnia si mirum sibi in modum perplacuerit, atque ideo ⁸¹ comam, quod aiunt, aliquando magnificentius aluerit, id illi vitio vertendum nemini certe visum fuerit reputanti quam illustri in loco honorificoque versaretur. Quid enim majus, quam posse populi motus voluntatesque impellere quo velit, unde autem velit, deducere? Quid splendidius, quam in oculis civium, in ore Græciæ universæ versari? Quid gravius, quam leges, decreta, totius fortunæ ac fata civitatis ex unius ore sententiæque pendere? nihil domi, nihil foris sine ipsius auctoritate geri? Tum vero ejusdem, ut alia omittam, quæ in publico species! quæ adventus in Rostra expectatio! quæ omnium studia in illo salutando, prosequendo, deducendo! Videt interea concurrisse populum; circumfundi coram; omnium ora in se unum converti; quicquid dixerit, ab omnibus, jam vixdum auditum, cogitatione ⁸² præoccupari; quicquid denique censuerit non tam judicio subjici in concilio consultorum, quam sensibus arripi in theatro ⁸³ spectatorum, neque id fere ab iis, adhibitâ rationis obrussâ, sed conceptâ Orationis admiratione, comprobari. Quibus omnibus ut ad impetum certe contentionemque dicendi, sic ad summam auctoritatis ac gratiæ facultatem haud scio an quidquam accommodatius excogitari possit.

Quid? quod ad summa Eloquentiæ præmia magna etiam necessitas accedebat; et, ⁸⁴ sicuti disertæ fama, honorum et gratiæ ministra, sic contra muti atque infantis, ⁸⁵ propter incredibilem litigandi *κακοήθειαν*, molestiarum fons et discriminis habebatur.

⁸⁶ Οἱ μὲν γὰρ οὖν τέττιγες εἶνα μῆν' ἢ δύο
'Επὶ τῶν κραδῶν ἄδουσιν· Ἀθηναῖοι δ' αἰὲ
'Επὶ τῶν δικῶν ἄδουσι πάντα τὸν βίον·

ut ait Comicus: et ridiculum est quod apud eundem ⁸⁷ Strepsiades Discipulo orbis terrarum in tabulâ descriptionem monstranti, atque ita dicenti, 'Viden? hæc quidem sunt Athenæ,' loco nempe digito in tabellâ indicato, respondet minime se credere, quippe judices sedere non videat. Atque id quidem litigandi studium ne temere quis natum, et nullo consilio profectum putet, dici vix potest quantas radices tanquam in solo reipublicæ habuerit, quantamque continuerit democratiæ vim universa hæc ratio celebritasque judiciorum. Quæ cum instituta fuisset (sive stipendia judicum, sive necessitatem spectes, per quam ⁸⁸ Socii

Athenis jus petere cogebantur), callidissime ad populi commoditatem dignitatemque, ad reorum salutem justitiamque iniquissime, demagogi nimirum intelligebant nihil magis et suâ et plebis interesse, quam causas quoquomodo controversiasque conflari. Hinc omnis pendebat impunitas illa et licentia delatorum; hinc incredibilis Sycophantarum ⁸⁹ στρεψοδικοπανουργία; hinc iudicum multitudo usque ad ⁹⁰ quartam partem civium universorum; atque hinc, denique, qui operam dedisset Eloquentiæ, ⁹¹ si non omnino se tutum præstitisse ab istis tot laqueis iudiciorum, at certe qui eandem neglexisset, se in summum ab iis vel fortunarum vel capitis etiam periculum objecisse videbatur.

Mirumne igitur adolescentulos quod ad studium sequendum hâc tantâ cum commoditate tum etiam necessitate inducebantur in eo excolendo summopere elaborasse; ejusmodi præsertim in civitate, quâ ⁹² nemo, ætatis causâ, dum ex ephebis excessisset, quo minus in ecclesiâ verba faceret, prohibebatur? Itaque jam inde a Periclis ætate juvenus Attica Scholas Rhetoricorum frequentare cœperant: neminem fere disertum sive philosophum sive oratorem non audiendum putabant: nihil non sumptuum Sophistis illis veteratoriis ⁹³ impendebant: qui quidem Sophistæ tametsi e judiciis, ut a Philostrato ⁹⁴ accepimus, excluderentur, tamen conciones et consilia, hoc est, viscera ipsa ac venas reipublicæ, veneficio corruptissimæ rationis imbuere solitos, nemo, opinor, dubitabit, qui Diodoti et Critiæ, hujus quidem apud Xenophontem, ⁹⁵ illius vero apud Thucydidem, ⁹⁶ orationes, vel strictim leviterque, et primoribus labris, ut ita dicam, legendo attigerit.

Enimvero ⁹⁷ cum civilem scientiam ex umbraculis eruditorum otioque nemo adhuc in solem atque pulverem produxisset, et philosophi, verbo tenus acute illi quidem, sed minus ad usum popularem de republicâ disputarent, id demum sibi sumpsit arrogantia Sophistarum, non modo ut civilem hanc omnem rationem, in usu atque exercitatione positam, gloriosissimis verbis ac magnificentissimis profiterentur, sed etiam ut penes se unicos esse denuntiarent quodcumque ad politicam oratoriamque institutionem pertinere videretur. Atque hoc erat videlicet, propter quod sæpe, optimo quidem jure, a divino illo Socrate lusi feruntur ⁹⁸ contumeliosissime, qui, regendæ ⁹⁹ civitatis ipsi prorsus ignari, aliis tamen, quemadmodum regatur, a se traditum esse posse gloriarentur. O præclari politicæ præceptores! qui ne verbum

quidem sibi ullum de vectigalibus,¹⁰⁰ nullum de bello, nullum de tuendâ regione, nullum de annonâ, nullum de jure ac legibus, nullum etiam de hominum naturâ aut moribus dicendum existimabant; sed, quod unum erat instar omnium in istâ democratiâ, id vero in aures discipulorum studiosissime insusurrabant,

¹⁰¹ τὸν δῆμον ἀεὶ προσποιοῦ,
ὑπογλυκαίνων ῥηματίοις μαγειρικοῖς·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα σοι πρόσεστι δημαγωγικὰ,
φωινὴ μυρὰ, γέγοιτας κακὸς, ἀγοραῖος εἶ.

Atque ut ne quis scire laboret, ex hac, quam dixi, disciplinâ quales ad capessendam rempublicam procederent adolescentuli, en! imaginem nobis a Comico expressam, in quâ facile agnoverimus oratorem illum nostrum jam plane perfectum, atque omni in genere sophisticæ palæstræ institutum. Prodeat igitur, tanquam in aciem Fori,

¹⁰² θρασὺς, εἴγλωττος, τολμηρὸς, ἴτης,
βδελυρὸς, ψευδῶν ξυγκολλητῆς,
εὐρησιεπὴς, περίτριμμα δικῶν,
κίρβις, κρόταλον, κίναδος, τρίμη,
μάσθλης, εἴρων, γλοιὸς, ἀλαζών,
κέντρων, μυρὸς,
στρόφης, ἀργαλέος, ματτυλοειχὸς.

At enim Comicus, cum ista congereret, veritati minus quam stomacho consulebat. Quid Tragici? siquidem¹⁰³ soliti sunt mores et vitia sui temporis, quæ ille nominatim et aperte insectabatur, hi tectius quidem notare, et sub heroicis personis, ita tamen ut intelligens spectator facile, quid lateret, odorare posset. Euripides igitur, qui multus est in ejusmodi sentiis, cum, Socratis¹⁰⁴ exemplum secutus, civium suorum mores istâ jam ætate corruptos emendare studuerit, malum nullum profecto tetigit¹⁰⁵ frequentius, quam Eloquentiæ abusum; nullam pestem reipublicæ graviolem, quam quæ per Sophistas a vitiosâ Rhetoricæ institutione civitati importaretur.

An censemus igitur populum posse pravis ita uti consiliariis, ut non ipse eorum improbitate inficiatur? annon potius¹⁰⁶ videre licet, si velimus replicare memoriam temporum, qualescunque summi civitatis viri fuerint, talem civitatem fuisse, atque adeo factâ morum in principibus mutatione, eandem in populo secutam? Et sic quidem Athenis jam, vitio demagogorum,

democratia nimirum licentiam assequebatur, si Aristophani fides habenda, haud scio an levi auctori, longe dementissimam; neque vero, si Thucydidi, omnium gravissimo, non valde vituperandam. Quippe cum Solonis disciplinam, provide illam quidem circumscriptam, sed nimis tamen populo ἀντιπρόσθεν tribuentem, Isagoræ¹⁰⁷ et Clisthenis factiones jampridem imminuissent, nuper vero Ephialtis¹⁰⁸ et Periclis consilia totam pœne evertissent—vix ut ullam Areopagus¹⁰⁹ dignitatem, vix ullam Senatus auctoritatem retineret—summa reipublicæ turbulentâ concionis temeritate administrabatur. Quo fiebat, ut, mutuâ quâdam corruptelâ, Oratores quidem, pro studio honorum ac gratiæ contentione, plebis cupiditati ambitiosius assentarentur;¹¹⁰ et illa vicissim popularis cupiditas, publicorum consiliorum dominatrix, ad se explendam lenociniis Oratorum abuteretur, perniciosissimis satellitibus. Quare nimirum nec injuriâ egentissimi homines, iidemque audacissimi, in Rostra jampridem, tanquam in patrimonium, irruerant: nec quisquam¹¹¹ tam humili loco, tam tenui re, tam mediocriter a naturâ instructus, tam exiliter¹¹² a doctrinâ, videbatur, qui, dummodo verborum copiâ vociferator vendibilis, dum officii negligens, dum populi studiosus, non summi in rerum procuracione versari se posse arbitraretur. Quod vero jam supra animadversum nihil esse a majoribus antiquius, nihil omnino gloriosius, haberi solitum, quam hunc, qui rempublicam gereret, eundem

¹¹³ μύθων τε ῥητῶν ἔμεναι, πρῆκτῶν τε ἔργων—

videte nunc quam versa¹¹¹ et mutata in pejorem partem sint omnia. Quum¹¹⁵ nulla Imperatoriæ laudis, nullaque adeo in rempublicam meritorum, commendatio haberetur, palmari δημαγωγίας institutione Orator ut quisque erat optime instructus, ita ad honores et munera reipublicæ capessenda maxime evehebatur. Quamquam, quod ad Cleonem quidem attinet, homo ille modestus vix se satis tueri Periclis personam posse speravit, nisi et ipse etiam bellicæ virtutis laudem adjecisset: in quâ scilicet tantum profecit, ut ne tum quidem, cum præcipuam quandam sibi gloriam decerpere videretur, effugere posset¹¹⁶ amentię suspicionem.

In omni civitate Eloquentiæ profecto quo major est vis, hœc est magis probitate jungenda, summâque prudentiâ. Quæ¹¹⁷ quidem res in Atticâ Republicâ longe longeque e contrario cessit; quippe quâ ii fere omnes, quos melius aliquanto prudentiusque

judicium ad publica consilia afferre oportebat, eoque jam acrius ad salutem reipublicæ, quo alii studiosius ad perniciem, vigilare, colluvioni Ecclesiarum jam tandem decedentes, haud tanti existimarent levitati multitudinis, et perditorum temeritati resistere :

¹¹⁸ Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.

nec mirum :

¹¹⁹ —nam quid violentius aure *Tyranni* ?

Quo quidem invidiosissimo nomine cum Demum illum suum Aristophanes ¹²⁰ appellet, ne id per jocum ei, ac pro more suo ridenti, excidisse putemus, documento esse potest loculentissimo quod in eandem sententiam gravis ille scriptor Aristoteles ¹²¹ accuratissime, ut solet, et verissime disputavit.

Quæ cum ita fierent, et cum, honestissimo quoque tanquam ¹²² in sentinam detruso, homines ad gubernacula civitatis nullâ cognitione rerum, nullâ scientiâ ornati, assiderent, quid mirum si maxima tandem evenerunt ac miserima naufragia ? ¹²³ Quid, si multæ calamitates acceptæ ? si plurimæ clades ? si Siciliense illud *incommodum* ¹²⁴ (ut verbo utar, quo, pro suorum Oratorum more, ‘ teneris ’ illis ac fastidiosis ‘ auriculis ’ etiamnum occurrere et consulere videar) ? Quid, si in civibus dissensiones ? si apud socios defectiones ? si denique ipsæ Athenæ, nobilissima illa atque antiquissima urbs, lumen Græciæ, Barbariæ debellatrix, captæ jam atque oppressæ ?

Quum vero hæc omnia Oratoribus—quales fuere tunc temporis Cleon, Cleophon, Hyperbolus—et ipse ¹²⁵ populus, cum suæ jam sibi temeritatis, tum vero illorum præstigiarum tunc demum conscius, referenda censuit (adeo ut mortem Cleophonti, ¹²⁶ ostracismum Hyperbolo, ¹²⁷ mulctam Cleoni ¹²⁸ irrogârit), et Aristophanes, eosdem semper vehementissime insectatus, istius infamiæ notam illis severissimam inussit ; haud, opinor, abs re alienum fuerit paulo fusius investigare, unde istam fuerint tantam, tamque perniciosam auctoritatem consecuti.

Principio igitur in istâ civitate, qua Senatûsconsulti auctoritas, atque adeo jam legis ipsius, ¹²⁹ vix ulla restaret, nulla autem inventa ¹³⁰ salutaris illa apud Romanos comitiorum obnuntiatio, ¹³¹ nulli fere usurpati concionum comperendinatus (adeo ut vel illud de Mitylenæis ¹³² decretum ‘ ὡμὸν καὶ μέγα ’ ampliandum moleste errent) ; quivis facile intelligebat, si aures hominum oratione, et

quasi habenas animorum, retinere posset, quanta gratiæ materies in auribus quidem ¹³³ blanditiâ demulcendis; in sensibus vero fovendis, deliniendis animis, adhibendis voluptatibus, quanta etiam ad suam rem agendam inesset opportunitas. Tum vero cum et ipse populus ita gloriosus esset, ita vel millicies decantatæ assentationi ¹³⁴ deditus, ut nulli fere voci, nisi suis laudibus, suæ dignitati, suis opibus, suo Marathoni auscultare vellet; ita vero petulans, ita fastidiosus, ita levis, ut sæpe, ¹³⁵ vel inter deliberandum, sint rei relatæ obliiti—porrexerint ¹³⁶ manus—psephisma natum sit; nemo certè non istiusmodi multitudinem facile cantu-unculis irretire posset. Porro autem cum Judicia ita constituta essent, ut ingens turba hominum tenuissimorum victum sibi suisque ¹³⁷ quotidianum ex ista misthophorâ compararent; ærarium vero, sine ratione magistratûs, illi totum permetteretur, qui, demagogi nomine, concionem dicendo gubernare posset; quid mirum, si seges hæc tanta tam variæ commoditatis hominum mentes malitiosorum alliceret?

Quæ cum sentirent Oratores ¹³⁸ quidam, summis et fortunæ et vitæ sordibus, ignoti et ¹³⁹ repentini, nullo honorum aut magistratuum decursu ¹⁴⁰ habito, in id quam maxime incunbebant, ut populi patrocinium soli sibimet ipsi partesque istius *δημαγωγίας* obtinerent. Itaque post paulo res eo venit, ut optinatibus ¹⁴¹ quoquomodo invidiam conflarent, timidus ¹⁴² periculum crearent, bonos ¹⁴³ pessime vexarent, divitibus ¹⁴⁴ diem dicerent; furta, rapinas, *συκοφαντίαν* flagitiosissime exercerent; ipsi populum amplecterentur, et quod sibi meritorum in rempublicam deesset, plebeculâ largitionibus demerendâ compensarent. Neque vero facinora hæc sua satis omnino credebant vel tuto vel feliciter evasura, nisi si et ipsi sibi tenebras efficerent, ¹⁴⁵ et omnia tumultu ac timoribus miscuissent. Itaque maleficiis obtendebant nunc pollutæ religionis ¹⁴⁶ nunc tyrannidis restituendæ ¹⁴⁷ metum. Quid de Hermis dicam, ¹⁴⁸ et invidiâ Alcibiadi conflatâ, et suspiciosissimâ civitate flagranti odiis, internecione etiam et proscriptionibus redundanti? Quid? quod, ne pax Lacedæmoniis conciliaretur, summo iidem opere vel ideo providebant, ¹⁴⁹ quo Bellum funestissimum illud Peloponnesiacum in suæ usus auctoritatis et potentiæ converterent? Et sic quidem, quæ erat vel improbitas hominum vel perversitas, honores dignitatemque, quam quietâ republicâ desperarent, perturbatâ eâdem se consequi posse arbitrabantur.

Ab his igitur omnibus, ita jam tandem ex ipsorum sententiâ comparatis, videtis demum auctoritatem profectam, perniciosissimam illam quidem, sed satis, opinor, et potentem apud suos, et apud externos formidolosam. Certè nemo sociorum vel democratiæ illius avaritiam, vel vexationes judiciorum effugere poterat, nisi qui, quasi Cerberi cujusdam,

¹⁵⁰ τὸ στόμ', ἐπιβύσας κέρμασιν, τῶν Πητόρων

delinisset : nemo civium, ab injustis liturgiis ¹⁵¹ et proscriptionibus tutus esse, nisi qui iisdem ' τοῖς συμβούλοις,' ¹⁵² ' τοῖς προστάταις τῆς πόλεως,' ' τοῖς τὰ ψηφίσματα γράφουσι,' ' τοῖς τῆς πολιτείας ἔμποροις,' aliquo sese modo commendasset.

Quod vero judiciorum vexationes attingi, Oratores quidem isti si fuerint in concionibus dominati, in judiciis certe non minus : quippe quæ iisdem, quibus concio, Eloquentiæ artibus, non ad probandum ¹⁵³ exactæ, sed ad persuadendum accommodatæ, præ numero judicium immoderato, subjicerentur ; et eo impunius committerent, ut reos solâ ex Oratoris ¹⁵⁴ sententiâ vel absolverent vel condemnarent, quod in tantâ multitudine videretur nemo exstare, in quo, præ cæteris, macula vel ex pravâ cognitione vel etiam ex judicio nummario ¹⁵⁵ concepta, residere posset.

Jam vero his omnibus de causis, quas supra commemoravi, non multo post tantum profecto odii atque invidiæ suscepit Eloquentia, ut non modo Alcibiades, vir inter disertissimos semper numeratus, pœnas nimiae suæ auctoritatis civitati suspiciosæ (graves illas quidem et ambobus luctuosissimas !) dederit ; sed etiam Antiphon ille Rhamnusius, homo omnium et dicendi artibus et laudibus ingenii longe excellentissimus, ¹⁵⁶ præ metu atque iniquitate temporum, ad rempublicam nunquam accesserit, sed in rerum privatarum causas, tanquam in pistrinum aliquod, detrusus, eas tamen non tam ipse egerit, quam alios et rerum usu et prudentiâ adjuverit. Quo quidem in homine tanta profecto vis Eloquentiæ fuit, ut artem Rhetoricam vel princeps invenisse, vel inventam amplificasse ¹⁵⁷ dictus sit ; tanta ejusdem ingenii facultas, ut, in pristinâ civitatis antiquandâ formâ, id totum, ¹⁵⁸ quod Pisander manu gesserit, animo prius consilioque comprehenderit. Immo vero ita fuit omnibus numeris absolutus, ut, in quâ quisque facultate excelleret quemadmodum apud Latinos ¹⁵⁹ Roscii a Roscio illo actore, ¹⁶⁰ sic apud Græcos a nostro oratore appellati Rhamnusii. Quid Theramenes ? orator minore quidem, quam Antiphon, ingenio præditus, sed eo tamen majore calliditate, et

in sese ad partes modo has, modo illas convertendo, Proteus ¹⁶¹ pœne gemellus; cum tempestatem istam popularis invidiæ, quam ille, privatæ vitæ quasi in portu, declinaverat, hic

¹⁶² Μετακλυιδῶν αὐτὸν ἀεὶ

Ἡρὸς τὸν εὖ πρᾶττοντα τοῖχον,

eludere se posse existimabat, idem tamen, quod Antipho, non modo fortunarum, sed capitis etiam naufragium fecit. Deinde vero Isocrates de istâ ipsâ iniquitate temporum quoties conqueratur ¹⁶³; quoties de immodicâ Oratorum auctoritate, de insanâ Concionum levitate; quoties de ruinâ disciplinæ veteris, de legum mutandarum ¹⁶⁴ incontinentiâ, de imbecillitate Magistratuum, de procuratione civitatis ita susceptâ, ut non tam hominum in consiliis posita, quam in Fortunæ quâdam temeritate videretur; nemo certe ignorat, nisi qui cantus illius ‘Atticæ Sirenis’ ¹⁶⁵ aure vel surdâ omnino, vel certe obseratâ præterierit. At vero quæ Siren? Non ea quæ cives de virtute deduceret, quæ cupiditatibus eorum insanioribus inserviret, quæ patriæ et sui oblivionem insusurraret; sed illa quæ a scopulis deterreret, ad officia vocaret, in sua ac reipublicæ salute blandâ et suavi oratione retineret. Ille autem, cum neque ¹⁶⁶ id confidentiæ a naturâ accepisset, ut quotidiano furori hominum perditorum se in concione objicere ausus sit, et infirmiori etiam valetudine affectâque jam esset ætate, si minus dicendo valuit apud multitudinem et summâ Oratoris auctoritate, at scribendo tamen et styli gravitate apud studiosos; et si suis minus civibus prodesset, qui honestum objurgatorem incredibile quantum audire nollent, at regibus ¹⁶⁷ quidem certè, et maximis Græciæ civitatibus, a quibus summopere est coli solitus, haud parvo identidem fuit emolumento.

Quum vero jam in ætatem devenimus immortalis illius ‘Oratorum δεκάδος,’ ¹⁶⁸ quorum scripta nunc exstant, qui tamen plerique non tam Oratores censendi, quam Rhetorici, operæ fortasse pretium fuerit, si paulisper explicemus, unde sit exorta istius Rhetoricæ facultatis cum civili ratione conjunctio. In Atticâ civitate nemo fere, per *συκοφάντων* aliorumque insidias, vexationes judiciorum effugere poterat. Illis igitur, qui nesciebant suâ se voce defendere, ad alienam erat confugiendum. Quum vero advocatis uti licebat, ¹⁶⁹ neque ita tamen, ut non pauca quædam ab ipso reo, verbis etiam suis, dicenda postularentur, inventi sunt, qui scriptas Orationes componerent, et ab hâc quoque parte necessitati reorum subvenirent. Quod genus hominum ut semper in

ejusmodi civitate deberet esse valde gratiosum, ¹⁷⁰ sic sub finem Belli Peloponnesiaci, eoque præsertim tempore, quo calumniâ litium flagitiosissimâ judiciisque repetundarum urbs tota redundaret, et omnes in tantâ non modo dimicatione fortunarum sed salutis etiam discrimine versarentur, tum profecto multo magis et ars ipsa celebrabatur, et homines, qui illam profiterentur, digni, qui ad rempublicam accederent, videbantur. Et sic quidem Rhetorici, ut Pseudo-Plutarchi ¹⁷¹ verbis de Antiphonte utar (cui tamen, ad cæteros satis apposita, minus fortasse conveniunt), ‘*δύναμιν λόγων κτησάμενοι, ὥρμησαν μὲν πολιτεῖσθαι.*’ Omnis autem hæc res quo paulo uberius exponatur, exempla, si placet, jam pauca adjiciamus.

Antiphontis et Isæi Orationes, quæ supersunt, in forensi argumento versantur omnes; Lyciæ et Isocratis non paucæ: Demosthenis plurimæ. Andocidem vero, et Æschinem, et Dinarchum, et Lycurgum, omnes vel rhetoricos vel advocatos fuisse legimus. Ex his igitur omnibus sive rhetoricis sive advocatis (partim quod suæ Orationes probant, partim vero quod libri Historicorum satis declarant) ferè nemo non, aliquâ saltem ex parte, rempublicam attigit. Andocides, ¹⁷² senator factus, multum et in curiâ et in concione valuit; complura munera publica administravit; legationes obivit; dignus etiam existimatus qui Ostracismianquireretur. De Antiphonte jam vidimus. Isocrates, si in republicâ minus versatus, de rebus tamen politicis scriptitavit. Lycurgus ¹⁷³ autem se dedit reipublicæ pæne totum. De Isæo quidem plane nihil, quod ad vitam ejus attinet, accepimus. Lysias vero et domesticis inimiciis et communi omnium indignatione accensus, luculentissimam illam orationem ‘*κατὰ τῶν τριάκοντα*’ ¹⁷⁴ habuit, quæ vulgo ‘contra Eratosthenem’ inscribitur; nec dubitari potest, quin melius etiam aliquando de civitate meruisset, nisi si ipsa hominem *πολιτικώτατον*, iniquâ *μετοίκον* conditione affectum, repudiasset. Cæterum quid Demosthenes et reliqui in republicâ fecerint, id vero mox videbimus. Hoc autem interea confirmaverim; ut, in illâ superiore ætate, nemo fere rempublicam attigit, qui non Orator, nemo, qui Orator, non attigerit; sic, in hâc recentiore, si non omnes politicos eosdem rhetoricos, at certe rhetoricos omnes politicos etiam reperiemus.

Equidem in his omnibus, quæ hactenus disputavi, id vel maxime in animo habui, ut, serie ætatum vix unquam perturbatâ, oratorum etiam ordinem enucleate, quoad ejus fieri potuit, distin-

guam. Neque enim intelligentis iudicii esse ducebam vel calculos ad eosdem tempora diversa revocare, vel oratores non fere æquales in eadem trutinâ satis accurate perpendi posse existimare. Itaque, quoniam jam tempora triginta, quos vocant, Tyrannorum, et crudelissimæ illius ‘anarchiæ’¹⁷⁵ tanquam scopulos præterveeti sumus, reliquum est, ut non modo Oratores emersos ex istis invidiæ tempestatibus, summâ iterum auctoritate et gratiâ apud populum potitos contemplerur, sed etiam ut populum ipsum ‘ταχύβοελορ’¹⁷⁶ pristinæ denuo temeritati addictum, et quâ ex malitiâ Oratorum jam antea fuisset Lacedæmoniiis in potentiam redactus, per eandem post paulo in servitium Macedonibus adducendum, intueamur.

Ac primo quidem, cum civitas, malis oppressa civilibus, vix extollere jam caput, et aliquando recreata se erigere cœpisset, homo ex numero demagogorum, Agyrrhius,¹⁷⁷ operam dedit, ut veteres illas corruptelarum illecebras renovaret, et non modo effusione Theoricorum instaurandâ, sed etiam *μίσθῳ ἐκκλησιαστικῷ* triplo majori instituendo, sibi gratiam apud populum et honores aucuparetur. Deinde vero rationem ab Agyrrhio inchoatam Eubulus¹⁷⁸ ille Anaphlystius ad exitus longe perniciosissimos provexit, legemque¹⁷⁹ tulit, ut de pecuniis theatralibus ad militarem usum revocandis ne quis postea referret; qui retulisset, capite plecteretur. Quâ cum nulla unquam lex facta reipublicæ perniciosior, lator tamen ejus tantam fuerat auctoritatem consecutus, ut vel ex eo, quod patriæ mortem paraverat, ipsi¹⁸⁰ mortuo honores persolverentur. Neque ita multo post, cum horum, quæ dixi, consiliorum fructus acerbissimos Athenienses ex clade Chæronensi percepissent, quo ‘malum malo sanarent,’¹⁸¹ rogavit Hyperides,¹⁸² scivitque plebs, ut servi ac peregrini, omnino egentissimus quisque et perditissimus, in civitatem ascriberentur. Quo nihil Athenæ viderunt indignius. Quanquam, quod ad demagogos quidem attinet, res optime cessit; quippe qui, quo major colluvies Ecclesiarum, eo facilius ruerent in tenebris ac miscerent omnia. Denique ad hanc tantam corruptorum improbitatem unum etiam Demadi, homini longe perditissimo, restiterat; nempe¹⁸³ ut singulis civibus quinquagenarum drachmarum largitionem faceret, sub eâ conditione, ne classis contra Alexandrum, pro communi Græciæ salute, instrueretur; neque idem præterea reformidaret has ipsas largitiones, per quas omnium salus dissolvebatur, ‘democratiae gluten’¹⁸⁴ appellitare.

Nonne igitur expositas videre jam licet corruptelas, ¹⁸⁵ quibus Athenienses irretiti officia pacis, instituta majorum, virtutem bellicam, palmas denique Marathonias Salaminiasque dediscebant? Nonne dolos videre ac præstigias Oratorum, quæ quidem, quo certius reipublicæ detrimentum, eo ipsis majorem auctoritatem afferebant? Quid? quod ¹⁸⁶ his fontibus derivatæ inveterârunt, et tanquam in venis civium medullisque insederant, cum ignavia plane iners ac somniculosa, tun vero temeritas quædam jam prope ab insaniâ remota; manabatque non in concionem modo, sed in omnes mores disciplinasque civitatis malorum incredibilis ac pæne infinita contagio? Anne ¹⁸⁷ rem bellicam memorem, et castra mercenariis occupata, a civibus autem destituta? An vectigalia, ¹⁸⁸ non, ut olim, in classem exercitusque, sed in dies festos apparatusque ludorum, effundi solita? An vero ærarii copias? in quas, quasi in succum et sanguinem reipublicæ concionalis ¹⁸⁹ illa hirudo a perditis istis Oratoribus immittebatur. Justitiam ne ac Judicia? quibus iidem Oratores improbissimi ita ad quæstum et libidinem illudebant, ut reos in jus non tam civibus vocâsse judicandos quam sectoribus ¹⁹⁰ tradidisse depilandos viderentur. An leges denique ipsas?—adeo temere ex eorundem voluntate figi refigique solitas, ut quod nescio quis Byzantinus ¹⁹¹ Orator de ipsius auctoritate, idem fere de suâ gloriari nostris illis Atticis liceret; qui cum ex eo quæreretur, ‘quomodo se haberet Byzantinorum lex,’ respondisse dicitur, ‘Ut ego Volo.’ Nam quid de summa Reipublicæ loquar? quam populus scilicet, pro tot tantisque in sese beneficiis, totam vicissim his ipsis Oratoribus in manus tradiderat, vel capessendam, vel potius profligandam.

Quæret hic quispiam: ‘Quid? Ex omni Oratorum copiâ, quam Athenis effudit hæc ætas, nemone se paulo honestiorem vel melius aliquando in patriam animatum præstitit? An tibi digni maledictis his iisdem, quæ tu acerbius jactas, universi videntur?’ Immo vero nonnullos non modo non contumeliâ afficiendos, sed summo etiam honore ac laudibus ab omni posteritate prosequendos censeo. Nec profecto calumniæ culpam, quam modo Oratorum plerisque in rejudiciali exprobravi, eandem ipse in hâc nostrâ quæstiunculâ effugere deberem, si neque Lycurgum nec Phocionem, nec multo etiam magis Demosthenem, testes tres in hâc causâ vel inter locupletissimos, producerem. Quorum in primo, non minus quam in ¹⁹² Romanis illis nobilissi-

mis a Cicerone laudatis, erat summa Virtus, et summâ Virtute amplificata auctoritas, et, quæ his rebus ornameto, et reipublicæ præsidio esset, Eloquentia. Nam quid de ejusdem integritate dicam? multis quidem illâ magnisque rebus vel ideo spectatissimâ, ¹⁹³ quod publicos redditus per duodecim annos (magistratu nempe ejus extra ordinem prorogato) egregiâ cum gloriâ et fide ab omnibus comprobâtâ administraverit. Deinde vero in ¹⁹⁴ Phocione satis cognitum ad laudem dignitatemque exstitisse cum alia plurima, tum vel illud splendidissimum, ac, tunc temporis, plane singulare; quod, videlicet, cum Imperator esset summus, Orator etiam fuerit valde probabilis. Nam tributum hoc quidem, quod ante dixi, Themistocli et Pericli, aliisque superiori ætate compluribus: sed et illis tamen omnibus, nisi fortasse Periclem excipias, alio quodam modo: quippe qui, nullis Rhetoricæ disciplinæ adminiculis instructi, ingenio potius et vi naturæ quam institutione et litteris, famam essent Eloquentiæ consecuti.

Neque vero illud præterea (quoniam in temporum comparationem incidimus) omitti oportet, quod duæ facultates, Oratoria scilicet et Imperatoria (in uno olim Pericle, et Themistocle, et jam denuo in Phocione, conjunctæ), cum in hâc recentiore ætate tantum non semper ad diversos pertinebant, ita tamen adhuc ¹⁹⁵ necessitate quâdam mutuâ inter sese continebantur, ut ¹⁹⁶ Callistratus cum Iphicrate, Eubulus cum Diopithe, Hyperides cum Leosthene, ¹⁹⁷ Oratores cum Imperatoribus societatem inierint. Et sic

ὁ μὲν ἄρ' μύθοισιν, ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ πολλὸν ἐνίκα.

Propterea quod neque Imperatori licuisset, propter criminationes factiosorum, imperium retinuisse, nisi, cum ipse foris esset, Orator tamen, qui ejus defensionem susciperet, præsto affuisset; neque Oratori profecto totam se penes rempublicam redegisse, nisi sibi tanquam administrum, qui bella externa et rem Sociorum procuraret, Imperatorem adjecisset.

Quod si fuerint Oratores in istâ civitate vel perniciosi omnino vel certe humiliori aliquâ laude præditi, tantam tamen, quam vidimus, auctoritatem adepti, æquid tandem de eo jam convenit augurari, ad cujus laudem nemo unquam pervenit? Aut quanti ejusmodi Virum habituros fuisse cives existimetis, ¹⁹⁸ cujus apud externos tanta Eloquentiæ fama percrebuisset, ut, quoties dicturus

nuntiaretur, audiendi causâ remotissimæ gentes concurrerent? At vero qui populus ¹⁹⁹ pessimis sæpe consiliariis se totum traderat, is, optimum nactus, utinam toties non obsurduisset! Utinam huic viro, qui recenti ab ignaviâ ad majorum res gestas revocaret, qui hostibus resistendum, patriæ succurrendum contenderet, qui a vitiis in virtutem, a servitio in libertatem assereret, qui erigeret, admoneret, inflammaret, deprecaretur—utinam, Athenienses, huic Viro tantâ essetis diligentiam obsecuti, quanto illis studio assensi fueritis, qui a laude ad desidiam, ab officiis ad cupiditates, a salute, imperio, gloriâ, ad extremum discrimen, ignominiamque deduxerint!

De Eloquentiâ Demosthenis ut plura disseram, neque hic locus postulat, neque vero huic nostræ disputationi est valde necessarium. Satis mihi hoc videor esse dicturus: cæteros Atticos Oratores singulos fuisse singulâ aliquâ facultate præditos hunc unum omnibus cumulatum: cæteros temporis, rebusque, in quibus versarentur, satisfecisse, hunc immortalitate dignum: cæteros in copiâ dicendi, et laude ingeniorum, hominibus majores, hunc plane ²⁰⁰ Deum. Videtisne, ex arce Eloquentiæ si quando tonat, quæ fulmina in Philippum contorqueat incitata illius et vibrans Oratio! quas quasi verborum faces civium suorum ad extinctas virtutes resuscitandas admoveat! Quibus omnibus tametsi in legendo obstupuimus, nonne tamen nobis, ²⁰¹ non minus quam Rhodiis, exclamare libet, 'Quanto magis essemus obstupefacti, si ipsum audivissemus!'

Quid? quod huic Viro talis mens ad rempublicam bene gerendam, quale ingenium ad bene dicendum fuit. Nolite enim arbitrari tantum fuisse in exteris civitatibus valiturum, si nullam, nisi dicendi, facultatem comparâset. Aut quam Eloquentiæ copiam tantæ varietati rerum satisfacturam existimatis, nisi alia quædam majora et præstantiora accessissent? Ac mihi quidem sæpenumero in Demosthenis vitam fortunasque intuenti, summa civilis scientia, summa consiliorum ubertas, summa magnitudo animi, summa videntur pæne omnia in unum illum immortalem Virum, tanquam in thesaurum, convenisse. Neque mirari quidem oportet quod Aristoteles ²⁰² scripsit—politicos homines in istâ ætate 'πολυπράγμονας' appellatos. Næ illa πολυπραγμοσύνη (ut verbo paulum invidioso parumper abutar) quæ tot administrationes rerum publicarum, tot bella, tot fœdera, tot domi causas, tot foris legationes transigeret; quæ animos sociorum gubernaret, quæ

maximas civitates conciliaret, quæ finitimas pacaret, quæ longinquas conjungeret; cecitate, queso, quantum tandem istam πολυπραγμοσύνην in illo politico desiderandam existimetis, cujus esset has omnes tantas tamque laboriosas provincias sustinuisse. Age vero, ²⁰³ illa res quantum declaret ejusdem Viri apud externos auctoritatem, quod Thebanos a Philippo, societatem eorum vehementissime appetenti, ad partes Atheniensium, fractas præsertim et metu debilitatas, revocare potuerit. Nonne illi, non modo Eloquentiæ mirifica quedam facultas, sed omnia consilia civitatis, exempla, jura, mores, voluntatesque civium notæ esse deberent, qui tali negotio conficiendo sufficeret?

His tot tantisque in Demosthene vel ad dicendum ornamentis, vel ad agendum facultatibus, partim a divino ingenio, partim ex incredibili sane assiduitate profectis, accessit, quasi apex omnium splendidissimus, summus in patriam et prope singularis amor. Quod vero hocce attigi filum Orationis meæ, mihi quidem longe jucundissimum, vobis, quemadmodum spero, non molestum, si telam, quam institui, pertexuero, et de domesticâ Demosthenis auctoritate disputare pergam; si vitæ universæ rationes, totamque Fortunæ varietatem evolvero; si coarguero laudum ²⁰⁴ obtrectatores, qui vitio malignitatis humanæ, hujus summæ ²⁰⁵ gloriæ invideant, aliorum modicam ferant; si denique ipsius et Æschinis κτήματα illa ἐς αἰὲ, μᾶλλον ἢ ἀγωνίσματα ἐς τὸ παραχρήμα ἀκούειν, eâ, qua par est, diligentiam excussero, vereor profecto non modo ne patientiâ vestrâ in tam longo argumento abutar, verum etiam ut judiciis vestris in tam gravi materiâ satisfaciam:—
²⁰⁶ ΕΗΕΙ ΤΟ ΤΕ ΣΥΜΗΙΑΝ ΟΥΔ' ΑΥΤΟΣ ΑΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΞΑΡΚΕΣΕΙΕΝ ΕΠΙΑΙΝΕΣΑΙ. Illud tamen interea in hâc re nequaquam dissimulandum, quod obscurari non potest, sed præ nobis ferendum: quantum mali illi rabulæ valuisse existimandi ad civitatem labefactandam, quam tantus Orator non potuerit sustentare; quantum illi populi assentatores ad cives corrupendos, quos hic vere popularis non ad officium dignitatemque reducere. Quod si quis unquam exstitit, cui hanc jam ægrotam ac prope desperatam rempublicam recuperasse, vel per fata, vel potius per suam ipsius temeritatem, licuisset, ille profecto fuit, qui tot annos ejus præsidium ita suscepit, ut toti Macedonis potestati sua unius opera, non manu sed voce, non vi sed consilio, non Belli fulmine, sed Eloquentiæ, restiterit.

Exposui fere, ut potui, quæ maxime ad nostram disputationem

pertinere arbitrabar. Dixi de populi ingenio; de forma reipublicæ; de omni auctoritate ac genere Oratorum. Nam fuit illa in Demosthene ²⁰⁷ tanquam cycnea Eloquentiæ vox; qua quidem extincta, et fracta simul populi libertate, Orator, qui vere hōc nomine dignus, in Attica historia nemo reperietur.

Sed si et illud etiam requiritis, hos ipsos Oratores reipublicæ bonine an mali plus judicem attulisse, quid est quod, subductis totius argumenti rationibus, proferre quod sentio dubitem, præsertim cum Tullii auctoritate, Quintiliani ²⁰⁸ iudicio, testimonio ²⁰⁹ Justinii comprobetur. Quorum cum nemo potentiam Oratorum non aliquatenus vituperandam, Tullius, auctor omnium gravissimus, illam longe perniciosissimam existimavit; adeo ut sententiam luculentissime tulerit, ²¹⁰ ‘Athenas hōc uno malo concidisse, libertate immoderatâ, et licentiâ concionum.’ Itaque, cum Viri hujus prudentissimi auctoritate, tum etiam rei ipsius ratione diu multumque perpensâ, equidem reperio Athenienses eos profecto fructus ex Eloquentia percepisse, ut illa, quantum laudis ac gloriæ ingeniis addiderit, tantum detraxerit reipublicæ incolumitatis. Cæteræ vero videntur Græciæ civitates (quæ quidem nonnullæ ab hoc ipso studio ita abhorrebant, ut apud ²¹¹ Lacedæmonios et Cretenses facultatem bene dicendi neque profiteri licuerit, neque exercere) rem aleæ periculosæ plenissimam omnino e civitate excludi maluisse, quam totam idcirco rempublicam in discrimen adduci, ut majorem Oratores dicendi copiam, pabulumque Eloquentiæ locupletius inde nanciscerentur.

Quæ quidem cum percipio, et omnem hanc nostram disputationem animo mecum recognosco, mehercule satis mirari non possum nonnullorum insolentiam politicorum, quos positæ ante oculos veteres illæ Atheniensium calamitates ab hâc ipsâ imprudentiâ nequiverint avocare, aut deterrere, quo minus, democratiae partibus faventes, admirabilem quandam temperantiam expectent in eo, quod, semel admissum, coerceri reprimique non potest:— nisi vero reipublicæ malum quod Pericles incautius invexerit, cui Demosthenes medendo non suffecerit, id nostrorum ingenia vel prudentius provisura, vel felicius sanatura videantur. Quapropter vos omnes oro atque obtestor, hōc præsertim jam tempore, hos inter ardores civium prava jubentium, ut malæ isti licentiæ quam maxime resistatis, atque Oratorum ejusmodi perniciosam atque intolerandam potentiam primo quoque tempore extinguendam atque opprimendam existimetis. Animadvertite, quæso, quid

intersit inter levitatem demagogorum et animum vere popularem reipublicæ saluti consulentem. Democratiam vero illam Atheniensem, non, quod nonnulli qui de his rebus scriptitarunt (et de Græciæ civitatibus tanquam de fortunatis Heroïum insulis somniarunt), fictâ aliquâ verborum magnificentiâ metiamur, sed luce Annalium et rerum ipsarum veritate interpretemur. Virorum, denique, imagines, in nobili illa Historia expressas, sic nos intueri oportet, ut ne, dum lumina illa splendidissima inter tenebras vetustatis studiosius persequamur, ipsi potius luctuosè extincti, non tam imperium et gloriæ nostræ splendorem, quam signum aliquod temeritatis posteritati relinquamus.

DULCE DOMUM

The following Latin verses are usually sung at Winchester College, by the Boys and the Choristers, on the evening before the holidays in July, on which occasion many of the neighbouring Gentry, and others, are assembled within the walls. The origin of the custom is unknown ; but tradition says that a boy who had committed some uncommon offence was confined at College during the holidays, which preyed so heavily on his mind that, having composed the Latin verses of the song, and having cut the Labyrinth, or Mizmaze, still to be seen on St. Catherine's Hill, he pined and died.

CONCINAMUS, O sodales,
 Eja ! quid silemus !
 Nobile canticum,
 Dulce melos, domum,
 Dulce domum resonemus !

CHORUS.

Domum, domum, dulce domum,
 Domum, domum, dulce domum,
 Dulce, dulce, dulce, domum,
 Dulce domum resonemus !

Appropinquat, ecce, felix
 Hora gaudiorum :
 Post grave tedium
 Advenit omnium
 Meta petita laborum.

Domum, &c.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
 Mitte pensa dura ;
 Mitte negotium :
 Jam datur otium,
 Me, mea, mittito, cura.

Domum, &c.

Ridet annus, prata rident ;
 Nosque rideamus :
 Jam repetit domum
 Daulias advena,
 Nosque domum repetamus.
 Domum, &c.

Heus ! Rogere, fer caballos :
 Eja, nunc camus ;
 Linen amabile
 Matris et oscula
 Suaviter hinc repetamus.
 Domum, &c.

Concinamus ad penates,
 Vox et audiatur ;
 Phosphore ! quid jubar,
 Segnius emicans,
 Gaudia nostra moratur.
 Domum, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING VERSES.

COME, companions, join your voices,
 Hearts with pleasure bounding ;
 Sing we the noble lay,
 Sweet song of holiday,
 Joys of home, sweet home, resounding.

CHORUS.

Joys of home sing ; home, sweet home, sing.
 Joys of home sing ; home, sweet home, sing.
 Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly, home sing ;
 Joys of home, sweet home, resounding.

See ! the wished-for day approaches,
Day with joys attended ;
School's dreary course is run,
Safely the goal is won,
Happy goal, where toils are ended.
Joys of home, &c.

Quit, my weary muse, your labours,
Quit your books and learning ;
Banish all cares away,
Welcome the holiday,
Hearts for home and freedom yearning.
Joys of home, &c.

Smiles the season, smile the meadows,
Let us, too, be smiling ;
See ! Summer's guest is come,
Philomel, to her home ;
Homeward, too, our steps beguiling.
Joys of home, &c.

Roger, ho ! 'tis time for starting ;
Haste with horse and traces ;
Seek we the scene of bliss,
Where a fond mother's kiss,
Longing, waits her boy's embraces.
Joys of home, &c.

Sing once more, the gate surrounding,
Loud the joyous measure ;
Lo ! the bright morning star,
Slowly rising from afar,
Still retards our dawn of pleasure.
Joys of home, &c.

LINES

PROJECTED, AND PARTLY WRITTEN, ON THE
FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
OPENING OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE,
MARCH 28, 1843.

BY ROUNDELL PALMER.

In the days of our forefathers, the gallant days of old,
When Cressy's wondrous tale in Europe's ears was told ;
When the brave and gentle Prince, with his heroic peers,
Met France and all her knighthood in the vineyards of
Poitiers ;
When captive kings on Edward's state right humbly did attend ;
When England's chivalry began the gartered knee to bend ;
Then in the foremost place, among the noblest of the land,
Stood Wykeham, the great Bishop, upon the king's right hand.

But when gracious Edward slept, and Richard wore the crown,
Forth came good William Wykeham, and meekly knelt him
down.

Then out spake young king Richard : ' What boon can Wykeham
ask,

' Which can surpass his worth, or our bounty overtask ?

' For art thou not our Chancellor ? and where in all the realm

' Is a wiser man or better, to guide the labouring helm ?

' And thou know'st the holy lore, and the mason's cunning
skill : ²¹²

' So speak the word, good Wykeham, for thou shalt have thy
will.'

‘I ask not wealth nor honour,’ the Bishop lowly said,
 ‘Too much of both thy grandsire’s hand heaped on a poor
 monk’s head :
 ‘This world it is a weary load, it presses down my soul ;
 ‘Fain would I pay my vows, and to Heaven restore the whole.
 ‘Grant me that two fair Colleges, beneath thy charters sure,
 ‘At Oxford and at Winchester, for ever may endure,
 ‘Which Wykeham’s hands shall raise upon the grassy sod,
 ‘In the name of Blessed Mary, and for the love of God.’

The king he sealed the charters, and Wykeham traced the plan,
 And God, Who gave him wisdom, prospered the lowly man :
 So two fair Colleges arose, one in calm Oxford’s glade,
 And one where Itchin sparkles beneath the plane-tree shade.
 There seventy true-born English boys he nourished year by year
 In the nurture of good learning, and in God’s holy fear ;
 And gave them steadfast laws, and bade them never move
 Without sweet sign of brotherhood and gentle links of love.²¹³

They grew beside his pastoral throne, and kept his counsels
 sage,
 And the good man rejoiced to bear such fruit in his old age :
 He heard the pealing notes of praise, which morn and evening
 rung
 Forth from their vaulted chapel, by their clear voices sung ;
 His eye beheld them two by two their comely order keep
 Along the Minster’s sacred aisles, and up the beech-crowned
 steep ; ²¹⁴
 And, when he went to his reward, they shed the pious tear,
 And sang the hallowed requiem over his saintly bier.

Then came the dark and evil time, when English blood was shed
 All over fertile England, for the White Rose or the Red ;
 But still in Wykeham’s chapel the notes of praise were heard,
 And still in Wykeham’s College they taught the Sacred Word ;
 And in the grey of morning, on every saint’s-day still,
 That black gowned troop of brothers was winding up the hill :
 There in the hollow trench, which the Danish pirate made,
 Or through the broad encampment, the peaceful scholars played.

Trained in such gentle discipline from childhood to their prime
 Grew mighty men and merciful, in that distracted time ;
 Men on whom Wykeham's mantle fell, who stood beside their
 king

Even in his place, and bore his staff and the same pastoral ring ;
 Who taught Heaven-destined monarchs to emulate his deeds
 Upon the banks of Cam, and in Eton's flowery meads ;
 Founders of other Colleges by Cherwell's lily side,
 Who laid their bones with his, when in ripe old age they died.²¹⁵

And after that, when love grew cold, and Christendom was rent,
 And sinful Churches laid them down in sackcloth to repent ;
 When impious men bore sway, and wasted church and shrine
 And cloister and old abbey, the works of men divine ;
 Though upon all things sacred their robber hands they laid,
 They did not tear from Wykeham's gates the Blessed Mother-
 Maid : ²¹⁶

But still in Wykeham's cloisters fair wisdom did increase ;
 And then his sons began to learn the golden songs of Greece.

And all through great Eliza's reign, those days of pomp and
 pride,

They kept the laws of Wykeham, and did not swerve aside :
 Still in their vaulted chapel, and in the Minster fair,
 And in their lamplit chambers,²¹⁷ they said the frequent prayer :
 And when the Scottish plague-spot ran withering through the
 land,

The sons of Wykeham knelt beneath meek Andrewes' fostering
 hand,²¹⁸

And none of all the faithless, who swore th' unhallowed vow,
 Drank of the crystal waters beneath the plane-tree bough.

Dread was the hour, but short as dread, when from the guarded
 down

Fierce Cromwell's rebel soldiery kept watch o'er Wykeham's
 town :

Beneath their pointed cannon all Itchin's valley lay,
 St. Catharine's breezy side, and the woodlands far away,
 The huge Cathedral sleeping in venerable gloom,
 The modest College-tower, and the bedesmen's Norman home.²¹⁹

They spoiled the graves of valiant men, warrior and saint and
sage ;
But at the grave of Wykeham good Angels quenched their
rage.²²⁰

Good Angels still were there, when the base-hearted son
Of Charles, the royal martyr, his course of shame did run :
Then in those cloisters holy Ken strengthened with deeper
prayer
His own and his dear scholars' souls to what pure souls should
dare ;²²¹
Bold to rebuke enthroned sin, with calm undazzled faith,
Whether amid the pomp of courts, or on the bed of death ;
Firm against kingly terrors in his free country's cause,
Faithful to God's anointed against a world's applause.

Since then, what wars, what tumults, what change has Europe
seen !
But never since in Itchin's vale has war or tumult been.
God's mercies have been with us ; His favour still has blest
The memories sweet and glorious deeds of the good men at rest :
The many prayers, the daily praise, the nurture in the Word,
Have not in vain ascended up before the gracious Lord :
Nations, and thrones, and reverend laws, have melted like a
dream ;
Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh beside the crystal
stream.

Four hundred years and fifty their rolling course have sped
Since the first serge-clad scholar to Wykeham's feet was led ;
And still his seventy faithful boys, in these presumptuous days,
Learn the old truths, speak the old words, tread in the ancient
ways :
Still for their daily orisons resounds the matin chime ;
Still linked in bands of brotherhood St. Catharine's steep they
climb ;²²²
Still to their Sabbath worship they troop by Wykeham's
tomb ;²²³
Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet song of Home.²²⁴

And at th' appointed seasons, when Wykeham's bounties claim
 The full heart's solemn tribute from those who love his name,²²⁵
 Still shall his white-robed children, as age on age rolls by,
 At Oxford and at Winchester, give thanks to God most High :
 And amid Kings and Martyrs shedding down glorious light,
 While the deep echoing organ swells to the vaulted height,
 With grateful thoughts o'erflowing at the mercies they behold,
 They shall praise their sainted fathers, the famous men of old.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING LINES.

Eἰς

τετρακοσιοστὴν πεντηκοστὴν ἀμφιετηρίδα

ἐπὶ τῆς

τοῦ Οὐῖνχεστρίου Γυμνασίου ιδρύσεως.

Προπατόρων ἐν ἡμέραισιν, ταῖς πάλαι, ταῖς παγκάλαις,
 ἡνίκ' Εὐρώπης δι' ὧτων θαῦμ' ἔβη τὸ Κρεσσικόν·
 ἀγαθὸς πρῶος θ' ὅτ' Ἀρχὸς, τῶν ἀριστέων μέτα,
 Γαλλίας ἔππῳ ξυῆψεν ἀμπελῶσι Ποικτικοῖς·
 εἴτ' ἄνακτες Ἡδοόρδῳ δούλιοι διηκόνουν,
 ἱππόται τ' ἔκαμψαν Ἀγγλοὶ πρῶτον εὔζωστον γόνυ·
 γῆς τότε ἐν πρώτοις τὰ πρῶτα πάντ' ἔχων Ἐπίσκοπος
 σεμνὸς Οὐῖκαμος ἔστη βασιλεὺς πρὸς δεξιᾷ.

τοῦ δ' ἐπεὶ Ῥίχαρδος ἔσχε στέφανον εὖ κοιμωμένου,
 ἵκετ' ἐς μέσον προπίτνων Οὐῖκαμος ἀγαθός·
 τὸν δ' ἄναξ νέος προσεῖπεν· τί ποτ' ἂν αἰτιοῖς γέρας
 ἀξίως σοῦγ', Οὐῖκαμε, μέλizon, εἰνοίας τ' ἐρῆς ;
 οὐ γὰρ εἶσθ' Ἡρίταις ἡμῖν ; ποῦ δὲ γῆς πάσης ἀνὴρ,
 ὅς ποιοῦσαν οἶδ' ἄμεινον σοῦ κυβερνήται πόλιν ;
 εὖ σὺ γὰρ τὰ Θεῖα τ' οἶδας, εὖ τε κ' ἀρχιτεκτονεῖν·
 τοίγαρ ὅ τι θέλεις λέγοντι σοὶ γενήσεται, φίλε.

οὔτε χρήματ', εἴφ' ὁ Πρέσβυς, οὔτε σ' αἰτοῦμαι γέρας·
 τάδε πλέω πένης γε μοναχὸς ἔλαβον ἐκ πάππου σέθεν·
 τοῦ βίου σχῆμ' ἐστ' ἐπαχθὲς δυσφορώτατόν τ' ἐμοί·
 Θεῶ μὲν ἀποδόσθαι θέλοιμ' ἄν, ὥσπερ ἠνξάμην, τὸ πᾶν.
 δὸς δέ μοι Μουσεία δισσὰ, πιστὰ σοῖς συνθήμασιν,
 Βοσπόρῳ Λευκῷ τ' ἐν ἄστει πάντα διαμένειν χρόνον,
 ταῖςδ' ἅπερ χερσὶν κτίσαιμ' ἄν ἐν πέδῳ λειμωνίῳ,
 Παρθένευ σεμνῇς ἐπώνυμ', ἐς ἀγάπην τε τοῦ Θεοῦ.

Ξυγγραφὰς ἐσφράγισ' ἄναξ, ὁ δὲ τύπωμ' ἐστοίχισεν,
 νοῦν θ' ὁ δοὺς σοφόν, τὸν ἄνδρα πρῶον εὐώδου Θεός·
 δισσὰ γοῖν Μουσεί' ἀνέστη, Βοσπόρου τὸ μὲν νᾶπει,
 ἀγλαὰς τὸ δ' οὐ σκιάζει πλάτανος Ἰχίνου ῥοάς·
 γνησίους ἔν' ἐξέθρεψε παῖδας ἐπτάκις δέκα
 κατ' ἔτος, εἰς τὸ μανθάνειν τε χρηστὰ, καὶ Θεὸν σέβειν·
 καὶ βέβαι' ἔθηκε νόμιμα, κάκελευσ' αἰεὶ ζυγῶ,
 ὥς ἀδελφὸν χρητὴν, βαδίζειν φιλτάτῳ ξυνημμένους.

οἱ μὲν οἷν ἐγγὺς Καθέδρας ἠΐξανον πειθαρχία,
 ὁ δὲ Γέρων τοιόνδ' ἔχαιρε καρπὸν ἐν γήρῃ φέρων·
 ἔκλυ' αὐτὸς ὥς ἐκάστης νυκτὸς ἡμέρας τε πρῶ
 ἐν νεῷ θεῖους ξυνηδὸν εὐχαριστίας νόμους·
 ἔβλεπεν δισσὰς ἐχώρουν ὥς τεταγμένοι στίχας,
 Βασιλικῇς ἀν' ἱερὸν οὔδας, ἥ 'ς ὄρος φηγοστεφές·
 εἰς δὲ τοὺς μάκαρας βεβῶτος, ἴεσαν φίλον δάκρυ,
 καὶ νεκρῶν ὕμνησαν ὕμνον ἐγγὺς ἐστῶτες τάφου.

ὥς δ' ἔπειτ' ἦλθεν τὰ δεινὰ, προσεκάλει τε πανταχοῦ
 φόνιον εἰς ἔριν πολίτας λευκὸν ἢ ῥυθρὸν ῥόδον,
 Οὐϊκαμικῷ γε ναῷ χάριτος ἦν μέλη κλύειν,
 Οὐϊκαμικοῖς γε παῖσιν θεῖον ἦν μαθεῖν ἔπος·
 κατ' αἰεὶ σεμναῖς ἐορτῶν ἡμέραις ἐωθινῇ
 τὸν πάγον πέριξ ἀνῆει φρατρία μελάμπεπλος,
 ἔνθα δὴ τάφροις, ὁ ληστής Δανικὸς ἄς ὀρωρύχει,
 παίγματ' εἰρήνης ἔπαιζον, ἢ παρεμβολῆς πτυχαῖς.

τοιᾷδ' ἀσκούντες μὲν ἦθη, πάνθ' ὅτ' ἦν κυκώμενα,
 ἐξεπαιδεύθησαν ἄνδρας εἰς καλοὺς τε καγαθοὺς·
 ἄνδρας, οἱ τὸν Οὐϊκάμου, κοιράνων παραστᾶται,
 νοῦν τε καὶ δακτύλιον ἱρὸν κάφόρου βακτηρίαν,

οὐ διδάξαντες μονάρχους μακαρίους Κάμψ πάρα
καὶ πὶ λειμώνων Ἐτόνης ἀνθέμων ὁμοια δρᾶν,
ἔκτισαν Μοισεῖα καὶ τοὶ πρὸς κρίνοισ Χηρουλλίοις,
ἐν δὲ τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἔκειντο δὴ ποτ' ἐν γήρῳ τάφοις.

καὶ γὰρ ἐπεὶ ψυγείσης Χριστὸς ἦν ἐσχισμένος,
δυσσεβεῖς τ' ἔκειντο λαοὶ μετανοοῦντες ἐν σάκῳ,
εἴτε Θεοῦ νεὸς παλαιούς, καὶ στοᾶς, κἀνάκτορα,
τᾶργα δὴ θείων, κρατοῦντες ἄνδρες ὤλεσαν κακοί,
πᾶν ἀναιροῦντές περ ἱρὸν, Οὐϊκαμικῶν πυλῶν
οὔκ ἀφήρπασάν γ' ἄγαλμα μητροπαρθένου Κόρης·
ἀλλὰ κἀν αὐτοῦ στοαῖσιν αἰὲν ἠῤῥήθη σοφὰ,
καὶ μέλη παῖδες τότε ἤρξαν χρύσε' Ἑλλάδος μαθεῖν.

κάφ' ὅσον γ' ἤρασ' Ἑλιζα, τᾶλλ' ὅτ' ἦν ὄγκον πλέα
χρῖβρεως, τοῖς Οὐϊκάμου κάρτ' ἐπειθάρχονιν νόμοις,
πολλὰ δ' ἐν δήμῳ μὲν ἠῤῥχοντ', ἐν τ' ἐφεστίῳ νεῶ,
πολλὰ δ' ἐν κοιτῶσι, λύχνου νόμον ἔχουσι παινίχου·
ὥς δὲ γῇ ξύμπασ' ἔκαμνε Σκωτικῇ νόσφ, τέκνα
Ἀνδρέας τρέφων ἀνήγε πρᾶος Οὐϊκαμικῶ,
τῶν κακῶν δ', ὅσοι τὸν ὄρκον τὸν ἀσεβῆ ξυνώμοσαν,
οὔτις εὐσκίου' πεπώκει ρεύματος κρυσταλλίνου.

δεινὸς ἦν φόβος πολιτῶν, δεινὸς ἀλλ' ὅμως βραχὺς,
ὥς ἐφῆδρευνεν Κρομούλλου δῆος ὑψοθεν στρατός·
τῷ γ' ἐπισκῆψαι προχείρως εἶχον Ἰχίνου γύναι,
νῶτα Καθαρίνης διήνεμ', αἶ τε τηλόθεν νάπαι,
Βασιλικὴ μακρὰ καθείδουσ' ἐν μελαντείχει ζόφῳ,
στῦλος εὐσταλῆς Μαρίας, κ' εὐχέταις Νόρμανν' ἔδῃ·
πάντ' ἐσίλῃσεν μὲν ἐσθλῶν μνήματ', εἰσεβῶν, σοφῶν,
Ἄγγελοι δ' ἀμφ' Οὐϊκάμου τύμβον ἔσβεσαν βίαν.

καὶ τ' ἐκεῖσ' αὐτοὶ παρήσαν, εἴτε μάρτυρος τέκνον
βασιλικοῦ διηγ' ἀναιδῇ Καρολίδης φαῦλος βίον·
τότ' ἐπεθάρσυνεν δι' εὐχῶν Κέννος ἐκτενεστέρων
καρδίας αὐτοῦ μαθητῶν τ' εἰς ἃ τοὺς ἀγνοὺς ἔδει·
κοιράνων ὅγ' ἐξέλεγξαι τᾶδικ' ἐμπέδως ἔτλη,
εἴθ' ὑπὲρ θρόνου κομώντων, εἴτε θανασίμῳ λέχει,
τῆς πάτρας ἑκατι δείματ' ἄφοβος εἰς τυραννικά,
κέῖπερ ἡπίστουν ἄπαιτες, ταγὸν εὐόρκως σέβων.

ἐκ τὸτ' Εὐρώπῃ ταραγμὸν οἶον οἶδε καὶ μάχας·
 ἀλλὰ τοιοῦτον πέπονθεν οὐδὲν Ἰχίνου νάπη·
 καὶ παρέστηκεν γὰρ ἡμῖν αἰὲν ἱλεως Θεὸς,
 τοῖσιν εὖ δράσασιν εὖνους, κεῖ κεκοίμηνταί γ' ὅμως·
 οὐδὲ γὰρ μάτην βεβήκασ' ὑψόσ' αἱ πολλαὶ λιταὶ,
 χῶ καθ' ἡμέραν ἔπαινος, χῶ λόγος θρεπτήριος·
 οἴχεται μὲν τᾶλλα πρόσθε σέμν', ἐνυπνίου δίκην,
 ἔτι δὲ τ' Οὐϊκαμικ' εὐρῶν ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν εὐθαλεῖ.

εἰκὺς εἰκοστὴ βέβηκεν ἔτεσι καὶ πέμπτῃ δεκάς,
 ἐξ ὅτου ὄφορει τρίβωνα πρῶτος Οὐϊκαμίδης·
 καὶ νῦν πιστοὶ γ' ἐκείνου παῖδες ἐπτάκις δέκα
 ταῦθ' ἂ πρὶν μαθεῖν φιλοῦσι, ταῦτ' ὁρᾶν τε καὶ λέγειν·
 καὶ προσκαλῶν ἐς εὐχὰς πρῶτος κώδων ψοφεῖ,
 καὶ Καθαρίνης ζυγέστες χερσὶν ἀμβαίνουσ' ὄρος,
 καὶ πρὸς τὸν Οὐϊκάμον σαββατίζουσιν τάφον,
 καὶ αἰέδουσιν θερεῖω τὸ ' Δόμον ' ἡδέως ζύφω.

τοίγ' ὅπου ἔλθωσι καιροὶ, τοὺς ὅτ' εὖ πεπονθότας
 Οὐϊκάμω χρὴ τὰ φίλτατ' ἀντιδωρεῖσθαι γέρα,
 Βοσπόρῳ Λευκῷ τ' ἐν ἄστει, παῖδες οἱ λευχείμονες
 εὐχαριστήσουσιν αἰὲν κατ' ἔτος Ὑψίστῳ Θεῷ,
 κἄνθα μακαρίων Ἀνάκτων Μαρτύρων θ' ὁμιλία
 φέγγος ὑψόθεν χέει μὲν βαρυβρομῇ δε τῶργανον,
 τᾶγάθ' ἄχουσιν βαθειῶν ἐκ φρενῶν μεμνημένοι,
 αἰνέσουσ' ἄγνους προπάτορας, εὐκλεῆς τὸ πρὶν γένος.

NOTES TO APPENDIX



NOTES ON HARROW PRIZE POEM.

Note 1. This may seem hyperbolic, but I doubt whether we have had any scholar since Parr who could have written the *Prefatio ad Bellendenum*; so remarkable both for the extensive erudition which it displays, reminding us of the works of Scaliger and Casaubon, and for the elegance of its Latinity not unworthy to be compared to that of Muretus or Ruhnkens. (1890).

Note 2. Classical name for Harrow.

Note 3. Sir William Jones.

Note 4. Hatton.

NOTES ON OXFORD PRIZE POEM.

Note 5. 'All the Americans, except Mexicans and Peruvians, when first discovered, were in the state of savages.' Robertson, *Hist. Am.* i. 26.

Note 6. Virum, Christopher Columbus.

Note 7. 'The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean seemed to them (the natives) to move upon the waters with wings.' Rob. i. 129.

Note 8. 'They (the natives) began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were the children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.' Rob. i. 129.

Note 9. Pope, *Wind. For.* v. 402. Gray, 'feather-cinctured chiefs.'—Rob. *Hist. Am.* ii. 266. 'Cortes and his officers viewed with admiration the various manufactures of the country; cotton stuffs of such delicate texture as to resemble silk, pictures formed with feathers of different colours,' &c. &c.

Note 10. See Soph. *Ed. Col.* v. 704 (ed. Elm.): ὁ γὰρ αἰὲν ὄρων κύκλος λεύσσει νιν Μορ'οῦ Διὸς, χ' ἅ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθάνα. Also Arist. *Nub.* 1005.

Note 11. Catull. *Carm.* lxi. 253.

Note 12. 'That state of primæval simplicity, which was known in our continent only by the fanciful descriptions of the poets, really existed in the other.' Rob. *Am.*

Note 13. After bringing forward the various conjectures upon this subject, Robertson gives it as his opinion, that Mexico was originally peopled by tribes who descended from the north, having most probably crossed over from Asia, by what is now called 'Behring's Straits.'

Note 14. Hyperboream. See Æsch. *Choeph.* 367.

ταῦτα μὲν, ὦ παῖ, κρείσσονα χρυσοῦ,
μεγάλῃς δὲ τύχῃς καὶ Ὑπερβορέου
μείζονα φωνεῖς.

Pompon. Mel. iii. 5. 'Ditius quam ulli mortalium et beatius vivunt.' Pind. *Pyth.* x. 57, *Olymp.* iii. and the Schol. on that passage.

Note 15. Vallis. The vale of Mexico, containing forty cities.

Note 16. Regina. 'Mexico, the capital of the empire, situate in the middle of a spacious lake, was the noblest monument of American industry.' Guthrie, p. 833.

Note 17. This alludes to the floating gardens which abounded in the lake, and which the Mexicans constructed of a very extraordinary size.

Note 18. Humming birds.

Note 19. Cortes.

Note 20. 'In Mexico the progress of the Spanish arms is marked with blood, and with deeds so atrocious as disgrace the enterprising valour that conducted them to success.' Rob. iii. 90.

Note 21. The hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans are well known to have been the only historical records which they possessed.

Note 22. The manner in which Cortes seized Montezuma in his own palace, and endeavoured to make him the instrument for the subjugation of his own people, is here alluded to.

Note 23. The Mexicans believed that soldiers who died in battle went to the house of the sun to lead a life of delight.

Note 24. 'Every captive taken in battle was brought to the temple, was devoted as a victim to the Deity, with rites no less solemn than cruel. After which the warrior, by whose prowess the prisoner had been seized, feasted on the body.' Rob. iii. 335.

Note 25. Dei. Mexitli, from whom the country is said to have been named.

Note 26. 'He [Cortes] heard the piteous lamentations of his soldiers, whom the Mexicans, having taken alive, were sacrificing in triumph to the God of war.' Rob. iii. 30. These sanguinary rites always took place in the night.

Note 27. They were made to dance round the altars in honour of the God to whom they were about to be sacrificed.

Note 28. 'From the continual wars and civil dissensions, nothing was now seen but poverty and desolation, where fertility and opulence before abounded.' *Supp. Enc. Brit.*

Note 29. The mortality among the Mexicans, occasioned by their being compelled to dig in the mines, is said to have been almost incredible.

Note 30. 'Torribio affirms that the country round several of the mines was covered with dead bodies; and so many voracious birds hovered about for their prey, that the air was darkened with their flight.' Rob. iv. 324.

NOTES ON OXFORD PRIZE ESSAY.

Note 31. Vell. Patere. i. 18. Ruhnck. *Hist. Crit.* c. 2.

Note 32. Cic. *Brut.* 13, et Auct. supra laudat.

Note 33. Grotii *Comment. Act. Apost.* xvii. 21.

Note 34. Thucyd. ii. 36.

Note 35. Aristoph. *Acharn.* 21.

Note 36. Porson, *Tracts*, p. 152.

Note 37. Photii Lex. in voc. *θεπιω*, p. 85, ed. Pors.

- Note 38. Aristoph. *Ran.* 1114. Herod. i. 60.
 Note 39. Cic. *Orat.* 27. *De opt. Orat.* 11.
 Note 40. Plat. *Gorg.* 31.
 Note 41. Liban. ii. p. 180. Plut. *Vit. Thes.* i. 66, ed. Reiske.
 Note 42. *Brut.* c. 7. *De Orat.* iii. 34.
 Note 43. Aristoph. *Vesp.* 480.
 Note 44. Meurs. in *Solon.* c. 27.
 Note 45. Diog. Laert. i. 64.
 Note 46. Herod. i. 59.
 Note 47. Cic. *pro Muren.* c. 14.
 Note 48. Isoer. *de Pace*, p. 169. *Panath.* p. 26.
 Note 49. Cic. *Brut.* c. 7.
 Note 50. Lys. *Fun. Orat.* p. 194. Plut. *Vit. Demosth.* p. 852.
 Note 51. *Brut.* loc. laud. *De Orat.* ii. 23.
 Note 52. Ruhnck. *Hist. Crit.* c. 3.
 Note 53. Cic. *Brut.* c. 15.
 Note 54. Cic. *Orat.* 9. *De Orat.* iii. 34.
 Note 55. Aristoph. *Acharn.* 530. Plut. *Vit. Pericl.* i. 603 et 670, ed. Reiske. Plin. *Epist.* i. 20.
 Note 56. Plat. *Phædr.* c. 120.
 Note 57. Cic. *Orat.* 4. *Brut.* 11. *De Orat.* iii. 34.
 Note 58. Plut. in *Vit. Nicæ.*
 Note 59. In *Vit. Peric.* Cic. *de Offic.* i. 30.
 Note 60. Thucyd. ii. 65.
 Note 61. In *Pace*, 606. *Achar.* 528. Schol. ad *Nub.* 859. Tayl. in *præf. ad Lycurg.* Sluitter. *Lect. Andoc.* c. 2.
 Note 62. Herod. vii. 144. Plut. in *Vit. Themist.* Xenoph. *Mem.* ii. vi. 13.
 Note 63. Boeckh, *Public Econ.* i. 289 et 244.
 Note 64. Aristot. *Pol.* ii. 12. Plut. *Vit. Peric. et Pol. Præcept.*
 Note 65. Aristot. *Pol.* loc. laud.
 Note 66. Xen. *de Rep. Athen.* i. 2.
 Note 67. Plat. *Gorg.* 151.
 Note 68. Aristoph. *Equit.* 191, et conf. *Ran.* 729.
 Note 69. Plat. *Theag.* c. 7.
 Note 70. Cic. *pro Archia*, c. 17.
 Note 71. Thucyd. iii. 37.
 Note 72. Heyn. *Opusc. Acad.* iv. 400.
 Note 73. Aristoph. *Acharn.* 22, et ib. Schol. Sigon. *de Repub. Athen* p. 498.
 Note 74. Cic. *Philip.* i. 12. *De Orat.* iii. 4.
 Note 75. Cic. *pro Flacco*, c. 7. Xen. *Mem.* iii. 7, 6.
 Note 76. Thucyd. ii. 40.
 Note 77. Valck. *ad Herod.* iii. 81.
 Note 78. Cic. *pro Muren.* c. 17.
 Note 79. Soph. *Æd. Tyr.* 917. Aristoph. *Equit.* 860, 1118
 Note 80. Lucret. i.
 Note 81. Lex. Herod. in voc. *κομᾶν*. Schol. ad *Aristoph. Plut.* 572.
 Note 82. Thucyd. iii. 38.

- Note 83. Thucyd. *ibid.*
 Note 84. Dialog. *de Clar. Orat.* 36.
 Note 85. Cic. *de Invent.* i. 4, *et alib.*
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NOTES ON LINES ON WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

Note 212. Wykeham, in his early years, was the king's architect. Besides his Colleges, he built Windsor Castle, the nave of Winchester Cathedral, and other great works.

Note 213. 'In Atrio, Oppido, ad Montem, sociati omnes incedunto. . . . Vultus, gestus, incessus, componunto.'—*Tabula Legum*.

Note 214. On holiday mornings, &c., the Winchester scholars still [1843, now discontinued.—C. W.] go in this manner 'to Hills;' i.e. to St. Catharine's Hill about half a mile distant from the College. At the top there is an old Danish camp, and in the centre a conspicuous clump of beech trees.

Note 215. Archbishop Chicheley, Founder of All Souls' College (temp. Henry V.), and William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, Founder of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford, and adviser of King Henry VI. in the foundation of King's College and Eton, were both Winchester scholars. Waynflete is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Note 216. The statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary remain to this day over the gates of Winchester College and New College.

Note 217. ['Lamplit Chambers.' The College boys are required to keep a lamp, or rather candle, called 'Functure,' alight in each chamber during the night. This is expressed more fully in the Greek.—C. W.]

Note 218. [The author's historical memory is at fault here. Bp. Andrewes died in 1626.—C. W.]

Note 219. ['The bedesmen's Norman home.' The hospital of St. Cross, founded by the Norman, Stephen de Blois, for thirteen poor men, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers.—C. W.]

Note 220. On December 16, 1642, the rebels entered Winchester Cathedral, and, among other acts of sacrilege, broke open the shrines which contained the remains of the Saxon kings and prelates, and scattered their bones through the church. But Divine Providence preserved the tomb of Wykeham, through the instrumentality of an officer in the rebel army, 'who, having received his education at Winchester College, held himself under an indispensable duty of protecting with his life the monument and remains of that munificent Founder.'—*History of Winchester*.

Note 221. See his *Manual of Prayers for Winchester Scholars*, prefixed to the last edition of which will be found a short account of the events of his life alluded to in the four following lines. He attended Charles II. on his deathbed.

Note 222. Besides the services in their own chapel, the Winchester scholars go every Sunday to the Cathedral, which they enter by a door close to the chantry in which their Founder is buried.

Note 223. [But see above, *note 214*.—C. W.]

Note 224. '*Dulce Domum*;' a Latin song which the College boys sing on certain evenings for several weeks in succession before the summer holidays. [See above, p. 303.—C. W.]

Note 225. The commemorations of the Founder take place in the Chapel four times in the year. On these occasions the first lesson in the morning service is always Ecclus. xlv.

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